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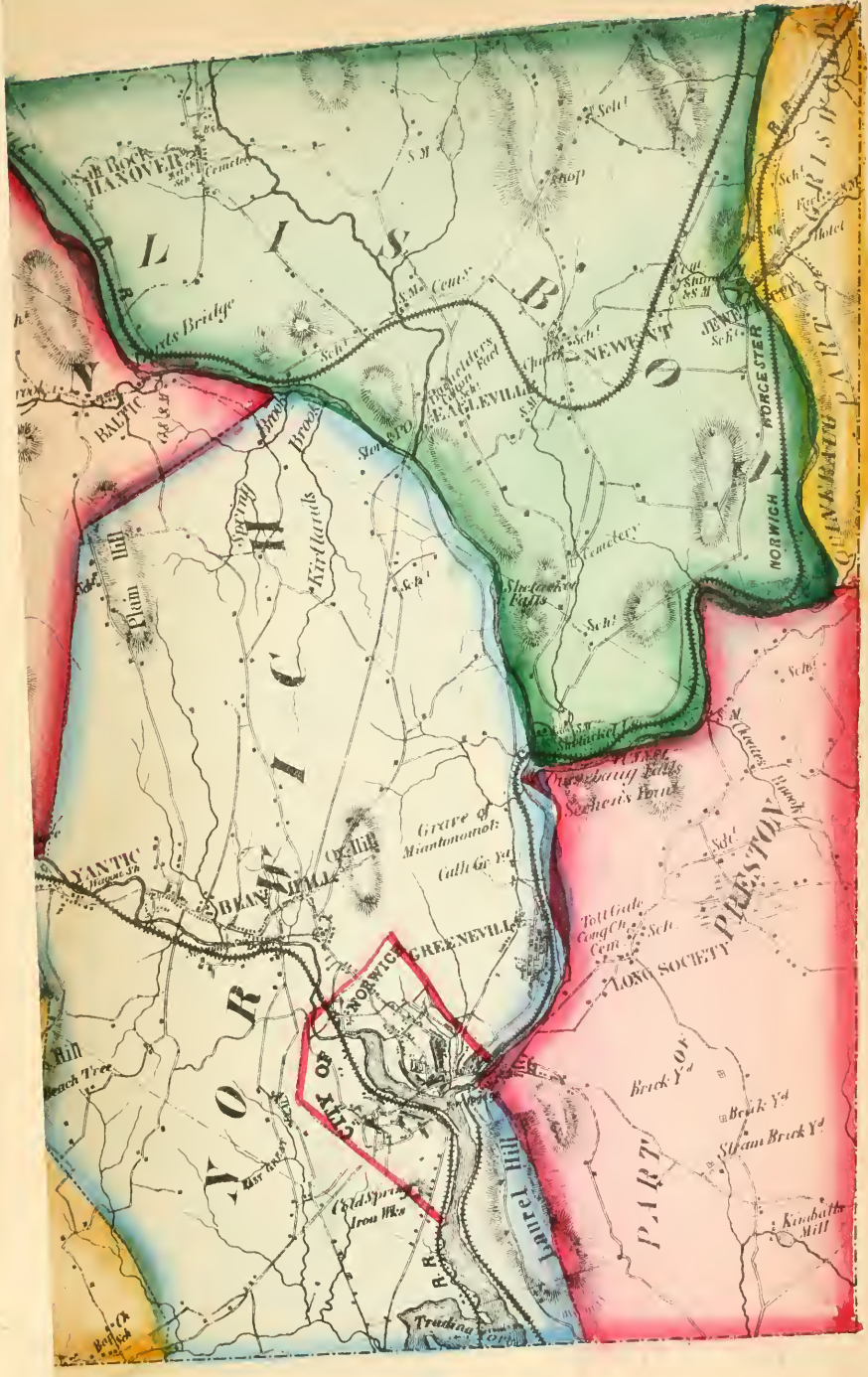

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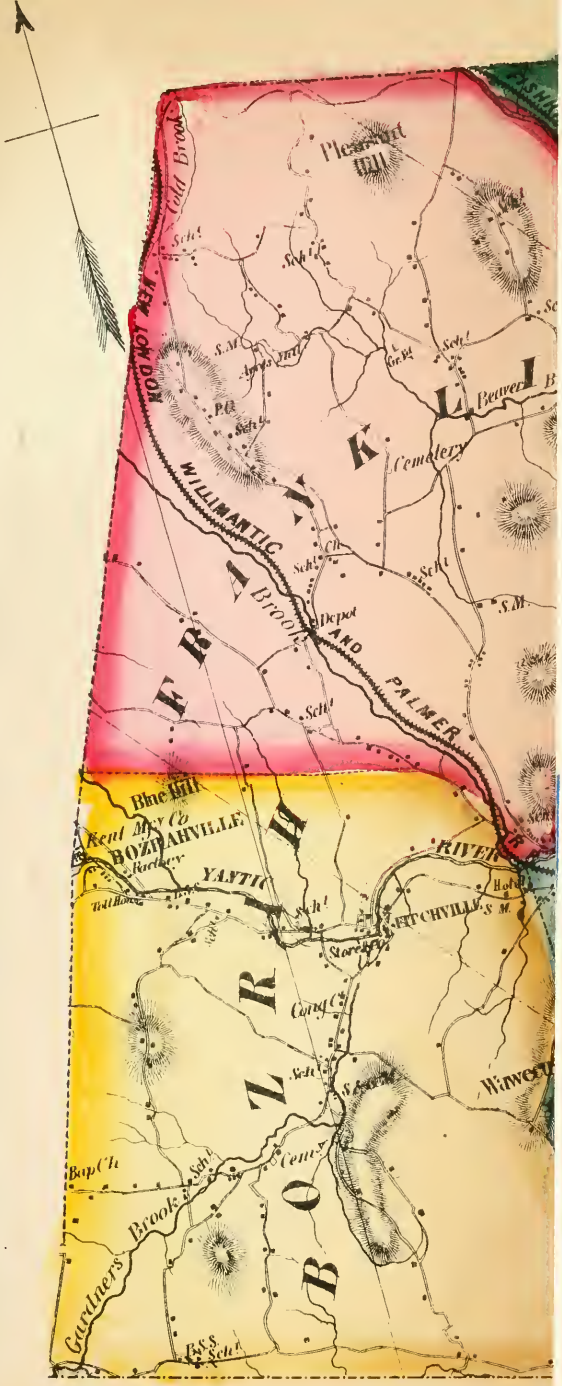
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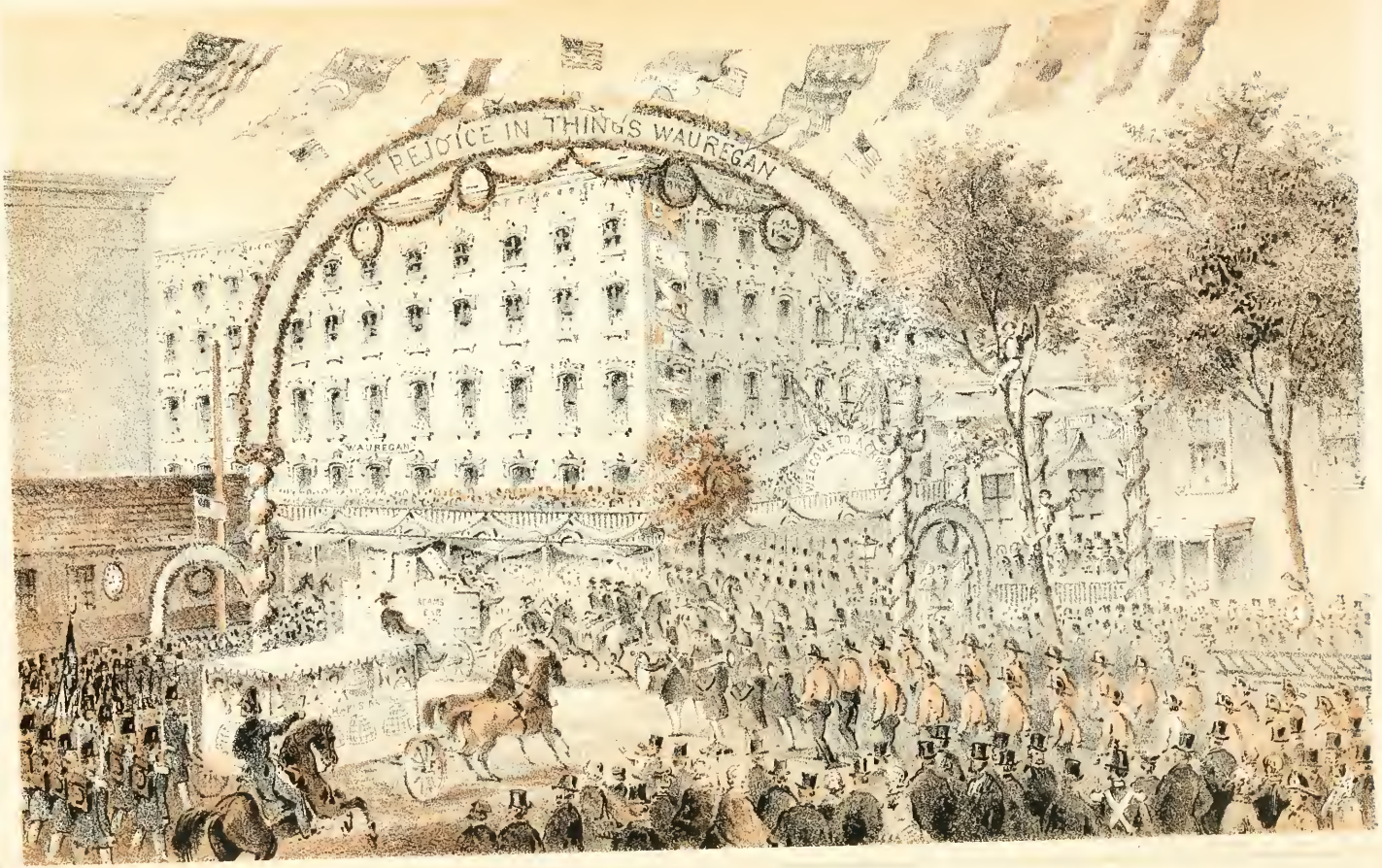

THE PROCESSION PASSING THE WAUREGAN HOTEL.

The Norwich Jubilee.

A

REPORT OF THE CELEBRATION

AT

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT,

ON THE

TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF THE TOWN,

September 7th and 8th, 1859.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS OF LOCAL INTEREST.

COMPILED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY JOHN W. STEDMAN,

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

NORWICH, CONN.

1859.

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PREFACE.

The object of this volume is to preserve in a form convenient for future reference, a record of the proceedings connected with a celebration which will stand for ages as a landmark in the history of our ancient town. That celebration was so elaborately prepared, was the result of so great an amount of labor, and elicited such varied contributions of fact, fancy and sentiment, that a faithful history of it, in the form of an enduring memorial, is due alike to those who arranged it, to those who participated in it, and to those who are to succeed us in this "pleasant place," where our lot is cast.

We could better appreciate such a work as this, if a celebration similar to the one here reported had been held in this place one hundred years ago, and the long array of the names of those then upon the stage of active life, the addresses, the poetry, the music, the personal reminiscences, the trades procession, and even the bill of fare at the dinner table, were all presented to us with the freshness of life. Some old man on that occasion might have recalled a faint memory of John Mason; some would have remembered Uncas, the white man's

friend; and very many could have testified to their personal knowledge of the eloquence of James Fitch. Who can estimate the value that such a book would bear at this time!

This book, such as it is, is wholly a Norwich book. The paper was manufactured at our famous Chelsea Mills, at Greeneville; the printing is my own; and the binding is the work of our well known binders, Lewis and Elisha Edwards. The engraving of the large tent is from a photograph by William H. Jennings; and to the pencil of our talented young townsman, Henry V. Edmond, must be credited the graphic views of the dinner tent and the scene in front of the Wauregan. The page of fac similes was collected by J. Hammond Trumbull, esq., of Hartford.

The book may not be wholly free from typographical errors, (though earnest pains have been taken to make it so,) yet they are such as are believed to be unimportant. By following the notes of the reporter too closely, some omissions have been made which are fully supplied in the table of contents. For instance, the speech of Daniel P. Tyler at the dinner table is attributed to Daniel Tyler. The index supplies the omission in this case, as it does in other similar cases.

With this preface the book is submitted to the public by

THE PUBLISHER.

Norwich, Connecticut, November 15th, 1859.

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PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS

AND

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

THE NORWICH JUBILEE.

The propriety of celebrating, in a suitable manner, the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Norwich, was freely discussed for several years before public attention was formally called to the subject. Finally, on Saturday, the 28th day of August, 1858, a notice in the following form appeared in the newspapers of the town:—

NORWICH SECOND CENTENNIAL.

Those citizens of Norwich and vicinity who are interested in commemorating the *Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of the Town*, are requested to meet at the chapel in Norwich Town, on *Wednesday, September 1st*, 1858, at four o'clock P. M., to make some preliminary arrangements for the due celebration of that event.

HIRAM P. ARMS,
WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM,
DANIEL W. COIT,
L. F. S. FOSTER,
JEDEDIAH HUNTINGTON,
JOHN T. WAIT.

Norwich, Aug. 27, 1858.

In response to this call, a large number of gentlemen assembled at the place designated.

Daniel W. Coit, in behalf of those who invited the meeting, called the assembly to order, and on motion, John Breed was chosen chairman, and John Turner Wait secretary.

The chairman briefly stated the object of the meeting, and expressed the hope that such plans would be formed as would result

in a celebration which should do lasting honor to old Norwich. He deemed it important at the outset, to invoke the blessing of Heaven, and called upon Rev. H. P. Arms to offer prayer. After the prayer, L. F. S. Foster introduced the matter of arranging for a celebration, and proposed the appointment of a committee of arrangements.

A nominating committee, consisting of five, were appointed by the chairman, and on consultation reported the names of the following gentlemen for a permanent committee of arrangements:—

William Williams,
George L. Perkins,
David Smith,
William A. Buckingham,
John T. Wait,
Benjamin H. Paddock,
Daniel W. Coit,
John Breed,
Hiram P. Arms,
Wolcott Huntington,
La Fayette S. Foster,
Joseph G. Lamb,
Gardner Greene,
Jedediah Huntington,
James L. Day,
} Norwich.
Ashbel Woodward, Franklin.
Asa Fitch, Bozrah.
Comfort D. Fillmore, Lisbon.
Franklin Fanning, Griswold.
Daniel Coit Gilman, New Haven.
William C. Gilman, New York City.

The report of the committee was accepted, and the gentlemen named were appointed.

A meeting of the committee of arrangements was held immediately after the adjournment of the public meeting, at which Daniel Coit Gilman, librarian of Yale College, was appointed to deliver the historical discourse at the time of the proposed celebration.

The committee then adjourned to meet again at the same place, on Wednesday, September 29th.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

FIRST FORMAL MEETING.

The first formal meeting of the committee was held at the chapel at Norwich Town, on Wednesday, September 29th, 1858.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS was appointed permanent chairman, and JOHN TURNER WAIT permanent secretary.

At this meeting it was *voted*, That Messrs. Wm. Williams, John Breed, Wm. C. Gilman, L. F. S. Foster and John T. Wait, be a committee to ascertain, as near as possible, the precise time at which the town was settled, with reference to the time of the proposed celebration.

Voted, That the secretary be requested to inform Mr. Daniel C. Gilman of his selection to deliver the historical address on that occasion.

Voted, That Messrs. Hiram P. Arms, Benjamin H. Paddock and John T. Wait, be a committee to prepare a programme for the public services at such celebration, and to nominate persons to deliver poems and addresses suited to that occasion, and to submit the same for the consideration of this committee at the adjourned meeting.

The committee then adjourned to meet at the residence of Wm. Williams, on Monday, the 25th day of October next at 3 o'clock P. M.

SECOND FORMAL MEETING.

An adjourned meeting of the committee of arrangements was held at the residence of William Williams, on Monday, October 25th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The committee appointed at the last meeting to report on the proper time for holding the proposed celebration, having reported in favor of the year 1859, after further discussion it was resolved that the second centennial celebration of the settlement of Norwich be held on two consecutive days in the early part of September, 1859, the days to be hereafter designated by the general committee.

The committee appointed to prepare a programme of exercises for that occasion, presented a general plan, which was accepted and referred back to the committee to amend and carry into effect, according to their discretion. The prominent features of the plan were, a historical address, (as heretofore announced,) by Daniel C. Gilman of Yale College, a discourse by Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee of Delaware, an address by Donald G. Mitchell of New Haven, and a poem by Anson G. Chester of Syracuse, N. Y.

Voted, That all the towns which were included in the former territorial limits of the town of Norwich be invited to unite with us in the proposed celebration.

Voted, That Wm. A. Buckingham, John Breed, Wolcott Huntington and John T. Wait, be a committee to report, at a future meeting, the committees necessary to prepare for the celebration, and to nominate members for the same.

The following correspondence was laid before the meeting: —

NORWICH, Oct. 5th, 1858.

MR. D. C. GILMAN—MY DEAR SIR:—At a meeting of the committee appointed by the citizens of Norwich to make arrangements for celebrating the second centennial of the settlement of the town, it was unanimously voted to invite you to deliver the historical address on that occasion.

At a subsequent meeting of the committee, I was directed to inform you of their doings.

It affords me great pleasure, sir, to be the medium of communicating to you their action, and to assure you that it reflects the feelings and wishes of the people of Norwich.

As soon as the committee fix upon a time for the proposed celebration, I will communicate the same to you.

Hoping that you may find it convenient to accede to the wishes of your townsmen and friends, I am, with assurances of respect and esteem, Truly yours,

JOHN T. WAIT, *Secretary of Committee.*

NEW HAVEN, Conn., October 9th, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have had the pleasure of receiving your favor of the 5th instant, inviting me, in behalf of the citizens of Norwich, to deliver the historical address before them, at the second centennial celebration of the town. I should hesitate to undertake this agreeable service, were it not for the assurance that other gentlemen, whose personal recollections will extend over a longer period than my own, will be invited to prepare addresses for the occasion. If, under these circumstances, the interest which I inherit in the history of our native town, and any facilities I may have had for collecting materials pertaining to the past, can be rendered of service in commemorating the virtues of our fathers, or in strengthening the attachment of the present generation to what was good and wise in their principles and lives, I shall be truly glad, and therefore accept the appointment.

Thanking you for the terms in which you have communicated the action of the committee,

I remain, my dear sir, with high regard,

Very truly yours,

DANIEL C. GILMAN.

JOHN T. WAIT, ESQ., *Secretary of Committee.*

The meeting then adjourned to meet again at the same place on the afternoon of November 27th.

THIRD FORMAL MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the committee was held at the residence of Wm. Williams, on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 27.

The secretary of the committee reported that, since the last meeting, he had addressed letters to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lee, Donald G. Mitchell and Anson G. Chester, informing these gentlemen of the action of the committee, and that replies had been received from them, which he laid before the meeting.

NEW HAVEN, November 10th, 1858.

JOHN T. WAIT, ESQ.—DEAR SIR:—I shall take pleasure in accepting your flattering invitation of October 29th, and remain,

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., November 15th, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your very courteous letter, in which I am invited to deliver the poem at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Norwich, in September next, is received.

Believe me, sir, I am deeply sensible of the high honor involved in this unexpected and flattering request—a request which I can readily trace to the generous partiality of my Norwich friends. I accept the invitation so kindly tendered, with hesitation and timidity, in view of the magnitude of the duty which such acceptance imposes, but with a hearty determination to justify, as far as in me lies, the preference of those from whom it proceeds.

Let me beg you, sir, to express my most cordial thanks to the citizens of Norwich, as represented by the committee in whose behalf you have addressed me, as well as to the committee itself, for this signal mark of their favor. For yourself, you will please accept my dutiful acknowledgments for the very handsome and tasteful manner in which you have made known to me the action of the committee.

I am, sir, yours gratefully and truly,

ANSON G. CHESTER.

JOHN T. WAIT, ESQ., *Secretary of Committee.*

WILMINGTON, Del., November 24th, 1858.

JOHN T. WAIT, ESQ., *Secretary of Committee of Citizens of Norwich*—MY DEAR SIR:—I have felt somewhat perplexed what answer to return to your obliging letter of Nov. 2d, containing an invitation from the committee appointed by citizens of Norwich, to deliver a discourse at the commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town. I scarcely feel myself competent to do justice to the interesting theme, or to meet the expectations that would be naturally awakened. Another, I can not but think, would discharge the duty much more adequately and acceptably than myself. On the other hand, it is so truly gratifying to be remembered as a son of Norwich, that I am reluctant to appear insensible to the kindness which has connected my name with such an occasion. For the good old town I cherish a filial affection, and rejoice in her honor and prosperity.

May I venture to suggest to the committee to reconsider that part of their action, and make, as I am sure they can, a more appropriate selection? If, however, they continue in the same mind, such poor service as I can render will be at their disposal.

I remain, dear sir, very respectfully and truly yours,

ALFRED LEE.

On motion, it was *voted*, That the secretary inform Bishop Lee that his selection by the committee, to deliver the discourse at the approaching celebration, was made with entire unanimity on their part, and, as they believe, in accordance with the earnest wishes of the citizens of Norwich, and that they respectfully decline to reconsider their action in the matter.

Wm. A. Buckingham, from the committee appointed at the last meeting to report to the present the sub-committees necessary to prepare for the celebration, and to nominate members of the same, reported that they would recommend the appointment of the following, namely:—

1. A committee on reception.
2. " " " invitation.
3. " " " sentiments and speeches.
4. " " " finance.
5. " " " dinner.
6. " " " procession.

He further reported that the organization of such sub-committees had not been completed, and that he would suggest that the whole matter be referred back to the committee, which, on motion, was done.

Also, *voted*, That the celebration be held on the 7th and 8th days of September, 1859.

The committee appointed at an early meeting to prepare a programme of public exercises for that occasion reported that, in addition to those already determined on, they would suggest the propriety of inviting Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Miss F. M. Caulkins and Rev. A. T. Chester, to prepare hymns, and George Canning Hill an ode, to be sung on the occasion, which recommendation was unanimously adopted, and the secretary was directed to inform them of their respective appointments.

The meeting then adjourned to meet again Saturday, January 8th, at 3 o'clock P. M., at the same place.

FOURTH FORMAL MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the committee was held at the house of William Williams, on Saturday, January 8th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The secretary of the committee reported that, in obedience to the directions of the committee at their last meeting, he had addressed letters to Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Caulkins, Rev. A. T. Chester and George Canning Hill, informing them of the action of the committee, and the parts assigned to them at the approaching celebration, and had received replies from them, which letters in reply he laid before the meeting:—

HARTFORD, December 30th, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 24th, communicating the resolution of the committee of arrangements, was duly received. It will give me pleasure to accept their designation, and if my life is spared to witness the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of our fair native town, shall count it an honor to be permitted to mingle my thoughts with the music-strain that renders praise to the great protector of the fathers and their children.

Very respectfully,

L. HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

JOHN T. WAIT, ESQ.

BOSTON, Mass., 3d Jan., 1859.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your kind letter of the 24th ult., inviting me, on behalf of the committee of the citizens of Norwich, to furnish an ode to be sung at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town, would have been noticed some days ago, but for my absence, during the past week, in New York.

Allow me to thank the committee, through you, for the partiality so generously expressed in their request, and to assure them of the real gratification it will afford me to comply, so far as I may be able, with their wishes.

I need not subjoin any wordy protestations of my continued love for the beautiful town in which my life began, nor invoke for her, in this place, those rich blessings which her grateful sons and daughters everywhere are ready to call down upon her head. Like

the good mother she is, she should be able to collect her abundant family around her table next September, and to sweeten their lives with a new taste of the savory old memories.

I desire further to convey to you personally the assurances of my continued friendship and esteem, and to subscribe myself,

Very truly and gratefully yours,

GEO. CANNING HILL.

JOHN T. WAIT, ESQ.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 4th, 1859.

JOHN T. WAIT, ESQ.—MY DEAR SIR:—I am in the receipt of your favor of the 24th ult., informing me of the vote of your committee inviting me to prepare a hymn to be sung upon the occasion of the commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Norwich. I am very much obliged to you for the privilege of having any part in the services of the occasion, the anticipation of which already causes the heart of every son and daughter of our dear old native town to beat with joy. I only regret that I have a part assigned me for which I have no special qualification, but I will show my devotion in the good cause by undertaking whatever may be laid upon me. My hope is that I shall have an inspiration begotten of memory and love and loyalty, so that, being neither by birth nor by experience a poet, I may yet be able to add something to the interest of that occasion. I will do the best I can, though I can not answer for the result of my effort.

"Perhaps it may turn out a song.
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

With thanks to you personally, my dear friend, for the manner in which the invitation has been communicated,

I am very truly yours, A. T. CHESTER.

NEW LONDON, Jan. 5th, 1859.

JOHN T. WAIT, ESQ.:—Accept, sir, for yourself and the other gentlemen of the committee, my grateful acknowledgments for the high honor you bestow upon me by assigning me a share in the preparations for the approaching bi-centennial commemoration at Norwich.

I regard the proposition with unfeigned diffidence and self-dis-

trust,—unwilling either to accept or decline,—for, on the one hand, how can I venture to appear in the list with such distinguished compeers, and on the other, how can I refuse a request from Norwich?

The very name of the place awakens enthusiasm. For the old town of Norwich, in all its original amplitude, overshadowing its various offsets, (New Concord, West Farms, Pettipaug, Hanover, Newent and East Society,) all who have dwelt in its precincts or studied its history, will ever cherish a peculiar veneration. It is a place made by nature to captivate the lovers of the beautiful and the picturesque; and now for two hundred years, by wise municipal regulations, by the quenchless energy of its inhabitants and the smiles of a benign Providence, it has ever stood in the first rank as an honorable, patriotic and prosperous town.

From such a place an invitation is a command. I shall, therefore, sir, endeavor to contribute something to your celebration, petitioning, however, for a latitude of choice in the form, as not knowing yet whether I had best attempt psalm, hymn, ballad or song.

With grateful regards to the committee,

Very respectfully yours,

FRANCES M. CAULKINS.

The secretary further reported, that in accordance with the vote passed at the last meeting, he had written the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lee, and informed him that his selection to deliver the discourse at the approaching celebration, was made with entire unanimity on the part of the committee, and, as they believed, in accordance with the earnest wishes of the citizens of Norwich, and that they respectfully declined to reconsider their action in the matter.

On motion, the committee then adjourned to meet again on Saturday, the 9th day of April next, at 3 o'clock P. M., at the same place.

FIFTH FORMAL MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the committee was held at the residence of William Williams, on Saturday, April 9th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Wm. A Buckingham, from the committee appointed to nomi-

nate certain sub-committees, viz., on reception, invitations, sentiments, speeches, finance, procession and schools, reported the names of gentlemen designated to compose such committees, which report was accepted, and the committee empowered to add to the same if necessary, and to constitute such other sub-committees as they deemed expedient.

On motion, the committee adjourned to meet again on Saturday, the 14th of May next, at 3 o'clock, at the same place.

SIXTH FORMAL MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the committee was held at the residence of Wm. Williams, on Saturday, the 14th instant, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Wm. A. Buckingham, from the committee appointed to form certain sub-committees, reported that, in addition to those already constituted, they had added a committee on music.

The committee then adjourned to meet again on Saturday, June 4th, at 3 o'clock P. M., at the same place.

SEVENTH FORMAL MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the committee was held at the residence of Wm. Williams, on Saturday, June 4, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

After appointing a committee to request each clergyman within the ancient limits of Norwich to deliver in his own pulpit, on the first Sunday in September, a discourse on the history of the church and parish to which he ministers, and voting a request to the chairman of the committee on schools to prepare a history of the schools of the town, the committee adjourned to meet on Saturday, the 25th inst., at the same place.

EIGHTH FORMAL MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the committee was held at the residence of William Williams, on Saturday, June 25th, at 3 o'clock P. M.

Wm. A. Buckingham, from the committee appointed to form certain sub-committees, reported the names of the following gentlemen as constituting the same:—

COMMITTEE ON INVITATION.

John A. Rockwell,
L. F. S. Foster,
John Breed,
Wm. A. Buckingham,
Joseph Williams,
Francis A. Perkins,
Daniel W. Coit,
William P. Greene,
Jedediah Huntington,
Wolcott Huntington,
William P. Eaton,
Ashbel Woodward,
Amos H. Hubbard,
Henry B. Norton,
James S. Carew.

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION.

George L. Perkins,
Amos W. Prentice,
Richard P. Tracy,
Edmund O. Abbott,
Hugh H. Osgood,
Joseph G. Lamb,
Isaac Bromley,
Edward Coit,
Thomas Robinson,
Asa Manning,
J. Hunt Adams,
Lewis Hyde,
Lorenzo Blackstone,
Wm. W. Coit,
Nathan P. Avery,
George Sherman,
William Fitch,
Jedediah Spalding,
Edmund D. Roath,
Daniel F. Gulliver,
Wm. H. Hyde,
Benjamin Durfey,
John V. Wilson,
Isaac W. Hakes, Jr.
Noyes S. Wentworth,
Charles Spalding,
Samuel B. Case,
Zebulon R. Robbins,
Henry A. Bingham,
David Moore,
E. B. Partridge,
Enoch F. Chapman,
Benjamin Huntington,
George W. Clark,
William H. Coit,
John H. Peck,
William L. Nichols,
Daniel L. Huntington,
Theophilus Y. Winship,
Moses Pierce,
William Peckham,
Edward A. Huntington,
Caleb B. Rogers,
Oliver P. Wattles,
William L'Hommedieu,
Henry L. Reynolds.

COMMITTEE ON PROCESSION.

David Young,
Gurdon A. Jones,
John L. Devotion,
James H. Hyde,
Henry W. Birge,
E. Winslow Williams,
John Q. Cox,
Dwight W. Cook,
James M. Nelson,
Ethan Allen,
Thomas G. Kingsley,
Henry Peale,
Andrew R. Bingham,
L. Tyler,
Edward S. Osgood,
Nehemiah Waterman,
Charles Dyer,
Morton F. Hale,
Chas. C. Coit,
Edwin Palmer.

COMMITTEE ON SENTIMENTS AND SPEECHES.

John T. Wait,
John Dunham,
John T. Adams,
George Perkins,
Dorson E. Sykes,
James A. Hovey,
Levi H. Goddard,
Ebenezer Learned,
John W. Stedman,
Jeremiah Halsey,
Lewis S. Paddock,
Calvin G. Child,
Isaac H. Bromley,
Hiram B. Crosby.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

James M. Huntington,
Charles Johnson,
Charles Osgood,
Samuel H. Grosvenor,
James M. Meech,
James D. Mowry,
Lewis A. Hyde,
Edward Harland,
Timothy P. Norton,
Jedediah Huntington, 3d.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

George H. Martin,
Wm. L. Brewer,
Supply T. Holbrook,
Aaron Stevens,
Henry H. Roath,
B. S. Rathbun,
P. St. M. Andrews,
John A. Sterry.

COMMITTEE ON DINNER.

John P. Barstow,
Isaac Johnson,
George W. Smith,
Christopher C. Brand,
Avery Smith,
Chas. C. Bliss,
Amos C. Williams,
N. C. Brakenridge,
Joseph T. Thurston,
Alvah Francis.

COMMITTEE ON SCHOOLS.

Elbridge Smith,	Jabez S. Lathrop,
John W. Allen,	Geo. F. Phelps,
Claudius B. Webster,	Benj. Whittemore, Jr.
Reuben B. Rathbone,	Solomon Lucas.

On motion of John Breed,

Voted, That the exercises and festivities of the celebration be ushered in at sunrise, on Wednesday, September 7th, by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, under the direction of the marshal of the day.

On motion of Wolcott Huntington,

Voted, That the order of exercises for the two days be referred back to the committee originally appointed to prepare a programme for the public exercises, for them to make any necessary alteration as to the time, &c.; and that John Breed, Wm. A. Buckingham and David Young be added to said committee.

The committee, after a full discussion, having determined that the procession, on the second day of the celebration, should visit the grave of major John Mason, and lay the corner stone of a monument to be thereafter erected to his memory, John A. Rockwell was unanimously selected to make an appropriate address on that occasion.

The committee then adjourned to meet at the same hour and place, on Saturday, July 9, 1859.

NINTH FORMAL MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the committee was held at the residence of William Williams, on Saturday, July 9th, at 3 o'clock P. M. The secretary read the order of exercises for the two days as altered by the committee to whom that matter was referred, and the report of the committee was accepted.

On motion of George L. Perkins,

Voted, That Messrs. Wm. A. Buckingham and Amos W. Prentice, in connection with the chief marshal, be a committee to invite, in the name of the general committee, the masonic order, the military, the fire department and other public bodies, and the various trades, to unite in the procession to be formed on the first day of the celebration.

On motion of John Breed,

Voted, That Messrs. Buckingham, Prentice and Young, select and report the names of a committee of mechanics, to arrange the various trades in the procession.

John P. Barstow, from the committee on dinner, made a report relative to the manner and expense of getting up the same, and the different tents that can be obtained for the purpose of the celebration.

On motion of David Smith,

Voted, That the whole matter of dinner, selling tickets for the same, procuring tents and seats, and arranging for the addresses on the plain, be left to the committee on dinner.

On motion of John Breed,

Voted, That the committee on music, in connection with the chief marshal, be authorized to procure bands of music for the procession.

On motion of John A. Rockwell,

Voted, That the sum of $300 be appropriated for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of major John Mason.

On motion of John T. Wait,

Voted, That Messrs. John A. Rockwell, Jedediah Huntington and Gardner Greene, be appointed a committee to expend the money appropriated for the erection of a monument to major Mason, to determine the site of the same, and fix upon the inscription which shall be placed thereon, and to do all things proper and necessary in the erection of said monument.

John T. Wait, Hiram P. Arms and L. F. S. Foster, were subsequently added to this committee.

George L. Perkins, being at his own solicitation excused from serving as chairman of the committee on reception, at his suggestion Amos W. Prentice was appointed in his place.

The committee then adjourned to meet again at the Wauregan house on Saturday, July 23d, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

TENTH FORMAL MEETING.

The committee of arrangements held their adjourned meeting at the Wauregan house, on Saturday, July 23d, at 3 o'clock P. M.

Benjamin H. Paddock was appointed secretary *pro tem.*

The music committee reported that they had engaged the services of the Norwich brass band and of the Marine band of New York.

The committee on the monument reported that they had received two distinct propositions relative to the acquisition of the traditional burial place of major Mason. The propositions were discussed at some length, and were at last referred back to the committee for final action.

On motion of Hiram P. Arms, it was voted that the chairman and secretary of the general committee be instructed to request from the several appointed writers of hymns and odes for the celebration, copies of the same, at an early day, for the convenience of the music committee.

The committee on dinner, &c., reported that they had secured a tent for the public dinner capable of accommodating about two thousand persons; also one nearly as large for the general exercises of the celebration; and that other matters under their charge were in satisfactory progress.

John P. Barstow, in behalf of the county agricultural society, having offered the use of the society's building, for an exhibition of ancient pictures, costumes, portraits of Norwich citizens, deceased, &c., his offer was accepted with thanks. Messrs. Daniel W. Coit, John A. Rockwell, William Williams, George L. Perkins, Hiram P. Arms and Charles A. Converse, were appointed a committee to carry the proposition into effect.

John P. Barstow having also, in behalf of the same society, offered to erect on the park the society's seats for the convenience of the attendants upon the exercises, the offer was thankfully accepted.

The committee then adjourned to meet again at the same hour and place, on Saturday, the 30th day of July.

ELEVENTH FORMAL MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the committee of arrangements was held at the Wauregan house, on Saturday, July 30th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The secretary being absent at the opening of the meeting, Benjamin H. Paddock was appointed secretary *pro tem.*

David Young, chairman of the committee on procession, reported progress in the arrangement of the proposed procession, and suggested that the services of a fourth band of music might be required.

George H. Martin, chairman of the committee on music, stated that in addition to the Norwich band and the Marine band of New York, they had engaged the Gilmore band of Pawtucket, R. I., and Colt's band of Hartford.

On motion of John Breed,

Voted, That the committee on music be authorized to engage an additional band at any time hereafter, if the services of the same should, in the opinion of the committee, be required.

John P. Barstow, chairman of the committee on dinner, presented the bill of fare for the public dinner on the second day of the celebration, and stated farther that the committee had made arrangements to furnish dinner on the plain for 2,000 persons at least.

On motion of Benjamin H. Paddock, the committee on the Mason monument were directed to purchase of Lyman W. Lee, on the terms named by him, a lot of land 50 feet square, adjoining the old Gager burial ground, with the right of way to the same.

The committee then adjourned to meet again at the Wauregan house, on Saturday, the 13th day of August, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

TWELFTH FORMAL MEETING.

The adjourned meeeting of the committee of arrangements was held at the Wauregan house, on Saturday, August 13th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

David Young, from the sub-committee appointed to nominate sub-committees to arrange for a representation of the various mechanical and manufacturing interests in the procession, and for decorating the streets and public buildings, reported a list of names for each committee, which report was accepted. The names of such committees are as follows:—

COMMITTEE ON TRADES.

George W. Gould,
William H. Jennings,
Eri Williams,
George H. Pierce,
A. R. Gladwin,
Albert G. Hebard,
Charles N. Farnam,
John W. Stedman,
Arthur F. Ryder,
William H. Congdon,
Peleg Rose,
William T. Farrington,
William Pierce,
George Brooks,
William H. Page,
Richard Colburn,
H. R. Aldrich,
William Trolan,
John Mitchell, Jr.
Daniel J. Woodward,
Nathan S. Gilbert,
Charles F. Denison,
Charles A. Rallion,
William Tubbs,
J. Elliott Barber,
John C. Luce,
John A. Sterry,
Alfred A. Young,
John Bacheldor,
Henry T. Potter,
James E. Hill,
H. B. Cruttenden,
Charles W. Holden,
Isaac Johnson,
George W. & N. Smith,
Hovey & Haubach,
Michael Looby,
David L. Gale,
John Wight,
Rufus Sibley,
Thomas G. Oliver,
Thomas K. Bacon,
Archa P. Willoughby,
Alfred H. Vaughn,
William R. Crocker,
William N. Robbins,
Guilford Parker,
Noah L. Cole,
James Lindsey,
John B. Shaw,
Elias M. Brewster,
Daniel A. Delanoy,
Thomas T. Wetmore,
R. G. Fuller,
Edwin Leach,
Sidney Turner,
James C. Tucker,
Charles Hakes,
John R. Comstock,
S. G. Northrop,
Sidney Risley,
F. W. Treadway,
Joseph S. Clark,
William Huber,
Ansel Clark,
James D. Mowry,
J. B. Case,
Charles C. Bliss,
S. R. Parlin,
A. & J. Trolan,
John Backus,
H. Hobart Roath,
Dwight B. Hinckley,
William L. Nichols,
Andrew J. Currier,
Nehemiah Upham,

Joseph J. Cook,
George R. Bentley,
William Hempstead,
Peter Lanman,
William R. Hitchcock,
Asa B. Ware,
William Hinckley,
James S. Carew,
Owen Stead,
Sidney L. Geer,
Ezra Styles,
W. W. Clapp,
Wilson Potter,
Henry D. Sydleman,
A. W. Allen,
George Bingham,
George Gridley.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.

James Lloyd Greene,
Jerome W. Williams,
Evan Burdick,
John A. Robinson,
William Wilcox,
Edward T. Clapp,
Jedediah Huntington, 3d,
John H. Almy,
Daniel M. Prentice,
Joseph T. Thurston,
E. A. Benedict,
Elisha P. Slocum,
George B. Ransom,
Alexander H. Emmons,
Daniel L. Huntington,
Robert G. Coit,
George W. Geer, Jr.
Charles E. Black,
Solomon Fanning,
Zadoc C. Crowell,
William H. Myers,
Gilbert H. Congdon,
John T. Fanning,
James G. Day,
Avery Smith,
Charles L. Fuller,
Enoch S. Peckham,
Henry Ruggles,
John Backus,
William T. Norton,
Henry Bill,
John R. Dorrance,
E. F. Hovey,
Gurdon P. Cottrell,
Lucius E. Hill.

SUB-COMMITTEE ON ARCHES.

James G. Day,
John H. Almy,
George R. Ransom,
Edward T. Clapp,
E. A. Benedict,
Jedediah Huntington, 3d,
Daniel L. Huntington,
Charles E. Black.

On motion of John Breed, the whole matter of entertaining persons from out of the state and county, who should visit Norwich at the celebration, was left to the committee on reception.

David Young submitted a proposition from brigadier general Geer, to call out the third and seventh regiments at Norwich, for the annual parade, on the first day of the celebration, and have

such regiments act as the military escort on that day. On motion of John A. Rockwell, the proposition was accepted.

J. Lloyd Greene, chairman of the committee to whom was referred the matter of erecting arches, displaying flags, decorating public buildings, &c., stated that the committee would meet at once, and be prepared to report plans and probable expense of carrying out the same, at the next meeting of the general com mittee.

The chairman presented a communication he had received from John W. Stedman, proposing to publish in book form the speeches, addresses, poems, hymns, and everything of interest connected with the celebration, to be bound up in one volume, the work to be printed by himself, on paper manufactured in Norwich, bound by Norwich mechanics, and illustrated with a handsomely engraved map of the original layout of the town, and the design of the Mason monument, he assuming the risk of the sale of the same.

On motion of John A. Rockwell, seconded by La Fayette S. Foster, the committee voted to accept the proposition of Mr. Stedman, with thanks for his very liberal offer, and the chairman was directed to inform him of the action of the committee.

On motion of Wolcott Huntington, the committee on dinner were directed to arrange with B. M. Douglass to have the tent lighted with gas for public gathering in the evening.

Messrs. Amos W. Prentice and David Young were appointed a committee to engage public carriages for the procession.

The committee then adjourned to meet at the same place, on Saturday, August 20th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

THIRTEENTH FORMAL MEETING.

The committee of arrangements met according to adjournment.

In accordance with a vote to that effect, the chief marshal appointed the following gentlemen a committee to make the necessary arrangements with the people of their respective towns for forming in the procession on the 7th day of September.

Lebanon.—J. M. Peckham, James Mason, Nathaniel B. Williams.

Franklin.—Ashbel Woodward, Solomon A. Frink, Thomas H. C. Kingsbury.

Lisbon.—Daniel B. Lovett, R. K. Mathewson, Wm. C. Cutler.

Griswold.—Henry Lathrop, William Browning, A. A. Young.

Bozrah.—Isaac Johnson, William F. Bailey, J. S. Hough.

The committee on decorating the streets and public buildings made their report, submitting plans of arches, &c., to be erected on the line of the procession. The report was accepted, and the sum of five hundred dollars was appropriated to be expended by the committee for that purpose.

On motion, Amos W. Prentice, Wolcott Huntington and David Smith, were appointed an auditing committee to audit all bills before the same are paid, and it was further ordered that the treasurer be directed to pay no bills except upon the order of the auditing committee.

Voted, That Hiram P. Arms, John T. Wait, Daniel C. Gilman, and Elbridge Smith, be appointed a committee to aid and advise with the publisher of the report of the celebration.

From this time forward to the celebration, the committee of arrangements held frequent meetings for the transaction of business, chiefly relating to detail, which it is not important to record.

BI-CENTENNIAL BALL.

At a meeting held at the Wauregan house on the 13th of August, for the purpose of appointing a general committee to make suitable arrangements for a grand ball, to be held on the evening of the 8th of September, John Breed was appointed chairman, and James M. Meech secretary.

The following named gentlemen were appointed on the said committee:—

Norwich.

John Breed,
George L. Perkins,
David Smith,
Edward O. Abbott,
Wolcott Huntington,
Horace Whitaker,
Amos W. Prentice,
Augustus Brewster,
John T. Wait,
Charles A. Converse,
John P. Barstow,
David Young,
George W. Smith,
James M. Meech,
Charles E. Black,
Edwin B. Trumbull,
Hiram B. Crosby,
J. Hunt Adams,
Henry W. Birge,
Eli B. Partridge,
James S. Carew,
Timothy P. Norton,
John L. Devotion,
James H. Hyde,
J. Lloyd Greene,
James D. Mowry,
Edward H. Learned,
William H. Hyde,
John W. Bulkeley,
John W. Stedman,
W. R. Potter,
Henry H. Osgood,
Robert G. Coit,
Avery Smith,
Thomas H. Perkins,
William H. Tingley,
Isaac H. Bromley,
Calvin G. Rawson,
Andrew R. Bingham,
Joseph T. Thurston,

Pierre St. M. Andrews,
Newell C. Brakenridge,
John H. Almy,
George H. Martin,
William T. Norton,
Edward S. Osgood,
H. Kirke Hammond,
Isaac Johnson,
Daniel A. Delanoy,
Almarin R. Hale,
Henry Peale,
William Tubbs,
A. H. Vaughn,
Elias M. Brewster,
Henry D. Sydleman,
William S. Tyler, Jr.
Enoch S. Peckham,
D. A. Rathbone,
Dyer L. Chesebrough,
Paul B. Greene,
L. P. Field,
Henry H. Starkweather,
John Backus,
E. G. Bidwell,
B. F. Brewster,
Dwight B. Hinckley,
Amos C. Williams,
John R. Dorrance,
George H. Williams,
William Fanning,
J. Grant Hinckley,
Ransford H. Harvey,
Isaac V. B. Williams,
Van Buren Chapman,
Charles F. Denison,
Edwin Fay,
Lucius E. Hill,
Enoch F. Chapman,
Henry L. Reynolds,
James G. Day,
E. Winslow Williams.

Jewett City.—A. A. Young.

Lisbon.—Ethan Allen, Willard Bliss, H. J. Bennett.

Franklin.—Thomas G. Kingsley, Gurdon Pendleton, T. H. C. Kingsbury.

Preston.—Henry Harvey, William P. Nash.

The following gentlemen were appointed as an executive committee:—

Augustus Brewster,
James H. Hyde,
George W. Smith.
John L. Devotion,
James D. Mowry,
Charles A. Converse,
William H. Hyde,
James M. Meech,
Charles E. Black,
Robert G. Coit,
Edwin B. Trumbull,
Henry Peale,
Almarin R. Hale,
Daniel A. Delanoy.

JAMES M. MEECH, *Secretary.*

THE CELEBRATION.

The morning of Wednesday, September 7, was proclaimed at sunrise by a national salute from the artillery of Company A., Capt. Tannar, and by the ringing, for an hour, of all the church bells in town.

At 8 o'clock the procession commenced forming on Franklin Square, and at 10 o'clock, all things being in readiness, moved in the following order.

THE PROCESSION.

Chief Marshal, Gen. David Young.

Aids—Col. H. H. Osgood, Col. Jas. D. Mowry, Maj. A. R. Hale, Capt. Chas. E. Black, Henry H. Starkweather, Wm. H. Tingley, Edwin B. Trumbull, Thomas H. Perkins, Jedediah Huntington, 3d, Maj. John W. Bulkeley, Isaac W. Hakes, Jr.

FIRST DIVISION.

Marshal, Col. Gurdon A. Jones.

Brooklyn Navy Yard Band, 24 pieces.

Regimental Band, 24 pieces.

3d Regiment C. M., under command of Col. Thos. G. Kingsley, consisting of six companies, as follows, viz:—

Artillery Company A, Capt. A. Tannar, Norwich, 62 men.

Artillery Company B, Capt. J. C. Maynard, Salem, 46 men.

Infantry Company D, Capt. A. B. Williams, Griswold, 38 men.

Infantry Company A, Capt. J. L. Lyon, New London, 37 men.

Infantry Company B, Capt. R. H. Harvey, Norwich, 24 men.

Rifle Company A, Capt. J. L. Stanton, Norwich, 22 men.

Putnam Band, 21 pieces.

Willimantic Cornet Band, 15 pieces.

7th Regiment C. M., Col. Amos Witter, commandant, viz. :—
Cavalry Company A, Capt. O. M. Capron, Danielsonville, 31 men.
Artillery Company A, Capt. D. M. Day, Killingly, 41 men.
Artillery Company B, Capt. Chas. Cleveland, Brooklyn, 30 men.
Infantry Company A, Capt. C. H. Davidson, Willimantic, 51 men.
Infantry Company B, Capt. W. J. Hyde, Plainfield, 33 men.
Infantry Company D, Capt. J. L. Bowen, Putnam, 26 men.
Infantry Company C, Capt. John E. Short, Danielsonville, 56 men.
Rifle Company E, Capt. Chaffee, Putnam, 37 men.

SECOND DIVISION.

Marshal, Col. Henry W. Birge.
Assistant Marshals—Andrew R. Bingham, William S. Tyler, Jr.
Norwich Brass Band, Capt. F. W. White, 16 pieces.
President of the day,
GOV. WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM.
Orators of the day and poet.
Officiating Clergy.
Vice presidents of the day.
Lieut. Gov. Catlin, and other state officers.
Senators and representatives in Congress.
Ex-President Millard Fillmore.
Officers of the army and navy.
Ex-Governors of Connecticut.
Ex-Members of Congress.
Invited Guests.

THIRD DIVISION.

Marshal, Col. John L. Devotion.
Assistant Marshals—Edward S. Osgood, Stephen B. Meech.
Sheriffs of counties and their deputies.
Judges of the supreme and superior courts.
Presidents and professors of Colleges.
Presidents and secretaries of historical societies.
Trustees of Otis library.
Trustees of Norwich free academy.
Boards of Education.
Soldiers of 1812, with the national flag.
Clergymen.
Members of the bar.
Physicians.
General committee of arrangements.
Sub-committees.
Mohegan Indians.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Marshal, HENRY PEALE.

Assistant Marshals—William T. Farrington, Sylvanus Downer.

Gillmore's Pawtucket Band, 17 pieces.

Hook & Ladder Company, No. 1, Capt. A. F. Ryder, 30 men.

Niagara Engine Company, No. 2, Capt. A. W. Davis, 40 men.

Buckingham Hose Company, No. 2, Capt. Jas. D. Higgins, 18 men.

Uncas Engine Company, No. 3, Capt. A. Parkinson, 40 men.

Neptune Engine Company, No. 5, Capt. Charles S. Peale, 40 men.

Hickory Hose Company, No. 5, Capt. George Ewen, 14 men.

Greeneville Engine Company, No. 1, Capt. Dwight Holmes, 49 men.

Yantic Engine Company, No. 1, Capt. A. Stafford, 38 men.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Marshal, COL. JAMES M. NELSON.

Assistant Marshals—Chas. M. Coit, Morton F. Hale.

Selectmen and town clerks of Norwich, Preston, Lisbon, Griswold, Franklin, Bozrah and Lebanon.

Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council of the city of Norwich.

Other city officers.

Non-resident natives of Norwich and their descendants.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Marshal, PIERRE ST. M. ANDREWS.

Assistant Marshals—John B. Shaw, John Q. Cox, Alfred H. Vaughn, D. B. Hinckley, Rufus Sibley, John A. Sterry.

Representatives of the trades ancient and modern.

Adams Express Co.—Large express wagon drawn by four horses, and laden with boxes duly marked for a variety of destinations.

S. Mowry's Manufactory, Greeneville.—Wagon drawn by four horses, and containing specimens of axles and springs. Also, a revolving display of the various styles of wood type manufactured by Wm. H. Page & Co., in that village.

Chelsea Manufacturing Co.—A paper cutting machine in operation, the produce of which was immediately transferred to a printing press of Messrs. Manning, Perry & Co., and Mrs. Sigourney's hymn of welcome printed and distributed to the crowd. This carriage, drawn by four horses, was followed by about 100 of the employees of the paper mill, headed by a Scotch piper. They bore several banners with the inscriptions, "Paper, the bridge uniting the past and present;" "Humble we seem, yet science will clothe us with power," (referring to a display of rags at the top of the banner;) "True heart;" "Labor conquers everything;" "We welcome the returned ones home."

Norwich Boiler Works, Wm. Trolan.—Car bearing a section of a boiler, with workmen employed upon it, drawn by four horses.

Backus & Barstow.—A display of stoves, ranges, and farming implements; car drawn by four horses.

Hakes Brothers, hoop skirt manufacturers.—Carriage drawn by four horses, bearing a bevy of girls at work on hoop skirts.

N. C. Brakenridge.—Two carriages; the first drawn by four horses, bearing a number of workmen engaged in the manufacture of cigars, specimens of tobacco leaf, and a monster cigar 6½ feet long and 2 feet in circumference. The other, his traveling team with sale goods.

J. C. Tucker & Co., boot manufacturers.—Large wagon drawn by four horses, with a dozen or more workmen, and various specimens of the trade; conspicuous among which was a mammoth boot.

H. Colton & Co.—Display of costly furniture; among which was a Rio Janeiro rosewood bedstead, valued at $300, and labeled "for the governor of Alabama." Also a miniature mahogany chamber set. Wagon drawn by four horses.

Bacon Manufacturing Co.—Car drawn by four horses, with machinery driven by a belt connected with one of the wheels, and about a dozen workmen engaged in the manufacture of pistols, cracking reports from which were heard at intervals. On the same car was mounted a card printing press, which distributed the business cards of the company without partiality on the route. There were also three pieces of ancient fire arms, from the American Museum, New York.

C. B. Rogers & Co.—Latest improved wood working machinery—car drawn by two horses.

Central wharf sash and blind manufactory.—Car drawn by two horses, with several workmen, specimens of blinds and sashes, and machinery.

Pierce & Robertson, copper smiths.—Car drawn by two horses and bearing a variety of specimens of workmanship.

Sterry Faucet Co.—Wagon bearing a revolving cask covered with faucets; the manufacture of faucets in progress; cask and machinery turned by power communicated from the wheels of the wagon.

Another wagon of Adams Express Co., bearing boxes of Osgood's Cholagogue and Sweet's Liniment, drawn by three horses.

Shetucket Co.—Car drawn by two horses, conveying specimens of cloth, spools of cotton yarn, and a loom at work. Motto, "We clothe the naked."

Norwich Foundery Co., Alfred H. Vaughn and Peleg Rose.—Two cars, each drawn by two horses, one with specimens of iron fencing, and the other with a variety of castings and patterns.

L. & E. Edwards, blank book manufacturers.—Car drawn by two horses, conveying nearly a dozen girls and workmen, prosecuting the various branches of the trade, and specimens of work, the whole surmounted by an immense blank book.

S. Case & Sons, morocco dressers.—Specimens of dressed skins, rugs, &c., and workmen engaged in dressing and finishing skins, in a wagon drawn by two horses.

John W. Stedman, printer.—Printing press on a car drawn by two horses, and copies of "The way to wealth," by the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac," printed for free distribution.

Ansel Clark.—Car drawn by two horses, with a miniature building in process of being slate-roofed, bricks and other signs of mason work, and a cooking range.

Elisha P. Potter, Lisbon.—A one horse wagon, made over fifty years ago, a harness equally as ancient, with an assortment of tools nearly a hundred years old, including a turning lathe rigged with a spring pole. This turn-out created great amusement, which was heightened by the serious appearance and unflagging industry of the owner.

Corbett & Maguire.—Specimens of marble monuments in process of finishing. Car drawn by two horses.

Henry W. Birge.—Two teams with lumber.

John G. Huntington & Co.—Three teams with lumber and coal.

Norwich belt and hose manufacturing Co., C. N. Farnam.—Wagon with a pyramid of belting and coil of hose.

W. Huber, fresco, and I. H. Van Cott, house and sign painter.—Wagon lettered and decorated to illustrate the trade.

Sweet's Infallible Liniment.—Boxes conveyed in a pony team, and followed by a walking advertisement of this famous preparation.

Douglas & Co.—Wagon with a display of gas and steam fixtures.

Each car was handsomely decorated; some elaborately so, attracting much attention. The whole, as far as it went, was a worthy exhibition of the industrial trades of Norwich, and constituted a splendid feature of the procession.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Marshal, E. Winslow Williams.

Assistant Marshals—Henry P. Harvey, Lemuel Tyler, Nehemiah Waterman.

Citizens of the towns of Norwich, Preston, Lisbon, Griswold, Franklin, Bozrah, and Lebanon.

Conspicuous in this division was an immense covered and gaily decorated carriage, drawn by twelve horses, containing some 80 passengers, mostly females, and bearing at the top the words "New Concord." This was the name of an ecclesiastical society, set off from Norwich, before Bozrah, then a portion of Norwich, became an independent town. This fine turn-out was the result of the enterprise of Mr. Wm. F. Bailey. A stage, deeply loaded, carried a banner inscribed "Norwich West Farms."

EIGHTH DIVISION.

Marshal, James H. Hyde.

Assistant Marshal, Charles Dyer.

Colt's Armory Band, 18 pieces.

Somerset Lodge, F. A. M., No. 34.

Columbian Encampment, No. 4, of Knights Templars.

NINTH DIVISION.

Marshal, Henry Bill.

Assistant Marshal, Col. D. W. Cook.

Committee on schools.

Teachers and pupils of the Free Academy, the Broadway Grammar School, and of the several District Schools.

TENTH DIVISION.

Marshal, Col. Ethan Allen.
Assistant Marshal, I. V. B. Williams.
Grand cavalcade of horsemen.
Citizens and strangers in carriages.

Forming in the above order, the procession took up its line of march up Franklin street, at various points passing beneath lines of flags stretched across the way. Opposite Brand's whaling gun factory, it passed under a high and tastily decorated arch, inscribed:

"A HEARTY GREETING.
1659—1859.
BI-CENTENNIAL."

Passing through Broad street and down Broadway, and meeting with frequent displays of streamers and flags, it passed under another elegant arch, inscribed:

"NORWICH, THE ROSE OF NEW ENGLAND."

Thence past the Little Plain, the residences about which were finely decorated, the procession proceeded to the Central Grammar School building, where, as the division containing the Governor and other officials was passing, the assembled scholars sung to the tune of "St. Martins" the following

HYMN.

Let children hear the mighty deeds
  Which God performed of old,
Which in your younger years you saw,
  And which your fathers told.

He bids you make his glories known;
  His works of power and grace;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
  Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
  And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
  May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone
  Their hope securely stands—
That they may ne'er forget his works,
  But practice his commands.

The schoolhouse was very handsomely decorated, and bore the inscription "Temple of Liberty." In the yard in front was a mimic temple, in which the figure of "Liberty" was personated by Miss Emma Bulkeley, and that of "Justice" by Miss Helen Greenwood; while the thirteen original states were represented by the Misses Hattie and Lucy Prentice, Annie Rawson, Lucy Currier, Susie Allen, Annie Miner, Jennie Leavens, Susie Andrews, Annie Willoughby, Ella Burdick, Lizzie Bingham, Alice Goodwin and Delia Clark.

At the junction of Main and Shetucket streets, the procession passed beneath another large arch, with a small arch on each side spanning the sidewalks. The main arch bore the inscription:

"WE REJOICE IN THINGS WAUREGAN."

The procession proceeded through Main to Water street. At Breed's corner, at the beginning of Washington street, it passed beneath another tall arch, finely set off with evergreens and the national flag, and bearing the inscription:

"WE REMEMBER THE MEN OF OLD."

The course was now direct up Washington street, to Norwich Town, the main road to which was gaily ornamented with flags at different localities. From Huntington's corner, the east route to the Town Meeting House was taken. The usual display of flags here again greeted the eye. Arrived at the green, a fine scene was to be witnessed; about the steps and vicinity of the church, the hotel building, the post office, and the spacious plain itself, were assembled crowds of interested spectators, while lines of flags extending from the academy to the opposite side of the road, and in other quarters, enlivened and beautified the prospect.

The procession now took the west route on its return. Through Mill Lane the route extended to Sachem street at the Falls, where, passing under an extensive arch, the procession turned, and made its way direct to Williams' Park. It arrived a little before one o'clock, having passed by thronged lines of eager spectators, and elicited the admiring gaze of the fair occupants of windows and porches all along its extended course.

Here was the center of attraction, and, as was proper, here was lavished the greatest display. The entire Park was surrounded with flags, while the residences around were beautifully arrayed. At the head of the Park, just in front of the residence of William Williams, was erected a mammoth arch, of very beautiful design, and finely decorated. It bore the cordial inscription:

"NORWICH WELCOMES HOME HER CHILDREN."

In the center of the Park was situated the great tent, 80 by 200 feet in dimensions, for the accommodation of the speakers and audience. Connected with this was another tent, to be used on the following evening as a refreshment and dressing room in connection with the ball; while in a neighboring lot stood the great dinner tent, with tables and seats arranged for some 2,500 persons.

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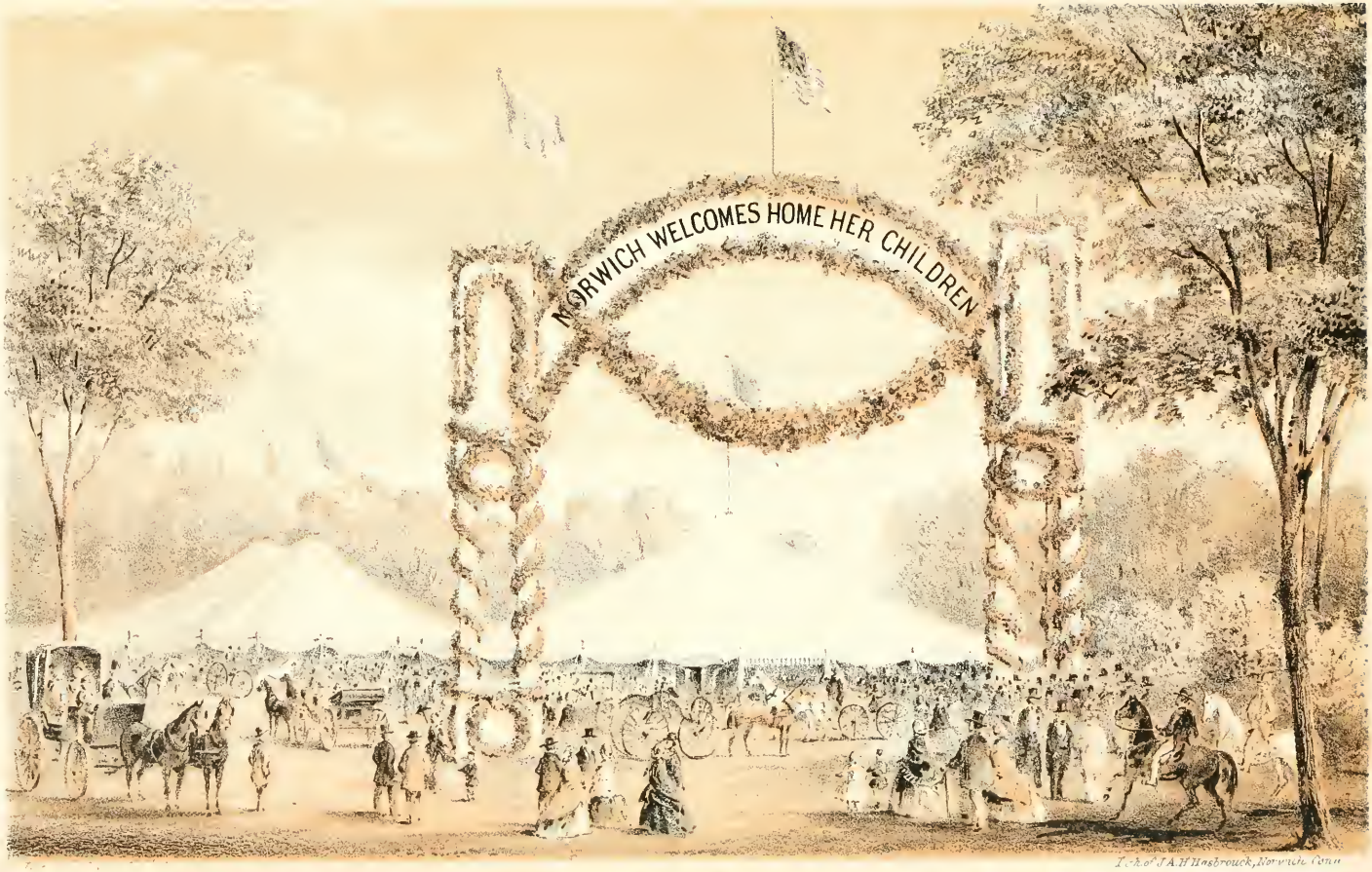


THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH WITH THE SPEAKERS TENT ON WILLIAMS PARK.

EXERCISES AT THE TENT.

Arriving at the tent, the grand marshal of the procession called the meeting to order. He said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The general committee of arrangements have appointed the following gentlemen as presiding officers:—

PRESIDENT,

His Excellency WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM.

VICE PRESIDENTS,

FRANCIS A. PERKINS,	WILLIAM KELLEY,
WILLIAM WILLIAMS,	JEREMIAH MASON,
JOHN BREED,	JAMES A. HOVEY,
JOSEPH WILLIAMS,	OLIVER JOHNSON,
COMFORT D. FILLMORE,	EZRA BINGHAM,
JEDEDIAH HUNTINGTON,	GEORGE SHERMAN.

I will now (continued the marshal) introduce to you his excellency William A. Buckingham, the president of the day.

The governor was loudly cheered on taking his seat. When the plaudits which greeted him had in some degree subsided, he rose and thus addressed the audience:—

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF NORWICH:—In behalf of the committee of arrangements for celebrating this, the bi-centennial of the settlement of the town, I greet you with a cordial welcome. Our citizens of to-day are not all lineal descendants of the first settlers. Some of us were born in other sections, and having heard of the foundations which your fathers laid for peace and prosperity and happiness; having examined for ourselves and

seen that this was a land of beauty and of promise, we left our homes, entrusted our fortunes with those of your kindred, and proposed to share with them the labors and rewards incident to life. We were received with a generous sympathy, and encouraged in every laudable enterprise; we married your daughters and your sisters, your sons and your brothers; and now we find every pulsation of our hearts beating in unison with those around us who strive to promote the public welfare. We find ourselves ready to lay a heavy blow upon those who with vandal hands would deface the noble work of your fathers, or who with slanderous tongues would defame their fair name; and we call upon you to witness any difference in feeling or interest or aim, between us and those who are to the manor born. In the name, then, of all our citizens, I bid you welcome.

As we contemplated celebrating this day, our minds went rapidly back two hundred years, to the time when this now beautiful town was a wilderness, uncultivated by the hand of civilization or Christianity—to the first thirty-five settlers—and we recalled the names of Fitch, and Mason, and Hyde, and Backus, and the part they acted during our colonial history; we recalled the names of Huntington, and Leffingwell, and Tracy, and others of like spirit, who shunned no danger, avoided no hardship, and withheld no sacrifice, which their country demanded during the stormy and convulsive period of the revolution; we thought of their descendants who are living, scattered all over the world, and engaged in agriculture, in the varied branches of mechanical and manufacturing industry, in extensive commerce at our centers of business, and in gathering wealth from the polar sea and the mines of California; we thought of the legal and medical professions, and of the ministers of our common Master, who have extended their labors beyond our borders to the plains of India and within the walls of China; we thought of those who have imbibed the spirit of liberty, and who, under the influence of those fires burning in their hearts, have wisely laid foundations for free governments in our territories; of those who have wielded vigorous pens, and given life and power to principles of freedom in the valleys of the Wyoming and the Ohio; of those who have steadfastly and eloquently defended and sustained those principles in our state and national councils; and of those who, upon seats of justice, have

rightly adjudicated questions of vital importance to the permanency of our government.

With these thoughts crowding upon our minds, we felt as a mother who sympathizes with her children in their varied circumstances of joy and sorrow, in their positions of influence and honor, and invited you to meet us at your ancestral homes on this anniversary, that we may hear from your own lips of the way in which God has guided your footsteps, made you an honor to your birthplace and a blessing to our race. We desire now to recall those thrilling incidents which are known by tradition, and which are interwoven with the lives and labors of your fathers, and while they are duly authenticated inscribe them upon the pages of our history.

We rejoice that in obedience to that invitation, you have turned aside from your household cares and domestic duties, from your farms and your merchandise, from the paths of literature and science, from seats of learning and courts of justice, from all those scenes where you have battled for riches and honor and supremacy; that you have come from the mountains and the valleys, from the prairie and the sea, and from every spot where your wanderings had led you; that you have returned to your native land, your rightful heritage, your own beloved home.

And now, as our kinsmen, we welcome you to these old hills and solid moss covered rocks; to our family circles and social gatherings; to our workshops and our manufactories, where, since you left us, science and art have combined to increase the power and value of skillful labor; to our schools, which are our pride, and we believe our honor and our glory; to our places of religious worship, where we reverently acknowledge our obligations to the God of your fathers, and listen to the faithful ministrations of His word.

We welcome you as you come around the graves of your sires, and your fathers' sires; that while you remember the loved ones now gone to their rest, and shed a tear to their memory, and while your hearts throb with emotions excited by the reminiscences of the past, and you call to mind the sacrifices which they offered upon their altars of patriotism and religion, you may also confirm your purpose to imitate their virtues and to cherish their memories with holier affection.

And now, on this pleasant day, with its pure air and sunny skies, we give you a cordial welcome to the hospitalities and de-

lightful memories of your own cherished, never forgotten, picturesque, beloved Norwich.

At the conclusion of his address, the president requested the Rev. John A. Paddock to read a portion of the Holy Scriptures.

The reverend gentleman presented himself and said:—

Before opening this holy book, (producing and exhibiting to the audience a copy of the Bible,) I trust I may be permitted to state the following interesting fact: That this copy of the Holy Bible bears the imprint of the year 1605—more than 250 years since. It is a copy of that known as the "Bishops' Bible," printed in the old English text. It was brought to this country in September, 1634—225 years ago this very month—by the reverend John Lathrop, the first pastor of the first puritan church in London. It was brought to Norwich by his son, Samuel Lathrop, about the year of our Lord 1664—five years from the first settlement made in this town. It passed into the possession in a line of his descendants to Charles Lathrop, of the fifth generation from the reverend John, by whom, in the year 1839, it was delivered into the custody of the American Bible society. I may, perhaps, be permitted to mention an additional interesting fact: On the passage to this country the original proprietor dropped on one of its pages a spark from the candle with which he was reading at his evening devotions. Unaware of the accident, he partially closed the book in his berth, but the result was that a piece about the size of a shilling was burned through several of the sacred pages; and it is recorded of him that before the voyage was ended he had, from memory, filled up the missing words and letters on each page, and in the form of the type in which they were printed.

It is from this book, so interesting not only from its antiquity, but from the fact of its belonging to this venerable servant of Christ, and its long retention in that family from whom have descended so many of those, bearing different names, who have dwelt on the hills and plains of Norwich, or gone forth to various parts of our country and the world, that I am permitted to read of your and our fathers' God, of their dependency and our indebtedness. I read from the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy.

The speaker then read the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy, commencing at the 7th verse.

He then read the 22d Psalm, commencing at the 4th verse.

He also read from the 1st of James, beginning at the 16th verse.

The President.—The Rev. H. P. Arms will now offer prayer.

The reverend gentleman offered the following:—

Eternal God, author of all being, and giver of all blessing, we, Thy unworthy children, humbly bow before Thee and implore Thy divine benediction. We call upon our souls and all that is within us, to praise Thy holy name for that kind providence of Thine which has gathered us from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, here amid the graves of our fathers, to commemorate their virtues and their heroic deeds; to grasp the hand of friendship, and by the mutual interchange of kindly greetings to strengthen the ties of a common brotherhood. We recognize Thy mighty and Thy beneficent hand in all the history of the past. It was under Thy kind and fostering care, and under the guidance of Thy good spirit, that a little band of Christian pilgrims, 200 years ago chose this lovely spot, so beautiful for situation, where to pitch their tents, and erect the standard of the cross, and in the time of their extremity, when a savage foe was ravaging the land, and threatening to exterminate the dwellers on these inhospitable shores, it was not in vain that they put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings. Because they set their love upon Thee, therefore didst Thou deliver them. Thou didst give thine angels charge over them to keep them in all their ways. So that whilst destruction was wasting other settlements, it came not nigh them, for Thy protecting shield was over them. And in the conflict which followed with fatherland, Thou didst nerve the strong arms and inspire the noble hearts of the brave men who dwelt here, to repel the invaders, and achieve our national independence. When we call to mind the trials, the toils, and the sufferings it cost our fathers to secure for us the rich inheritance which they have bequeathed to us, we would learn to appreciate that inheritance, and thank God for giving us such an ancestry.

As we listen to-day to the annals of past generations, as we recount Thy dealings towards our fathers, the frequent, and sometimes marvelous, interpositions of Thy providence on their behalf, as we survey the foundations of our most cherished institutions, and the glorious superstructures which have risen, and are rising, upon them, we bow reverently, gratefully, before Thy throne, and acknowledge Thy hand in all these blessings. Thou art the au-

thor and the finisher of them all. These industrial enterprises, the source of all our wealth, these schools, in which our children are trained for the conflicts of life, these churches, in which our souls are instructed and disciplined for heaven, these we recognize as the fruit of toil, not of our own. Other men labored and we are entered into their labors. They sowed the precious seed, we are permitted to gather in the sheaves with shoutings of joy. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage. These same lines have gone out through all the earth, carrying gladness and blessing to thousands. The light which our fathers kindled upon these altars, like the sun coming out of the chambers of the east, goeth forth from the end of the heaven, and its circuit is unto the ends of the world. The goodly vine which our fathers here planted, is not confined within the rocks and hills which bound our vision. Its branches run over the wall, and strangers share the clustering fruit.

God bless the children of Norwich, scattered abroad in all the land, and in other lands. Bless them in the city and in the field. Bless them in their basket and in their store. Bless them when they come in and when they go out. May they appreciate the virtues of their fathers, walk in their footsteps, and prove themselves worthy sons of a noble ancestry. Look in favor, we humbly beseech Thee, upon our beloved country. Bless the president of these United States, the chief magistrate of our own commonwealth, and all that are in authority. Bless the citizen soldiery convened on this occasion, and inspire them with sentiments of true patriotism; may they ever stand ready to repel aggression and defend the right. Cause all our public affairs to be so administered that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty. Merciful God, enlighten the nations of the earth with the gospel of Thy Son. Break the rod of the oppressor, and establish in all lands the rule of righteousness, and the reign of peace. Our Father who art in Heaven, we commend this joyful assemblage to Thy paternal favor. May Thy presence and Thy blessing be with us in all the festivities of this day and of the morrow, that our coming together may be for the better, and not for the worse, and prepare us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord, of Thy sovereign mercy in Jesus Christ, for that greater gathering where we must give account of all the deeds done in the body, so

that we may receive the award of good and faithful servants. These thanksgivings we render, and these favors we ask, through the mediation and atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and dominion throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

The hymn composed by Mrs. Sigourney expressly for the occasion, was then sung by the choir:—

HYMN.

Tune—Old Hundred.

We praise the God who guides our feet
  Back to this sacred spot of earth—
With filial gratitude to greet
  Our mother, on her day of birth.

We praise Him for these cultured glades,
  Redeem'd from thorns and savage sway—
For rock, and stream, and woven shades,
  That charm'd our childhood's cloudless day.

We praise Him for the happy homes—
  The prosperous marts that thronging rise—
The peaceful academic domes—
  The church-spires pointing to the skies.

We praise Him for the righteous dead,
  Who have their course so nobly spent,
And o'er their race rich luster shed,
  When through Heaven's open gate they went.

We praise Him for the wondrous change
  The last two hundred years have wrought—
For His blest gospel's glorious range
  Of faith and hope and holy thought.

And as the past with joy is bright,
  So may the unborn future prove—
And wrap thee in new robes of light,
  Sweet land! the mother of our love.

A

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT,

Sept. 7, 1859,

AT THE

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE TOWN.

BY DANIEL COIT GILMAN,

LIBRARIAN OF YALE COLLEGE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

In the preparation of this discourse, I have constantly referred to the valuable history of Norwich, published by Miss Caulkins in 1845, regretting that I could not avail myself of her later investigations, which it is understood will soon be made public. In the period prior to 1690, the colonial records of Connecticut, edited with rare skill by J. H. Trumbull, Esq., and printed under the patronage of the state, have thrown much light upon the history of the Nine Miles Square. But I have by no means been contented with the study of these and other printed volumes. The records of the town and of the first church have been frequently consulted, and also the original documents which were collected by Dr. Benjamin Trumbull while writing the history of Connecticut, and are now deposited in the library of Yale College. Many other manuscripts, collected by my father, Mr. William C. Gilman, during his residence in Norwich, and some pertaining to the time of the revolution, which have hitherto been retained in the families of the original owners, have also been placed in my hands I can not but hope, therefore, that the publication of this address will call attention to important facts which have thus far escaped observation.

The limits of this note do not permit me to mention the names of numerous friends who have encouraged these researches, but many of them are spoken of in the subsequent pages, and none of them are forgotten.

It was proposed to append to this discourse, biographies of prominent citizens of the town from its settlement until now, and materials had been collected for nearly two hundred such sketches; but the enterprise of the publisher in issuing immediately a report of the celebration, makes it necessary to defer the complete execution of this plan.

May I be allowed to add that whatever interest I have in the history of Norwich is inherited. While it is pleasant for me to trace, on my mother's side, a descent from several of the original settlers of the town, my father's enthusiasm in historical inquiries is associated with my earliest recollections, and has constantly aided my recent investigations.

D. C. G.

Yale College, New Haven, September 14th, 1859.

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

The President.—I take pleasure in introducing another of the sons of Norwich; the orator of the day, Mr. Daniel C. Gilman.

Mr. Gilman then delivered the following address.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES—SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF NORWICH:—

We are met to review in one brief hour the record of two hundred years. The task assigned to me, though simple, is not easy, and your sympathy with the theme must excuse the incompleteness of the story I shall tell. The preacher, the orators and the poet appointed to address you, leave me the humble office of a chronicler; and I therefore make no apology for dwelling chiefly upon *facts*, assured that others will present those poetical, patriotic and religious reflections, which this occasion appropriately calls forth.

We need to summon on this day of jubilee all our own recollections of the past, and what our fathers have told us of the days gone by; we need to gather the fragments of history we have learned from the genealogical tree, the old trunk of letters, the time worn records of town, society and church, the family Bible and the moss covered tombstone; we need to combine all this with what we have read in the printed page, especially in that of our honored and accomplished historian; and we must then put forth the utmost powers of our imagination to picture the settlement, the establishment, and the development of a town which, like children, we cherish as our home.

Two hundred years ago, at this golden harvest time, a band of sturdy pioneers, accustomed in their younger days to the comforts of an old and highly civilized country, coming here from the infant settlement of Saybrook, had traversed with the rude Indians as their guides, this beautiful Mohegan plain; they had climbed Wawequa's hill; had traced the Shetucket and the Yantic, from their confluence in the Pequot, far into the back country; had admired the waterfalls, never so wild and picturesque as then; had estimated their power for grist mills and saw mills; had examined the forests, fisheries and soil; and were ready to return to the other side of the Connecticut, like the spies from beyond the Jordan, having "seen the land, what it was, and the people that dwelt therein, whether they were strong or weak, few or many," and saying with Caleb, "Let us go up at once and possess it."

This survey of the land of promise, in advance of the colony, is the auspicious event which we have chosen to commemorate. But it is not the time of our earliest acquaintance with what we now call Norwich. The settlers at New Haven and in Connecticut, as well as the knowing ones in places more remote, were long before familiar with this region as the battle ground of two powerful tribes of Indians, the Narragansetts and Mohegans. The very plain on which we stand, yielding as the plow-share and the spade upheave the sod, tomahawks and arrow-heads, by scores if not by hundreds, bears witness to this day of those fierce conflicts which once darkened the skies with the arrows of death.*

Our information of this period is of course meager, but the history of civilization in Norwich would be indeed deficient, without some reference in its preface at least, to the darker days which went before.

The Mohegans, from whom our fathers bought this nine miles square,† several score of whose descendants are our neighbors to this day, were originally a part of the Pequot tribe, and were of the same race with the Mohicans of the Hudson, the last of whose warriors has been so fitly commemorated by the great novelist of America. It has even been conjectured that the Pequots had

* For many years the writer has received from Mr. Angel Stead what he terms "a crop of arrow-heads," gathered annually in his gardening on the plain between the landing and up-town.

† See note A.

immigrated to this eastern part of Connecticut at a period not very much earlier than the time when the white men came here.

To the east of the Pequots and Mohegans (whose domains before their separation extended over a wide territory upon both banks of what is now the river Thames) were the Narragansetts, around the bay which still perpetuates their name, and toward the west were the Niantics, both tribes of one stock, and both hostile to the Pequots, whose hunting and fishing grounds lay between them.

Uncas, the chief of the Mohegans when the white men came here, was a descendant, according to his own statement, of the royal Pequot family, and by marrying in 1626, the daughter of Sassacus, the sachem, had allied himself still more closely to the ruling powers. But notwithstanding this, or more likely because of this relation, Uncas rebelled against the chief of the Pequots, and remained in open hostility to his kinsmen until they were crushed as a nation a few years after. The adherents of Uncas, occupying the right bank of the river, appear to have assumed their original designation, the Mohegans, while the followers of Sassacus retained the name of Pequots, and probably their "seat of empire" on the left bank of the winding stream to which their name was long applied.

When the English undertook the famous expedition to punish the Pequots for their alleged atrocities, Roger Williams succeeded in enlisting the aid of the Narragansetts, and major Mason that of the Mohegans, so that about this period two naturally hostile tribes were at peace with one another and united against their common enemy. By the bold expedition which destroyed the Pequot fort in May, 1637, the war was concluded, for the foe was almost if not quite exterminated. A threefold treaty was soon afterward signed at Hartford, in which the English, the Narragansetts and the Mohegans were parties. The two Indian tribes were to keep the tomahawk buried, and refer their troubles to the English. For a time they observed the letter if not the spirit of the contract, but at length Miantonomoh, the Narragansett chief, and Uncas, the Mohegan, grew jealous of one another. Each strove to enlist the sympathy of the whites; but Uncas was the more successful, and, as a natural consequence, the difficulties between the rival sachems increased and open war broke out.

From the many rumors, traditions and allusions which have come to us from those days, it would require more legal skill than I possess, to deduce "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." But there are a few incidents of this protracted war, the details of which have, at least, been so often repeated, that they seem authentic, and demand from us a passing mention.* The first to which I allude is the battle between Uncas and Miantonomoh, on the great plain some two miles west of where we stand. The Mohegan sachem challenged the leader of his foes to fight him singly, but the challenge was declined, the host of the Narragansetts soon afterward routed, and their proud chieftain taken prisoner in his flight. Even for those savage days, this was a bloody battle. Miantonomoh was kept a prisoner for a time. At last, his doom was sealed by the English, who, after various doubts and long deliberations, decided (whether wisely or unwisely is still a matter of dispute) that he should be put to death by his conqueror. Tradition says that he met his fate on the Sachem's plain where he had been captured, and where a block of granite, replacing the loose pile of stones which the Indians threw together, still reminds us of his lamentable fate. Uncas is said to have gratified his revenge by tasting the flesh of his slaughtered victim, pronouncing it the sweetest morsel he had ever eaten.†

Another incident, free from this barbarous character, relates to the war at a later period. Uncas was besieged in his fort, on the bank of the Thames, nearly opposite Poquetannock. His provisions were almost exhausted, and destruction seemed inevitable. At length lieut. Thomas Leffingwell, and others, who had learned the perilous condition of the Mohegans, secretly brought the longed for corn, and so recruited the besieged army that they succeeded in repelling their enemies, and ever afterward remembered with gratitude this timely assistance. There can be little question that such generous relief cemented the friendship of Uncas for the whites, and saved the companions of Leffingwell in after days from many a hostile attack.

The rocks where the welcome interview is said to have taken place between the sachem and his friend, are still known as the chair of Uncas.

At another time, (perhaps just after the battle on the great plain, to which allusion has been made,) we are told that the

* See note B. † See note C.

Narragansetts were so pressed by the Mohegans, that either in rash courage, or excessive fear, they plunged from the lofty cliff at the west of the Yantic falls, and were lost in the abyss.

But these stirring incidents which tradition perpetuates, should be reviewed by the muse of romance, rather than of history. It is probable that we have the facts in outline, though we have the outlines only. Legends enough are extant to celebrate each hill and plain in Norwich. Wawequa's hill, Fort hill, Little Fort hill, Sachem's plain, Trading cove, the Indian burying ground, each has its plaintive yet its pleasing story. Would that some skillful hand would weave the scattered threads, and do for Norwich what Cooper has so aptly done for another portion of our country!

I am forbidden to dwell longer on this period or to delineate in full the eventful life of Uncas, by the recollection of that interesting discourse which the author of the "Life of Brandt" delivered when the Uncas monument was erected.* Besides, the character of the sachem is now very generally appreciated as it deserves. The common opinion is not far from right, that he was about equally removed from the savage and the saint. Long ago, Cotton Mather called him "an obstinate infidel," although John Mason had said he was "a great friend and did us much service." Each had reason to make his assertion. The truth is, that being naturally a man of decided qualities, both good and bad, he learned new virtues as well as vices by his intercourse with the English.

When king Charles the First sent his red faced, well beloved cousin, "a Bible, to show him the way to heaven, and a sword, to defend him from his enemies," Uncas valued the latter gift much more than he did the former. But I am happy to bring forward one new fact to show that he was not at all times indifferent to the other present. It has often been stated that Uncas uniformly opposed the introduction of Christianity among the people of his tribe. Within a few days past an original document has come to light which bears important testimony on this interesting question.† It is nothing less than a bond in which, under his own

* See Note D.

† The original document is owned by J. Carson Brevoort, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y. I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Waddington, of London, for calling my attention to the paper, and for making the fac simile copy which was shown to the audience.

signature, the sachem promises to attend the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Fitch, whensoever and wheresoever he may choose to appoint. This paper is so remarkable that I shall take the liberty of reading it in full. If we can not call it the sachem's creed or confession of faith, it is at least his covenant.

Be it known to all men and in special to the Authority of The Colony of Conecticott That I Uncass sachim of the Munheags, now resident in Pamechaug doe by these presents firmly engage and binde my selfe, that I will from time to time and at all times hereafter, in a constant way and manner attend upon Mr. James Fitch Minister of Norwich, at all such seasons as he shall appoint for preaching to and praying with the Indians either at my now residence, or wheresoever els he shall appoint for that holy service, and further I doe faithfully promis to Command all my people to attend the same, in a constant way and solemn manner at all such times as shall be sett by the sayd Mr. James Fitch minister, alsoe I promis that I will not by any wayes or meanes what soe ever, either privatly or openly use any plots or contriveances by words or actions to affright or discourage any of my people or others, from attending the Good work aforesayd, upon penalty of suffering the most grevious punishment that can be inflicted upon me, and Lastly I promis to encourage all my people by all Good wayes and meanes I can, in the due observance of such directions and instructions, as shall be presented to them by the sayd Mr. James Fitch aforesayd, and to the truth hereof this seaventh day of June in the year one thoussand six hundred seventy and three I have hereunto set my hand or mark.

Wittnesed by us
John Tallcott,
Tho: Stanton, Sr.
Samuell Mason.

mark
The * of Uncass.
of Uncass.

Let us look with charity, my friends, upon this promise, remembering that every man, red face and pale face alike, is accepted "according to that which he hath, and not according to that which he hath not."

Descendants of Uncas, whose fathers bade our fathers welcome to their wigwams and their hunting grounds, we welcome you to this our jubilee.* Yet our joy is not without its sorrow when we see that you have lost what we have gained, that your numbers are few, and your sachems gone. Be assured for your comfort that the Great Spirit himself has ordered that every race, like every man, should act his part and die. But grateful remembrance shall live, and until yonder shaft of granite shall have crumbled

* A score or two of the Mohegans were seated near the speaker. See Note E.

to the dust, until our race shall be no more, succeeding generations shall be taught that Uncas was the white man's friend.

When we turn from the Indian history to that of the English, our information for several years continues to be likewise fragmentary and unsatisfactory. The original records of Saybrook have disappeared, and almost every clue is lost to the circumstances which attended the removal of the colony to the east. The earliest entry on the public records of Norwich is dated December 11th, 1660. The name of Norwich first appears on the colony books at Hartford, so far as I am informed, in October, 1661. The papers of an early date respecting the first church have wholly perished. You therefore can not expect, in this part of the story, that I shall add to your present knowledge; and I can only repeat, in a new form, the items which have been often told before. May we not learn from the losses, of which we are now sensible, the importance of securing, for those who come after us, copies of what yet remain—the torn and almost illegible papers now gradually decaying in the town clerk's office?

Most gladly to-day would we summon before us one of the original proprietors who succeeded, in 1660, to these domains of the Indians, and made Norwich of Mohegan. Were such our privilege, I am sure that with one voice we should call on major John Mason, renowned at the time of the settlement of this town, as the hero of the Pequot war, and honored as the actual deputy governor of the colony of Connecticut.* Picture him before you now, my hearers; his manly form unbent by age, his eye undimmed, his active manner still evincing readiness to plan and will to execute; while his lofty brow and composed countenance as clearly indicate the man of prudent counsel. Ask *him* what you desire to know of his companions in the settlement of Norwich.

With your own exploits, most worshipful governor, we are all familiar. They form a stirring chapter in the history of New England, which we teach in our common schools. We have heard of your bravery, under Fairfax in the old world, over Uncas in the new. We honor your wisdom as a statesman not less than your boldness as a warrior. To-morrow we shall celebrate your fame.†

* See Note F.

† On the day following this address, a discourse, commemorative of major Mason, was pronounced by the Hon. John A. Rockwell.

To-day, let us hear of your comrades. Were they men of character?

Indeed they were, the major would reply, as brave a company as ever trod the wilderness. Nearly all were born in England, and came in early life to this new country. They had landed in various ports, and many of them had resided in Hartford till we formed a colony in the fort at the mouth of Connecticut river. Many others joined us while we were in Saybrook. At length, in the spirit of true pilgrims, having no abiding city, they listened to my story of the beauty of these hills and plains, and the charming valleys extending in every direction, and joined by men of kindred sentiments from New London and elsewhere, they came with joy into this promised land. They were all puritans, hearty friends of civil and religious liberty; and more than that, they were honest Christians, fearing God and loving man. They made no high pretensions. Some of them, I know, could boast of pedigrees as good as any in the land; but they counted little upon that. Some of them were of humble origin; but they were not despised for that. We valued men least for what their fathers were, and most for what themselves were worth.

And had you not found in Saybrook the freedom which you sought?

Yes, Saybrook was a good home—I love to remember it. A finer river nowhere flows; more abundant and better fisheries need not be sought; and our little fort, to some of us, at least, was hallowed by many a sacred recollection. But we left because this spot was so much better. I had been a traveler. In boyhood I had seen fair scenes in England; a youth, I had crossed the channel, and had trod the fertile Netherlands; a man, I had traversed New England; but I had never found a better place for settlement. The rivers, though not large, were sufficient for our trade, and an admirable harbor was not far distant. The back country was productive. Uncas urged us to come, and assured us of his friendship. Saybrook and Hartford and Windsor were all good, but Norwich was *the* place for a beautiful and tranquil home.

Did you call this region Norwich before removing here?

Yes; its position on the river reminded some of us of the Norwich which we had known in England, (the same where John

Robinson lived,) although we did not expect that its high preeminence in manufactures would ever be rivaled by the simple homespun of our feeble settlement.*

It was also the early residence, I believe, of the Huntingtons, who joined us in Saybrook. Besides—though this was said more in sport than in earnest—governor Winthrop's home at the mouth of the Thames had been called New London, and why should we not commemorate the second town in England by the designation of New Norwich.

Will you tell us how you came from Saybrook hither?

Having bought a tract of nine miles square and secured it by a formal deed, we surveyed our lands in 1659, and left a few men here during the winter. Early in the spring of 1660 our company came in shallops, stopping over night at New London that some of the party might visit the site of the Pequot fort, and enjoy the beautiful prospect from its summit. Next day, we sailed up the Thames. As we passed the chair of Uncas, a company of Mohegans, with the old sachem at their head, joined us, in their birch canoes, and came with us up the cove to the landing near the falls. On our way thence to the plot chosen for our future homes, we passed near the Indian burying ground. Uncas charged us, I remember, to keep it sacred for ever, and I gave him a promise which I hope will never be forgotten.

How many were with you, major Mason, in the company?

Indeed, we were too busy to count.† I believe we first divided the land among some five-and-thirty full grown men, and as most of them were married, and had families, we may have been some five or six score in all. But though I can not say how many individuals were in our company, I can tell you almost, if not quite, every name. First, of course, I must mention our worthy pastor, Rev. James Fitch, first in all good words and works. Then I hardly know what order to follow.

Lieut. Thomas Tracy witnessed with me the Indian deed, and afterward held almost all our civil offices. Lieut. Thomas Leffingwell was as brave a soldier as we had, and secured our purchase by the relief he furnished Uncas. Thomas Adgate and

* See Note G. † See Note H.

Hugh Caulkins were our deacons, ordained as such in Saybrook. Simon Huntington succeeded one of them in that sacred office. His brother, Christopher, who was one of our two earliest selectmen, married Ruth Rockwell, and her eldest son was the first born boy in Norwich. Old goodman Bradford was a selectman for the west end, and goodman Hyde was always a wise counselor. Thomas Post, poor man, was the most unfortunate of our band, for he lost his wife soon after we came here, the earliest victim death demanded. Then there were the two brothers Backus, lieut. William and Stephen, excellent men. Baldwin, and goodman Gager, ensign Waterman, Bliss, and Allyn, and Bingham, and Bowers, and Edgerton, were all original proprietors, and so was lieutenant Griswold, one of the most active of our company. Of course we had a Smith, and beside there were Olmstead, Pease, Howard, Reynolds, Read, and Royce. John Birchard, I mention last, but he was by no means last in the estimation of the colony, being townsman and constable, and the first commissioner of the peace.

We have always been taught, most worshipful governor, to honor the Rev. Mr. Fitch. Let us ask how you esteemed him?

If I answer this inquiry, you must let me use strong language. Through an eventful period of twenty-five years he was my friend. I saw him first in Hartford, a mere boy just arrived from England, beginning his studies for the ministry with the Rev. Mr. Hooker. A few years later, he became, as you know, our first pastor at Saybrook, and we were his first church. When we talked of coming here, he said he would go or stay as the major part of the church should decide. We brought him with us. For years our free will gifts were more than enough for his support, and well did he deserve them. He was deeply concerned that all our enterprises should be begun in the fear of the Lord, and he used to warn us in most solemn words that, a colony by ourselves, we should not neglect in the least, that public and private worship to which we had been accustomed. They called him once to Hartford, but his only answer was, With whom shall I leave these few sheep in the wilderness? In learning, wisdom, patience and purity of life, he was a model to us all,—"a burning and a shining light."

You may know that he married my daughter, but though I

called him son, he seemed to be my father. To him I owe it that amid all my varied duties I could never forget, however I fulfilled, my responsibilities to the Court on High. Of his power as a preacher you may judge for yourself in the sermons which were printed. That which he preached at the funeral of my own beloved wife, was the most tender and appropriate of them all.*

But if we were to engage in friendly talk with major Mason upon all the topics of interest which are associated with his name, the lengthening shadows would soon tell us that the day is gone. There are various subjects connected with the original settlement, on which we could not expect him to inform us, for he was sixty years of age when the town was organized, and during the twelve years more which were added to his life, he was often called away on business imposed by the general court. So let us close the conversation and return to simple narrative.

Although Norwich, at the outset, was within the jurisdiction of Connecticut, yet its early settlement and history do not indicate the exercise of much control on the part of the general court. The town sovereignty was undisputed. To be sure, May 20, 1659, we find the record that the general court "haueing considered the petition p^r^sented by the inhabitants of Seabrook, doe declare y^t^ they approue and consent to what is desired by ye petitioners, respecting Mohegin, p^r^vided y^t^ within ye space of three yeares they doe effect a Plantation in ye place p^r^pounded."†

But there is no recognition of Norwich as a town, until October 3, 1661, when the court orders "ye secretary to write a letter to Norridge, to send vp a comittee in May next, invested wth full [power] to issue ye affair respecting setling that plantation vnd^r^ this gouerment."‡

In 1662-3 (March 11,) it is furthermore voted that "the conveyance of nine miles square made by Onkos wth other Indians, to Norwich plantation, is ordered to be recorded, with this proviso, that it shal not preiudice any former grant to o^r^ wor^ll^ gouernor or others," and in May, 1663, "the court orders that those freemen that were presented to the court in October, from Norwidge, shall be accepted and sworn by o^r^ worp^ll^ Deputy Gou^r^."§

* See note I.

† Trumbull, Col. Rec. i, 336.

‡ Trumbull, Col. Rec. i, 374.

§ Ibid, i, 406.

In this independent republic of Norwich, everything appears to have been managed by the whole body politic. We can hardly consider Mr. Fitch as an ecclesiastical head, for he was so thoroughly imbued with the principles of congregationalism, that at his ordination in Saybrook, the lay brethren laid hands upon him, although two ministers, Rev. Mr. Hooker and Rev. Mr. Stone, were present. Much less can we consider major Mason as the civil head of the town, for during the early period of the Norwich settlement, the nominal governor, John Winthrop, was absent in England, soliciting a charter for Connecticut, and of course the actual governor was major Mason, who thus, and otherwise, was so much engrossed with the affairs of the general court, that he could not even attend to the local duties of a townsman.

Happy are we, my friends, to-day, at the opening of a third century, that the successor of Mason as the chief magistrate of Connecticut, is another citizen of Norwich; happier still are we to know that none could fill that chair more worthily. Since the conqueror of the Pequots was the governor of the state, one other Norwich man has held that honorable post, and he was a signer of the declaration of independence.

But although Fitch and Mason were not the rulers, they were certainly the leaders of the infant settlement. To them we are chiefly indebted for the plans which shaped the early institutions of the town, and still affect, far more than we usually remember, our social organization. Plymouth may point to elder Brewster and Miles Standish; Hartford to Hooker and Haynes; New Haven to Davenport and Eaton; it is our privilege to remember that the pastor and the statesman of Norwich were kindred in spirit, and not inferior in power to any of the early worthies of New England. The rude stones which marked the graves of the original settlers buried in this town, have been permitted to perish. Is it not that the loss may incite the present generation to erect a more fitting memorial of our forefathers, and especially of those two men, the representatives of church and state, the chosen guides of a brotherhood of freemen?*

You are all aware that the infant colony made choice of what we know as the "meeting house rocks," as the central point of their settlement. At the foot of this cliff they set apart, for the

* See Note K.

house of God, land which forms a part of the present "up town green." To this, more land was afterward added, while the other significant buildings of a New England town, the court house, the school house, and the house of entertainment, in due time were grouped around it. From this point of departure they projected one road near the banks of the Yantic, up toward what we call "Bean Hill," (sometimes called, on the early record, the "road to Connecticut,") and another toward the cove, which, on account of swamps, was necessarily directed at a greater distance from the river, and passed along in front of the Coit and Lathrop houses. Near the site appropriated to the meeting house, the home lot of Rev. James Fitch was placed, and across the road was the land of major Mason, on which the old court house now stands. To the east of Mr. Fitch's land, were the home lots of Simon Huntington, and Thomas Tracy, and (on the corner) of Christopher Huntington. Then, on the road leading south, were the home lots of Adgate, Olmstead, Backus, Bliss, Reynolds, and opposite the Bliss lot was that of Thomas Leffingwell.

Returning to major Mason's lot on the town plot, we find, in succession, between the road leading to Bean Hill and the water, the lands of Waterman, Bingham, John Post, Birchard, Wade, Bowers, Gager, Thomas Post, Edgerton, Backus, Caulkins, Griswold, Allyn, Royce, Baldwin, Tracy, and Pease. Several of these homesteads have never been deeded, and remain in the possession of the original families, although in some such cases the name of the first proprietor has disappeared. On one home lot, at least, and possibly more, the original name is found to this day. I refer to the homestead of Bliss. *Bliss* in 1659; *Bliss* in 1859; no bad motto for a Norwich home.

A new division of land was made in April, 1661; another in 1663; still another in 1668; and the final division was made in 1740. The present road running near the river, in front of the residence of Hon. John T. Wait, was at first only a foot way, six feet broad, laid out by town order.

New families soon came to identify their fortunes with those of the prosperous colony, and many names, still held in honor among you, were added to the roll of proprietors. It is interesting to find that the son of Miles Standish, the son of governor Bradford, the grandchildren of elder Brewster, the niece of governor Wins-

low, and still others of pilgrim fame at Plymouth, were early enrolled as inhabitants of Norwich. A little later came the son of the Rev. John Lothropp, pastor of the first congregational church in London, and long a prisoner for his faith.* So, too, came the descendants of another martyr, not less famous, Rev. John Rogers, the precise number of whose children having long been disputed by the students of the New England primer, has at last been determined in chancery by our distinguished "cousin," late chancellor of New York. Bushnell, Rockwell, Knight, Perkins, Elderkin, Roath, Rudd, Flint, and Coit, are among the other names which may be mentioned as early found in town.

It is not difficult to imagine the simple occurrences of the first half century, aided by the facts which come to us on the records of the town. Early encouragement was given to the miller, the fuller, the smith, and the ferryman, to pursue their respective occupations, and in 1680, for the first time, a merchant is spoken of. The church had frequent meetings, and at periods not far apart the accepted freemen assembled to deliberate on such important business as the laying out of roads, surveying boundaries, investigating the character of new men who desired to be received as citizens, negotiating with the Indians, electing delegates to the general court, or appointing fit incumbents to the local office of townsmen. Occasionally, major Mason would come home from a distant journey with interesting stories of the people he had met, or the whole community would be excited by the printing of a sermon by Mr. Fitch.

The worthy minister, in addition to his labors as pastor of the church, acted continually as a missionary to the Indians. He mastered their language and preached in it,—at times encouraged in his apostolic labors "for the heathen," as he called them; and at other times almost if not quite discouraged. An interesting account of his work, written by himself in 1674, and addressed to Rev. Daniel Gookin, may be found in print.† Can any one doubt that the interest in foreign missions for which this town has been noted, was awakened by Mr. Fitch, and has been fostered ever

* For a sketch of the life of this excellent man, see Dr. Sprague's Annals, vol. 1. Rev. Dr. J. Waddington, who lately visited Norwich, is the present pastor of that venerable church.

† See the Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., 1st Ser. i. 208.

since by the sight of that needy band still taught in the mission chapel at Mohegan?

I have already said that the first manuscript records of the church have perished. One curious printed document has lately been discovered, bearing date in 1675, which is interesting in its bearing on the history of these times. The only complete copy with which I am acquainted, belongs to Mr. George Brinley, of Hartford, who has kindly permitted me to bring it before you. It is an old fashioned duodecimo of 133 pages, printed in 1683, bearing on its title page the autographs of Increase Mather and of Mather Byles. It contains three distinct treatises; the first, "an explanation of the solemn advice, recommended by the council in Connecticut colony to the inhabitants in that jurisdiction;" and the third, "a brief discourse proving that the first day of the week is the Christian Sabbath." Both of these are attributed to Mr. Fitch. Appended to the former is "THE COVENANT, which was solemnly renewed by the church in Norwich, in Connecticut colony, in New England, March 22, 1675." The volume is introduced by a letter from Increase Mather "to the reader," in which he says that "the reverend and worthy author had no thought of publishing these brief and nervous discourses until such time as others did importune him thereunto," and proceeds to comment on their scope and character.

The circumstances which attended this "renewal" are worthy of mention. The war with king Philip was then raging. Norwich, though much exposed by its situation on the frontier, had freely contributed more than its quota to the active army; so freely, indeed, that the general court sent on from Hartford ten men, from New Haven eight, and from Fairfield eight, "to lye in garrison at Norwich," as a guard to the inhabitants. So great was the danger in those days, that the watch in each plantation was ordered, "at least an hour before day, to call up the inhabitants, who should forthwith rise and arm themselves, march to the fort, and stand guard against any assault of the enemy until the sun be half an hour high in the morning." Under these circumstances, on the 13th of March, Mr. Fitch thus writes to the council in Hartford.*

After acknowledging the receipt of a letter from the council,

* Trumbull, Col. Rec. ii, 417.

with their order for a fast-day, he continues, "blessed be the Lord who hath moved your hearts in so necessarie and seasonable worke. We intend, God willing, to take that very daye, solemnly to renew our covenant in our church state, according to the example in Ezra's time, and as was sometimes practised in Hartford congregation by Mr. Stone, not long after Mr. Hooker's death. If other churches doe not see cause to doe the same, yet wee hope it will not bee offensive; but doe verily conclude if y^r be rule for y^t practise, this is a time wherein the Providence of God does in a knocking and terrible manner call for it."

The covenant evinces the same spirit, and to some extent it employs the same phrases as this letter. After a general recognition of the displeasure of God, as displayed "by blasting the fruits of the earth and cutting off the lives of many by the sword, laying waste some plantations and threatening ruin to the whole," the covenant is renewed in seven particulars, which may be condensed as follows:

1. All the males who are eight or nine years of age shall be presented before the Lord in his congregation every Lord's day to be catechised, until they be about thirteen in age.

2. Those who are about thirteen years of age, both male and female, shall frequent the meetings appointed in private for their instruction, while they continue under family government or until they are received to full communion in the church.

3. Adults who do not endeavor to take hold of the covenant shall be excommunicated.

4. Brethren shall be appointed to admonish those parents who are negligent of their children.

5. The Lord's supper shall be celebrated once in every six weeks.

6. Erring brethren are to be rebuked.

7. Finally, "seeing we feel by woful experience how prone we are soon to forget the works of the Lord, and our own vows; we do agree and determine, that this writing or contents of it, shall be once in every year read in a day of fasting and prayer before the Lord, and his congregation; and shall leave it with our children, that they do the same in their solemn days of mourning before the Lord, that they may never forget how their fathers, ready to perish in a strange land, and with sore grief and trembling

of heart, and yet hope in the tender mercy, and good will of him, who dwelt in the burning bush, did thus solemnly renew their covenant with God: and that our children after us, may not provoke the Lord and be cast off as a degenerate off-spring, but may tremble at the commandment of God, and learn to place their hope in him, who although he hath given us a cup of astonishment to drink, yet will display his banner over them, who fear him."

Such was the spirit of Norwich, in 1675.

Who among this audience has not had his enthusiasm quickened by the glowing tributes of Macaulay to the puritans, or the eloquent eulogies by Bancroft? But this little volume, a library in itself, shows that your own ancestors were men of the character whom these historians describe. "In his devotional retirement the puritan prayed with convulsions, and groans and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible allusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. * * * But when he took his seat in the council or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them."

There is abundant reason for believing that Mr. Fitch and his associates were men of action equal to their faith. In the colonial records, their names appear continually in connection with measures for protecting this portion of the country. The Norwich soldiers were numerous and brave, and the record of their various achievements, during the exciting times of king Philip's war, will always be an interesting chapter in the history of the town.

At the close of the century, after a ministry in Saybrook of fourteen years, in Norwich of almost forty years, unbroken by dissension or separation, supported by the grateful sympathy of devout and faithful men, Mr. Fitch gave up his pastoral duties, under the infirmity of age and weakness, retired to his children at Lebanon, and in 1702, at the ripe age of four score years, was gathered to his fathers. The Latin epitaph on his tombstone at Lebanon well indicates his character, and Cotton Mather, in all his affluent use of epithets, could apply to him none truer and more fit than "The Holy and Acute!"

We may here consider that the first period of Norwich history terminates. Forty years had passed, a new generation had

entered upon the stage, the fathers were gone. We pass accordingly from the settlement to the development of the town.

Mr. Fitch had been unable to preach regularly for some years before his death, and much difficulty had been experienced in obtaining a successor in the ministry. There were candidates enough —perhaps as many in proportion as in these later days—but the church had been too well served to be readily contented with an untried pastor, and besides, unless I mistake the allusions of the early records, the spirit of pure congregationalism, fostered by Mr. Fitch, and displayed unmistakably in later days, was even then so apparent that a minister, inclined to favor the presbyterian order, might hesitate before accepting the pastoral office in that church. A son of Rev. James Fitch, afterwards distinguished as Rev. Jabez Fitch,* of Portsmouth, was first sent for and brought home from "*the* college," but he did not decide to remain. Mr. Henry Flynt,† another recent graduate of Harvard college, was also invited to become the minister; and so was Mr. Joseph Coit,‡ a little younger in college than the two just named; but they both declined. Mr. Emery and Mr. Morgan were likewise spoken of as candidates. At length, (December 6th, 1699,) Rev. John Woodward,§ of Dedham, Mass., was ordained as pastor, and remained in that office for seventeen years. It was during his ministry (in 1708,) that the famous Saybrook platform was adopted, and he was a scribe in the synod by which it was drawn up. On returning to Norwich, he naturally desired to have his own church adopt with heartiness this platform, and acknowledge a system of consociation among churches which would render them less independent and more presbyterian than they had previously been.

Mr. Fitch, so early as 1668, had been at the head of a council appointed by the general court, for the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs, which appears to have been pacific in its influence, and to have confirmed the pure congregationalism of the day.‖ But the synod of 1708 was very different in its influence, and the Saybrook platform led to unfortunate discussions, both here and elsewhere, between ministers and people. In Norwich, notwithstanding the

* Harvard Coll. 1694. † Harvard Coll. 1693. ‡ Harvard Coll. 1697. § Harvard Coll. 1693. These were the days when Connecticut contributed men and money to the institution at Cambridge. Yale college was founded in 1700.

‖ Trumbull, Col. Rec. ii, 84, 109.

authority of the general court, and the influence of the scribe of the synod, the church remained true to the Cambridge platform, and decided to acknowledge no ecclesiastical authority but God and their own decisions. I will not attempt to go over the details of this unfortunate controversy. It resulted (in 1716) in the withdrawal of Mr. Woodward from his connection with the church, and his removal to East Haven, where he lived in retirement till his death in 1746.

The troubles in the church were healed by calling to the pastoral charge a singularly judicious man, the Rev. Benjamin Lord,* a native of Saybrook, who had been a student and tutor in Yale college. He was ordained in this place in 1717. A man of learning and wisdom, as well as devoutness of heart, he succeeded in securing the confidence of all parties to such a degree, that we have his own assurance of his inability to tell which was most friendly to him. "In his pastoral intercourse," says Dr. Samuel Nott,† "he was an example of dignity, affability, affection, and fidelity."

During the ministry of Dr. Lord, two religious excitements pervaded the community. The first to which allusion is made was caused by the Rogerenes, who originated in New London, and deemed it their special mission to abolish priestcraft and Sunday.‡ Their feeble influence in Norwich is worthy only of this passing mention. Not so with "the separates," who, at a later day, made serious trouble, not in Norwich alone, but throughout eastern Connecticut, in the churches of the established order. The general history of this movement has been so often described that I shall only refer to those incidents which are of interest in connection with this town.§

When "the great awakening" of the last century began, Dr. Lord visited Northampton, in 1735, that he might listen to the eloquence of Jonathan Edwards, and be an eye witness of the results which followed his powerful sermons. Upon his return to Norwich, he reported what he had seen and heard, to his people, "on whom," says Dr. Trumbull, "it had a great effect." An ex-

* Yale Coll. 1714. † Letter to Dr. Sprague. Annals, i, 300.

‡ See Dr. McEwen's Half Century Discourse, New London, 1857, and Miss Caulkins's New London.

§ See Note L.

hortation for the communion service, preserved by one of his descendants, is indorsed, in his own handwriting, with a record which clearly shows the depth of his own feelings in December, 1735. Five years later, Whitefield began his preaching in New England, and the revival of 1740 followed. Dr. Lord is mentioned by Trumbull* among "the reverend gentlemen who most favored the work in Connecticut," at this time, "while others opposed it with all their power;" but he is not included among the four clergymen "who were most zealous and laborious in the cause, who took the most pains and spent the most property in the service of their master." He was probably one of the moderate men, really desirous of the advancement of religion, who neither approved of the extravagance sometimes displayed by Whitefield and often manifested by his indiscreet follower, James Davenport; while, on the other hand, he heartily rejoiced in the awakening of careless men, to a concern for their highest welfare. In his own church he appears to have taken a medium position between those who displayed fanaticism and those who were repelled to the other extreme of coldness and displeasure. Many of the proceedings of the zealous were injudicious, and some of them appear to us irreverent, if not blasphemous.

The church endeavored to check these irregularities; but those who were censured were only driven to a farther distance. They refused to pay their rates for the regular minister or to attend the services which he conducted. They openly opposed the existing laws of the state, and determined to hold "separate" meetings. We therefore find that not only an ecclesiastical but a civil arm was raised against them.

As early as 1742, there are indications of this determination to interfere with the established church order. The church records of this year have a reference to "the dreadful expressions" made by an excited zealot at a night meeting; and some imprisonments were made by the civil authorities.

But it was not until 1745 that the controversy between the new lights and the old lights assumed a serious character. A separate meeting was then begun at the house of Hugh Calkins, and attended by several members of the church, male and female. Among the number were Elizabeth Backus, (widow of Samuel,)

* Hist. of Conn. ii, 157.

and her son Isaac, who afterward became a distinguished baptist minister, and is well known as the author of a history of New England, chiefly devoted to ecclesiastical affairs.* Some of the private papers of Rev. Dr. Lord, which have recently been discovered, and are carefully preserved by his successor, the Rev. Mr. Arms, contain minute details in respect to the action of the church at this time. Not only are the records of the meetings full, but the formal citations of the delinquent members are preserved with the indorsements of the brethren by whom they were returned. Regular church meetings for purposes of discipline were held at frequent intervals. Every separating brother and sister appears to have been privately warned of his error, and (unless he renounced it) to have been cited to appear before the church. There, in solemn assembly, the reasons of each one's separation were deliberately heard, and a minute of them made. They were afterward, one by one, discussed by the brethren, and a vote taken in respect to their sufficiency. The half-way covenant was clearly one of the stumbling blocks of the seceders.

This sad controversy continued about ten years from 1745, but was most serious during the first two. Several churches were established, but none of them were long continued. "Most of the members," says Miss Caulkins, "returned to their ancient home and were received with cordiality. Among these was the venerable deacon Griswold. It created considerable emotion in the meeting house, when, for the first time after his secession, his gray locks were seen in the old man's seat." We can now see the cause of these difficulties, and the permanent good which came from them. The revival was only the occasion which brought out a hostility long existing to the rigorous exactments of the statutes of the state, in respect to ecclesiastical affairs and the maintenance of the established order. The repeal, in 1743, of "the act for the relief of sober consciences," and the consequent proceedings of the legislature, intensified this opposition. "At the same time," says Dr. Trumbull, "the severe and extraordinary act of the colony, enforcing the constitution by law, which never was designed and was undoubtedly inconsistent with the right of conscience, gave further ground of disaffection to the constitution, and of separation from the standing churches."

* See Hovey's Life of Isaac Backus, Boston, 1858.

There can be no doubt that the whole movement of the separates, while it may be characterized as revolutionary, and perhaps fanatical, led throughout the state to a recognition of the principles of civil and religious liberty in which we all rejoice. Those who differ from the existing churches now, have all the freedom they desire. That point has been settled for ever. But it should not be supposed that the separates caused our present freedom; they were only the occasion, as we have said, of changes in the laws. Such changes would certainly have been made if these exciting movements had not provoked them. The germ lay farther back than the days of the little congregation in the Grover house;* even farther back than the early separation of the puritans in the days of non-conformity. It was at least as old as Luther.

Important as these ecclesiastical discussions undoubtedly were, they did not occupy our fathers to the exclusion of politics and business.

The development of trade—even commerce with foreign countries, of which "up town" was the emporium; the subsequent and consequent growth of Chelsea, or the landing; the difficulties which arose in respect to building a bridge across the cove; the long protracted Mohegan controversy; the organization of new ecclesiastical societies; the beginnings of Bozrah, Lisbon and Franklin; the manumission of slaves; the mission of Samson Occum and the Rev. Mr. Whitaker to England, in connection with the establishment of the Indian school of Dr. Wheelock; the part which Norwich took in the French war; the "non-importation agreement;" the reception of the stamp act; the famous meeting at Peck's tavern, of which to-morrow (remember "Wilkes and the eighth of September") will be the anniversary; and the other exciting events which were a prelude to the war of independence, are all topics in the unraveling of which an antiquary of the present day would find especial pleasure.†

It is the period on which the lamp of personal recollection first casts for us a ray of light. Those who are now our "oldest inhabitants," born some ninety years ago, must remember many who were active in political and mercantile affairs in the middle of the

* This house, once noted for the separate meetings which were held in it, still stands on the road to Bean Hill, one of the oldest buildings in town.

† See Note M.

last century. The time is thus distant enough to charm us with fascinating enigmas—near enough to reward with a full revelation, the patient and diligent inquirer. As a whole, we may distinguish it as a period of growth, of new and varied phases of enterprise, and of general prosperity, as well as of earnest discussion and decided action in regard to the very foundations of civil liberty. But lest the bell which still announces nine o'clock to the residents of the old town plot—long may the custom last!—should interrupt our story, we must hasten forward to events more interesting to a large assembly—the interest which our fathers took in the American revolution.

In that important struggle, Connecticut performed a part which can not be too much extolled. Providence had ordered that in the most of her territory, she should be spared the horrors of actual bloodshed. But her labors for the common cause of independence were surpassed by none of the colonies. Her contributions in men and money were beyond those of any of the other states except Massachusetts, and in proportion to the inhabitants were larger even than those of the old bay state. She well deserved the designation of "the provision state," and the name of her patriot governor has fitly become a sobriquet of the nation.

The history of Norwich, during the whole period of the American revolution, presents, in many respects, a miniature view of the history of the state and of the country. There were several circumstances, however, which unitedly gave it an importance equaled by no other town in Connecticut, except, perhaps, the capitals. On the bank of a large river, several miles from the sound, it was not exposed, like New London, to the attack of a hostile fleet, nor too far inland, like Lebanon, to be a store place for the army. It was on the highway between Boston and New York, convenient to the residence of the governor, Trumbull, surrounded by a productive farming country, and inhabited by men of wealth, sagacity and patriotism.

Credit enough has never been bestowed upon our Norwich fathers for the part they took in the war. Hundreds of letters, never printed, some of them hid in garrets for the last half century, have passed under my examination within the past few weeks, and I rise from their perusal amazed at the circumstantial record

they present of the diligent exertions and the patriotic sacrifices which were made by our fathers in this town to secure the blessings we enjoy.

One family is especially identified with the history of those days—I refer, of course, to the Huntingtons. Foremost among them in the early stages of the war stood general Jabez Huntington, the incidents of whose life are worthy of grateful remembrance at this time. A descendant in the fourth generation of deacon Simon Huntington, one of the original proprietors of the town, he added new luster to a name even then distinguished in the history of Norwich. He was the son of Joshua Huntington, and was born in August, 1719. After graduating at Yale college, in 1741, in company with governor Livingston, of New Jersey, Rev. Dr. Samuel Hopkins, and other distinguished men, he returned to Norwich and entered upon commercial pursuits. The trade of Norwich, as we shall see in another connection, was then remarkably extended, and among the successful merchants, none stood higher, and none acquired a handsomer fortune than he. In 1750 he was chosen to represent this town in the general assembly, and for several years afterward he was either a member of the lower house, over which he often presided, or was one of the assistants. While attending the semi-annual meetings of the legislature, he would write home to his son, Joshua Huntington, particular directions in respect to the farm and store, always closing his letters with a devout petition for the blessing of divine providence on all his family. When governor Fitch, in 1765, presented to his council the stamp act, and proposed that they should administer to him the oath, which would require the execution of that obnoxious measure, Jabez Huntington, with his cousin Hezekiah, the other member from Norwich, voted, with a majority of the council, to do no such thing, and (when four of the councilors proceeded to administer the oath) indignantly left the chamber. In 1774, he was chosen moderator of the meeting in which Norwich declared itself in favor of liberty. When hostilities commenced in 1775, he was appointed one of the committee of safety to aid the governor by counsel when the legislature was not in session, and in this arduous post he remained during most of the war. In December, 1776, he was appointed

one of the two major generals of the militia of Connecticut,* and on the death of his senior, general Wooster, he was appointed, in May, 1777, sole major general, and was authorized, without orders from the governor and council, to call out the militia for the defense of this and neighboring states.

Toward the close of the war, his health broke down under the pressure of his losses and labors, and after remaining some years a severe sufferer, he died October 5th, 1786, aged 67. In 1741, he had made a public profession of religion, and his whole course in life evinced the sincerity of his faith.

A large part of the papers of general Jabez Huntington have unfortunately perished. From those which are preserved we are able to see that his correspondence was very wide and important. His sons wrote to him by every opportunity, from the various camps in which they were stationed, giving him, with the confidence of children, minute details respecting men and measures. His replies were equally frequent. In them all are evinced his patriotic and religious spirit. Washington, Lafayette, Hancock, and other such men, occasionally addressed him, and the influential patriots of his own state—Trumbull, Sherman, Williams, and Samuel Huntington—were in continual correspondence with him.

The merit of general Huntington does not consist alone in his self-consecration to the cause of American freedom. He was the father of five sons and two daughters, all of whom were early imbued with his own patriotic spirit. It was clear that if he engaged in the opening conflict, his property and theirs would be seriously diminished, and perhaps entirely confiscated. Chiefly solicitous in regard to their interests, he assembled them, one day, to advise what course should be pursued. He laid before them the great interests at stake, both public and personal. Should the colonial arms be victorious, private prosperity might be sacrificed in the struggle, but American liberty would be secure. Should the British forces triumph, no one could foretell the ignominy and suffering to which, as rebellious subjects, they would certainly be exposed.

* The rank of which may best be understood by mentioning that the brigadiers, appointed at the same time, were such distinguished men as Dyer, Wadsworth, Salstonstall, Oliver Wolcott, and Gold S. Silliman.

Accustomed, in all his ways, to ask for guidance from above, he called upon his family to bow with him in prayer. We can not doubt that the petitions which arose from that family altar were humble and devout, and that the God of battles listened to his cry.

At length, having first consulted his wife, he called upon his children in turn, beginning with his eldest, and asked for their opinions. They answered with one voice, daughter and son alike. That voice was for *liberty!* Nobly did their after course redeem the pledge thus sacredly given, to devote both purse and sword to the interests of their country. Four of the sons—Jedediah, Andrew, Joshua, and Ebenezer—and their brother-in-law, colonel Chester, soon entered the army—one of the brothers being too young for such service, while the other brother-in-law (Dr. Strong) not detained by the duty of his calling, fulfilled his sacred office by acting as a chaplain in the army. This band of brothers were found in service from the time of the earliest entrenchments on Bunker's Hill to the decisive victory on the plains of Yorktown. If the annals of the revolution record the names of any family which contributed more to that great struggle, I have yet to learn it.

Associated with general Jabez Huntington, in counsel and action, were two younger men, bearing the same surname, although belonging to different branches of this wide-spread family.

One of those to whom I refer, was the Hon. Benjamin Huntington, (sometimes familiarly known as "Judge Ben,") a native of this town and a graduate of Yale college in the class of 1761. He early entered upon the practice of law in this place, bringing to his chosen profession so much of talent and energy that he soon rose to the foremost rank. For many years he avoided public life, but in 1775 he was appointed one of the council of safety for Connecticut, and his interest in the common cause did not permit him to decline that responsible and arduous post.

In 1781 he was chosen to represent the state in the continental congress, which he did until 1784. He was re-appointed in 1787; and in 1789, when the present form of government was established, he was one of the representatives of Connecticut in the first United States congress. As a member of both houses of the state legislature, as judge of the supreme court, and as the first mayor of the

city of Norwich, he evinced the same wisdom and public spirit which had been displayed in the councils of the nation.

A third member of this family, remotely connected with the two just named, had the rare privilege, as we now esteem it, of signing his name to the declaration of independence. Although born in Windham, he was a descendant of one of the original proprietors of this town, and removed here in 1760, to pursue the practice of law. After representing the town for four years in the general assembly, he was appointed king's attorney, and continued so for several years. In 1774 he was an associate judge of the supreme court. At the opening of the war, he also was appointed one of the council of safety for the state. In 1775, he was chosen a member of the continental congress, which, on the fourth of July, in the following year, declared the colonies free. I have before me the original letter in which he briefly announces this important transaction to his townsman, general Jabez; but there is a still more interesting letter, addressed to the same person, by the honorable William Williams, likewise one of the signers of the declaration, from which, as it has never been printed, I quote a few lines, to show the estimate which he placed on the services of his colleague:—

"PHILADELPHIA, September 30th, 1776.

HONORED AND DEAR SIR:—

* * * * * * *

If our assembly rechose their Delegates, I hope they will be guided by Wisdom and Prudence. I must say that Mr Sherman, from his early acquaintance, his good sense, Judgment, steadiness and inflexible Integrity, has acquired much Respect, and is an exceeding valuable member; and so is Mr Huntington, truly judicious, upright and worthy the Trust. In spight of that awful contempt of Religion and Goodness too visible, &c., Integrity and Virtue do and will command Respect. For my part I neither expect nor wish to remain here—the Burden is exceeding great. But in this critical time the acquaintance the others have with the run and connection of affairs, is very usefull. It is of very great Importance that whoever attend here should be men of Uprightness and Integrity, inflexibly resolved to pursue and serve the great cause, insensible to motives of ambition, interest and any other applause than that of a good Conscience." * * *

With such a character, it is not surprising that Mr. Huntington was chosen, in 1779, to be the president of congress, and that he was re-chosen in 1780. After this time he resumed his seat upon the bench in Connecticut, till he was again sent to congress in 1783. In the next year he was chosen lieutenant governor and appointed chief justice of the state, and two years afterward, on the death of Matthew Griswold, he was elected governor, and was annually returned to that honorable post, with singular unanimity, for ten successive years. He died in office, in 1796. The funeral sermon, which was preached by the reverend Dr. Strong, bears witness to the sincerity of his faith and the uprightness of his life. The history of the country declares the wisdom of his counsel, the excellence of his judgment, and the unfailing purity of his patriotism.

These three men, whose frequent appointment, by the voice of their fellow-citizens, to posts of responsibility in peace and war, we have hastily sketched, all members of the council of safety, may fitly be characterized as the counselors whom Norwich furnished to the nation and the state in the trying emergencies of the war of independence.* They are men of whom we may justly be proud; men to whom the country will for ever be indebted. Precious are the tombs which hold the dust of such patriots—may they never be suffered to decay! More precious are the perishable letters and papers in which their hands recorded the history of a nation's birth; may no future fire diminish the number, enhancing their price if not lessening their value, like the famous books of the sybil! Dearest of all is the reputation they have left for sagacity, prudence, and inflexible integrity, guided in action by a love of liberty, unfailing and unselfish. As the years roll on, may grateful posterity emulate their virtues, while honoring their names!

When the actual conflict in arms began at Lexington, it was clear that an army must be raised, and an army maintained. The first was an easy task. Thousands of willing men, your own ancestors among them, marched immediately for Bunker's Hill. But where were their arms, their ammunition, their blankets, their food, their means of conveyance, to come from? On whom should

* It is certainly remarkable that three of the nine men who constituted the original council of safety were residents of Norwich—and each of the three was a Huntington.

devolve the drudgery of raising supplies for those who were in the field; of caring for the almost widowed wives and almost orphan children who were left at home; of raising the funds which then as much as now were the sinews of war? This was a labor none the less arduous because it was less conspicuous.

Of the men in Norwich most actively engaged in this difficult service, none deserves more honorable mention than captain, or as he was afterward called, colonel Christopher Leffingwell. As I mention his name, there are many present who will recall his stately and venerable form, his head white with years, the dignified bearing which marked the gentleman of the old school, and the energetic manner which was equally characteristic of the successful man of business. At the time of the war, he was in the prime of life, residing in a house still standing near what was then known as the Leffingwell corner. He had been long engaged in trade and manufactures, several branches of which he was first to introduce. A lineal descendant of lieutenant Thomas Leffingwell, and connected by birth and marriage with others of the old established families, he also ranked in property and character, among the foremost citizens of that day. Like almost all his townsmen, he was an early and constant friend of the colonial cause, never stopping to inquire whether this implied hostility to old mother England would affect injuriously his extended trade. Named by his fellow-citizens, at the famous meeting of June 6th, 1774, as one of the committee of correspondence for the town, the chief labor of that arduous post appears to have fallen upon him. From the papers still preserved with pious care by one of his descendants,* it is clear that his correspondence was not merely official, but that his familiar acquaintance with influential men throughout the country, added greatly to his influence, in those days of embarrassment and doubt. Let me mention some examples, interesting, not only as personal memorials, but as indications of what was in progress here in "the days of seventy-six."

Five days before the battle of Lexington, we find John Hancock, president of the provincial congress just adjourned, thanking Mr. Leffingwell for the important intelligence he had communicated; which appears to have been a full private letter from England, giving an account of the action of the ministry.

* Mrs. A. R. Street, of New Haven, to whose valuable collection of autographs I am indebted for many important facts.

The first announcement of the battles of Lexington and Concord was addressed to him, and I now hold before you that original document from which, not only the citizens of Norwich, but governor Trumbull himself, first heard those alarming tidings. Colonel Jedediah Huntington writes to him, a little later, from the camp at Roxbury, and colonel Trumbull from the camp at Cambridge, asking for supplies.

Whenever New London was threatened by the enemy's fleet, a message was sent to Norwich, and more than once captain Leffingwell and his light infantry went down to the defense of their friends at the river's mouth. "No company appeared so well as the Norwich light infantry, under captain Leffingwell," says our historian.

General Parsons, on his way to Bunker's Hill, June 10th, 1775, writes that one of his companies will lodge at Norwich—captain Leffingwell must provide for them.

In May, 1776, Nicholas Brown, of Providence, sends him muskets to be forwarded to general Washington—relying on "his well known lead in the common cause, to send them as soon as possible." At a later day, load after load of tents are brought him to be forwarded with all expedition to the commander-in-chief.

These are but illustrations of the innumerable calls which were made upon him. Amid them all, he exercised a generous hospitality, while his daughters, celebrated as belles, gracefully contributed to the entertainment of the guests. In August, 1776, colonel Wadsworth introduces to him an English loyalist, who had been advised to leave New York, but who is worthy of respectful and considerate treatment in the rural districts. Titus Hosmer introduces to him, Mr. Timothy Dwight—who had been a tutor several years "in our college," (the same who was afterward to be the distinguished president of that institution,) and who thinks of settling in Norwich for the practice of the law. General Washington, in one of his visits, partakes of the hospitalities of the Leffingwell home, and governor Trumbull sends his respectful apology that he is unable to meet, at Mr. Leffingwell's, the commander-in-chief.

Captain Leffingwell was not a man for emergencies merely. In quiet times he was equally energetic and equally serviceable to his native town. To him belongs the credit of establishing a paper mill at the falls, the first ever built in the state, and one of the first in the country. More than that, his memory shall be

ever green among us while the noble arch of elms, whose grateful shade has this morning sheltered our procession, reminds us that when the war was over and the spear became a pruning hook, he planted those sentinels of peace which still guard your homes. Let the city of elms bestow the laurels on captain Hillhouse—Norwich shall wreathe them for colonel Christopher Leffingwell.

But this honored man is connected in an interesting way with another important event—the capture of Ticonderoga at the beginning of the war. He was one of those sagacious citizens of Connecticut who saw the importance of promptly securing the forts upon lake Champlain, and who quietly united in sending a committee to Vermont, supplied with the necessary funds, to engage the services of colonel Ethan Allen and the green mountain boys for that hazardous undertaking. A few days ago this little book which I hold before you, and which has long been carefully treasured among the papers of colonel Leffingwell, was placed in my hands. It proves to be an original journal of that expedition, kept by our neighbor major Edward Mott, of Preston, "chairman of the committee," addressed to captain Leffingwell, at whose request the bold officer from across the Shetucket appears to have become the head—perhaps I should say the plenipotentiary—of this Connecticut embassy to Vermont. The record begins at Preston, April 28th, 1775, and closes at Ticonderoga, May 10th. It is too long to read in full on this occasion, but one page is of too much local interest to be withheld.* A native of this town, (whose dishonored name I will not mention in this place,) acting under a commission from Massachusetts, endeavored to supersede Allen in his command, even after the latter had entered the fort "in the name of Jehovah and the continental congress." He insisted that as Allen had no legal orders, he had no right to continue in command. "On which," says major Mott, "I wrote colonel Allen his orders as followeth," viz:

To Colonel Ethan Allen: Sir:—Whereas, agreeable to the power and authority to us given by the colony of Connecticut, we have appointed you to take the command of a party of men and reduce and take possession of the garrison of Ticonderoga and

* The entire paper may be looked for in the first volume of the collections of the Conn. Hist. Society, soon to be published in Hartford.

its dependences, and as you are now in possession of the same, you are hereby directed to keep the command of said garrison for the use of the American colonies, till you have further orders from the colony of Connecticut, or from the continental congress.

Signed per order of the committee.

EDWARD MOTT, chairman of committee.

Ticonderoga, May 10th, 1775.

So we see that the hero of Ticonderoga was commissioned by a Preston major, sent out by a Norwich captain, in spite of the protest of a Norwich colonel who acted under the authority of a Massachusetts commission.

Norwich may furthermore claim the honor of furnishing for the army the most distinguished surgeon of the day, Dr. Philip Turner, surgeon general of the eastern department of the army. He was born in 1740, the son of Philip Turner, of Scituate, Mass., who removed to Norwich early in life, and married here. The ancestor of the family in this country is Humphrey Turner, who came from Essex, England, in 1630, and settled in Scituate, Mass. Dr. Philip Turner studied medicine with the famous Dr. Elisha Tracy, of Norwich, whose eldest daughter he married. He entered the army as early as 1759, and remained in it during the French war, till after the peace of 1763. In March, 1760, he was appointed surgeon's mate in the fourth regiment of Connecticut troops, and in 1761, in the first regiment. At Fort Edward, and elsewhere, he saw much service, and early became noted as the most skillful operative surgeon of New England. At the opening of the revolutionary struggle, he was commissioned by governor Trumbull as physician and surgeon of the troops sent to New York, and at a little later period, on the organization of a medical department in the continental army, he was named by congress, surgeon general of the eastern department. On the change in the organization of the department, but one surgeon general was appointed, and Dr. Turner withdrew from active service.

In 1777 he was appointed director general of the general military hospital. Several years after the war was over, he removed in 1800 to New York, to take charge of the government hospitals, and in 1815 he died in that important post, at the age of 75 years.

The high reputation which Dr. Turner sustained in the army

might be shown by numerous papers of the day, but one of the most interesting is a letter from colonel Jedediah Huntington to his father, general Jabez Huntington. It was never intended to be made public, but as this assembly may be considered a sort of family meeting, I may, perhaps, be permitted to read it. It is dated at camp Kingsbridge, (near New York,) Oct. 2, 1776, and appears to have been called forth by a consciousness that the appropriation made for the payment of a skillful surgeon was not adequate to his maintenance in the army. I read again from the autograph.

"Hon'd Sir:—I am sorry to find that Doctor Turner has not a sufficient Inducement to continue in the army where he is eminently usefull and necessary; it is of great Importance to Individuals and Publick that every Life and Limb should be saved. Doctor Turner is blessed with a natural Insight into Wounds and Dexterity in treating them *peculiar* to himself. Doctor Morgan is well pleased with him and would retain him in Service if he had it in his Gift to reward him with as much Pay as he knows he has reason to expect. I heartily wish our assembly who attend with Pleasure and without Parsimony to the necessities and Convenience of the army, would provide the Troops with a Physician who is esteemed by us as almost *essential* to the Service—suppose he saves *one* Limb, that would not be otherways saved, *that* Limb may save the Publick some Hundreds. You and many others, members of assembly, are well acquainted with Dr. Turner's Character and manner of Living—he is not aspiring after wealth, no one doubts he has Right and in Duty ought to stand for a reasonable Reward of his merits and Services. I wrote you yesterday by the private Post to which refer you and remain with Duty and Respect your affectionate Son.

Jed. Huntington."

As no truer man was living than colonel Jedediah Huntington, so no tribute could be more honorable than his eulogy of Dr. Turner.

Some wise writer has remarked that he cared not who made the laws of a nation if he could write the songs.

When the war of the revolution broke out, there was resident in Norwich, among other choice spirits, Mr. Nathaniel Niles, now al-

most equally famous as a political and theological writer, known in early life as *Rev.* Mr. Niles, (though he was never ordained,) and later as *Judge* Niles of Vermont. He had graduated at Princeton, in 1766, and studied theology with Rev. Dr. Bellamy. He excelled as a preacher, but was never settled in the ministry, probably on account of his infirm health. Removing to Norwich, he married there a daughter of Mr. Elijah Lathrop, and engaged in manufacturing. He often represented the town in the general assembly, until he removed to Vermont, where he died in 1828, aged 88.

While living in Norwich he wrote an ode which was set to music, and became as great a favorite among the soldiers of the continental army as the Marseillaise in France. It was composed at his own fireside the very evening the news of the battle of Bunker's Hill reached Norwich. "I remember," says his son, "in my early youth, hearing an aged negro servant who followed my father's family to Vermont, repeatedly describe the emotions of the whole family while he read that impromptu production for the first time by candle light." If the young musicians of Norwich wish to see in the faces of older singers, who regulated their notes with the old fashioned pitch pipe, such a glow of enthusiasm, as pleasant recollections alone call forth, let them ask the question, "Do you remember the 'American Hero,' an ode which was often sung in the revolutionary army?" Perhaps it will be their pleasure, as it has been mine, to hear the answer, "I have not sung it for many a year, but I never can forget its stirring melody." It begins,

> Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
> Death and Destruction in the field of battle,
> Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
> Sounding with death groans?

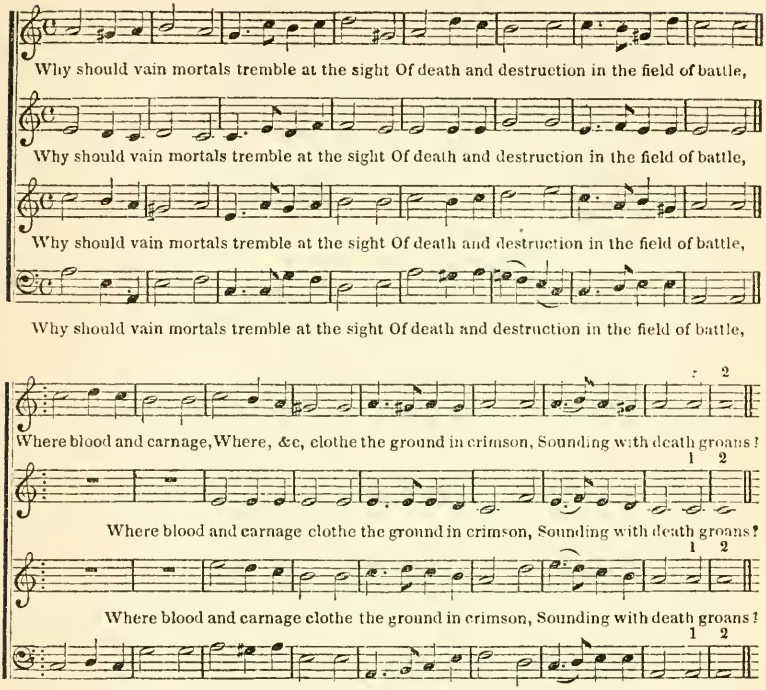
The tune was called "Bunker Hill."*

[Governor Buckingham, the president of the day, here interrupted the speaker and said,—"The first impression on my mind of the battle of Bunker's Hill was made by hearing sung this ode. Perhaps it may produce a similar emotion in the minds of the audience, which it did in my own. I should like to have it tried." The choir then sang the ode, with thrilling effect, many of the older persons joining with them.]

* See Note N.

THE AMERICAN HERO.—A SAPPHIC ODE.

BY NATHANIEL NILES, OF NORWICH.



Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;
Never repining, but for ever praising
God our Creator.

Well may we praise Him; all His ways are perfect;
Though a resplendence infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by luster!

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine;
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder:
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindness—
Infinite kindness!

Oh then exult, that God forever reigneth!
Clouds which around Him hinder our perception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises!

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master,
I will commit all that I have or wish for:
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up
When call'd to yield it.

Now *Mars*, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape shot, like a storm of hail stones,
Torturing Æther!

Up the bleak Heavens let the spreading flames rise,
Breaking like Ætna through the smoking columns,
Low'ring like Egypt o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your blood hounds, nam'd the British lions:
Dauntless as death-stares, nimble as the whirlwind,
Dreadful as demons!

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction horrible to nature;
Then, with your sails fill'd by a storm of vengeance,
Bear down to battle!

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
Quick to destruction!

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I 'm afraid to follow:
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee!

Fame and dear freedom *lure* me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,
To the encounter.

Life for my country and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

But Norwich furnished not only statesmen to plan, surgeons to heal, and poets to inspire the army; it sent forth gallant soldiers for the sterner service of the camp. To enumerate their services would require a volume. I have already alluded to the efficiency of the four brothers Huntington, who were active in various posts of importance and difficulty, from the beginning to the close of the war, and although, at this time, I can not dwell upon their manifold achievements, our country could not if it would, it would not if it could, dispense with the services of any one of these distinguished patriots.*

Jedediah, the eldest, after graduating at Harvard college, in 1763, engaged in business at Norwich until the war broke out. He was one of the earliest to respond to the call for troops, and being already colonel in the Connecticut militia, he marched, in the spring of 1775, to Boston, with his men. During the perilous winter which preceded the evacuation of that city by the British troops, he remained at Roxbury, undergoing the hardships of the camp, while his spirits were oppressed by the death of his wife, (a daughter of governor Trumbull,) who had chosen to accompany him. From that time onward, to the close of the war, we trace him in active service. In 1777, he was appointed brigadier general, the duties of which post he faithfully and honorably discharged. At one time he was an aid of general Washington, and a member of his family; and throughout life he was honored with the warm friendship of that great man. Many of the letters of general Huntington, written in succession from the camps at Roxbury, New York, Kingsbridge, Peekskill, Valley Forge, West Point, and a number of less important stations, are still preserved. Addressed to his father, and father-in-law, his brothers, and brothers-in-law, who were all deeply concerned to hear the army news, they are models of correspondence, free and familiar, while, at the same time, accurate and business like. Almost invariably, they close with a devout reference to the Almighty power on whom the issue of the battles would depend.

* Just before the delivery of this discourse, the kindness of Mrs. Henry Strong, and Mrs. Wolcott Huntington, placed in my hands a very large number of letters exchanged by these members of the Huntington family during the revolutionary war. So much light is thus thrown upon those times, that I withhold from the press, the biographical sketches which I had prepared in this connection, in order that a deliberate perusal of the correspondence may render them more accurate and full.

His brother, Andrew, acted as a commissary, collecting the rich offerings which Norwich and vicinity made for the army, and forwarding them to various posts.

Joshua, after having been in the active army at Bunker Hill, was appointed to build a frigate for the continental congress. The result of his labors, "The Confederacy," launched in the Thames, not far below the landing, did good service in the infantile navy of the rising republic.

Ebenezer, the youngest of the four, was a senior in Yale college when the news reached New Haven of the battle of Lexington. He had previously written home for a work not included in the regular course of studies—a handbook of infantry tactics—and now he requested leave of absence. As this permission was not granted, he left without dismission, and joining a company of volunteers, marched on to Boston. Rising from one office to another, he remained in the army till the victory of Yorktown, in which he participated.*

I might tell you of Durkee, "the bold Bean Hiller;" of Tracy, who fell an early victim to the cause of freedom; of Joseph Trumbull, the first commissary general of the United States; of Williams and the Fannings; of Kingsbury; of Peters, the hero of Groton; of Edward Mott, already mentioned in the exploits at Ticonderoga, and his older and more eminent brother Samuel, chief engineer of the northern army; of Nevins, the prompt and faithful carrier of tidings; of Dyer Manning, the famous drummer; of John Trumbull, the publisher of the Norwich Packet; of Elijah Backus, the armorer at Yantic, whose anchors and guns were of service at sea and on land. Most of these persons were natives of Norwich, and all of them residents here during the war.

I might take you to the navy and tell you of the "Confederacy" and the "Spy;" of captain Harding and captain Niles, the latter of whom is particularly distinguished by a valiant exploit which was of marked importance to the united colonies. The ratification of the treaty with France was sent across the ocean by three separate vessels, and the only one which eluded the vigilance of the English vessels was that of captain Niles.* But I forbear, for "the time would fail me to tell of Gideon and Barak, and of Sam-

* His portrait was included by colonel Trumbull in his celebrated picture of the surrender of lord Cornwallis.

† See Note O.

son, and of Jephthah, of David also and Samuel, * * * who escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

Yet I seem to hear from some before me, the murmur that the speaker mentions a score of officers in the state and army, but he has not spoken of the people, nor what the multitude were about while this struggle was in progress. Let the record answer. The same love of liberty which had been manifested in the days of the stamp act, burst forth again at the opening of the actual revolution.

On the 1st of June, 1774, the odious port bill—by which lord North had hoped to starve the people of Boston into submission to the king—began its operation. "Pay for that tea, or be blockaded," was the alternative submitted to the capital of New England. You know the choice of Boston.

A circular was sent through the country, asking countenance from the other colonies, and requesting aid for the Boston poor in danger of actual starvation. On the receipt of this circular in Norwich, a town meeting was called by the selectmen, in a document which is an amusing illustration of the caution which was exercised by the conservative men of the day, and also of that sovereignty of the people, so eminently characteristic of a New England town. In a dozen lines the inhabitants are summoned "to take into consideration the melancholly situation of our civil Constitutional Liberties, Rights and Privileges which are Threatened with Destruction by the Enemies of his Majesty's Happy Reign," and in a single line at the close of the call they are also bidden "to take into consideration some memorials for Highway, Praid for in Said Town and also to act upon any Thing Else that may be fairly offered." In more senses than one they were to mend their ways!

The meeting was held on the 6th of June, at the town house, and was so crowded that an adjournment was immediately made to the neighboring meeting house. A committee, of which Mr. Samuel Huntington was chairman, was appointed, "to draw up some sentiments proper to be adopted, and resolutions to be come into in this alarming crisis of affairs Relative to the natural Rights and Privileges of the People."

On the same day, on receiving the report of the committee, it was "Voted, that we will, to the utmost of our abilities, assert and

defend the Liberties and immunities of British America; and that we will co-operate with our Brethren in this and the other Colonies, in such reasonable measures as shall in General Congress, or otherwise, be Judged most proper to Relieve us from Burthens we now feel, and secure us from greater evils we fear will follow from the Principles adopted by the British Parliament Respecting the town of Boston."

At the same meeting, it was also voted, "that captain Jedediah Huntington, Christopher Leffingwell, Esq., Doct. Theophilus Rogers, Capt. William Hubbard and Capt. Joseph Trumbull be a standing Committee for keeping up a Correspondence with the Towns in this and the neighboring Colonies, and that they transmit a copy of these Votes to the Committee of Correspondence for the Town of Boston."

Fortunately, some of the correspondence which this assembly called forth, has recently come to light.

The town meeting had hardly adjourned before Joseph Trumbull, in the name of the committee, forwarded to Boston the resolutions which had been adopted.

"Stand firm," he writes, "in your Lots, and from the apparent Temper of our People, we may assure you of every support in the Power of this Town to afford you in the glorious struggle."

A few days later, another letter went forward from Norwich to Boston, proposing *material* aid, to which Samuel Adams replied, "that the valuable Donation of the worthy Town of Norwich will be received by this Community with the Warmest Gratitude, and dispos'd of according to the true Intent of the Generous Donors. * * * The Part which the Town of Norwich takes in this Struggle for American Liberty, is truly noble."

In August, captain Christopher Leffingwell, in behalf of the committee, sends forward the first installment of the donation, "being two hundred and ninety-one sheep, which [we] wish safe to hand," and Joseph Warren, in acknowledging the safe arrival of the welcome flock, remarks that "Mr. Gage" (for so the vicegerent of Great Britain was entitled) "is astonished at the spirit of the people. He forbids their town meetings, and they meet in counties. If he prevents county meetings we must call provincial meetings, and if he forbids these, we trust that our worthy brethren on the continent, and especially of the Town of Norwich, in

Connecticut, will lend us their helping arms in time of danger, and will be no less conspicuous for their fortitude than they now are for their generosity."*

You may smile if I tell you that the record of this transaction is so complete that we even have the drover's account book of the expense he incurred in going to Boston. At each station he mentions what he received and paid. One entry is—*At Col. Putnam's, one mug of flip, gratis.*

In September, 1774, when the rumor reached Norwich that the citizens of Boston had been massacred, a company of near five hundred marched immediately (although it was a Sabbath morning) to carry relief. Colonel Durkee commanded them.

In the same month, a meeting of delegates from New London and Windham counties was convened in Norwich. William Williams and Jonathan Trumbull were there from Lebanon; colonel Salstonstall and Mr. Shaw, from New London; Mr. McCurdy, from Lyme; Dr. Perkins, from Plainfield; colonel Israel Putnam, from Pomfret, and other such men, to the number of forty delegates. Their address to the general assembly of Connecticut, breathes forth the free spirit of the town in which they were gathered.

There were then three companies of militia and one at the landing—commanded by Jedediah Huntington, Samuel Wheat, Isaac Tracy, and Gershom Breed. About this time they were constituted the 20th regiment, under lieutenant colonel Huntington.

Through the anxious winter which followed, many were the discussions, at the fire-side and the shop, which involved the most important principles of civil government. Dark clouds were gathering. Early in the next spring, the town committee of correspondence appointed some fifty gentlemen of influence and wealth, "to solicit the further Charitable Contributions of the Humane and Sympathizing Inhabitants of the Town, for Relieving and alleviating the Distresses of the Poor of that Devoted Town [Boston] and make return of their doings and collectings, at a meeting of the s^d^ Gentlemen and others to be holden at the Court House in this Town on the third Tuesday of april next."

The very day appointed for this second meeting was the eve of the battle of Lexington.

So began the revolution in Norwich. "Well begun is half

* See Note P.

done," says the proverb. Not so, said our fathers. They foresaw a long and arduous war, and they prepared to meet it. Resolutions and correspondence were indeed important, but only to prepare the way for more significant demonstrations. As Lexington found Norwich ready, so Bunker's Hill bore witness to the promptness with which the town responded to the earliest call for troops. As an illustration, I may mention that one evening colonel Joshua Huntington received a commission, and before dawn the next morning sixty brave men had been enlisted by him, so popular was he, and so patriotic they. The same spirit continued throughout the war. Over and over again were contributions made for the army. "The gifts of Norwich to its soldiers," writes a distinguished officer from the memorable camp at Valley Forge, "are cheering indeed."

General Jabez Huntington gave up his fortune to the colony, permitting even the leaden weights by which his windows hung to be cast into bullets; and his generous example was imitated by others, each being liberal in proportion to his means.

Let me read to you the summary which Miss Caulkins gives.* Speaking of the earlier periods of the contest, she says, "the town's quota of soldiers was always quickly raised, and the necessary supplies furnished with promptness and liberality. The requisitions of the governor were responded to from no quarter with more cheerfulness and alacrity. In September, 1777, when extraordinary exertions were made, in many parts of New England, to procure tents, canteens, and clothing for the army, many householders in Norwich voluntarily gave up to the committee of the town, all they could spare from their own family stock, either as donations, or, where that could not be afforded, at a very low rate. The ministers of all the churches, on thanksgiving day, exhorted the people *to remember the poor soldiers and their families.*

"In January, 1778, a general contribution was made through the town for the army. The ladies, with great industry, assembled to make garments, and bring in their gifts. The whole value of the collection was placed at a low estimate at £1,400—[continental money, probably; real value, uncertain.]

"Cash, £258; pork, cheese, wheat, rye, sugar, corn, rice, flax, and wood in considerable quantities; 386 pair of stockings, 227 do. of shoes, 118 shirts, 78 jackets, 48 pair overalls, 15 do. breeches,

* History of Norwich, page 235.

208 do. mittens, 11 buff caps, 9 coats, 12 rifle frocks, and 19 handkerchiefs.

"Every year while the war continued, persons were appointed by the town to provide for the soldiers and their families at the town expense; but much also was raised by voluntary contributions."

So you see that the people were as ready as their leaders, to vote to fight, and to pay for the maintenance of the principles at stake.

When at last the war was over, the sufferings of these brave patriots were not ended. They had bought the freedom, not of the town nor of the state, but of the continent. But they had bought it at the sacrifice of time, and labor, and health, and prosperity. The old families were many of them sadly depressed in financial circumstances. New men came into town enterprising and unembarrassed—business revived and the community prospered. Yet in this period of prosperity, in this hour of jubilee, let gratitude and honor be unsparingly bestowed on the memory of those who pledged for us their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

The story of these days is long: but the half remains untold. Norwich was a store house where grain, molasses, tents, blankets and other necessaries, were kept in readiness for the army; a magazine whence powder and ball were issued on demand; a city of refuge to which shrewd tories like Dr. Church could be sent for confinement, with no fear of their escape; a council chamber where the governor and committee of safety could conveniently assemble; an armory where Backus could cast the needed iron; a navy yard where Joshua Huntington could build a frigate for the continental congress; a port from which armed vessels of the government, to say nothing of privateers, could conveniently sail, and which the continental army under Washington could select as "the most favorable place for taking the boats," between Boston and New York; a camp where the troops of various generals could be safely quartered,—among others of the brave Lafayette, (the anniversary of whose birth occurred but yesterday—let us hold it in honorable remembrance;) a treasury, the drafts on which were never dishonored; a mount of sacrifice from which the incense of devout petition to the Lord of Hosts continually arose.

A grateful task awaits the writer who shall undertake to prepare a volume on "Norwich in the Revolution." The town that can point to its citizens active as counselors, as surgeons, as commissaries, as soldiers, as ship builders, as store keepers, as gun makers, and not

least honorable, as song writers for the cause of civil independence, may glory in her sons; and though her hills be rough and her rivers small, it will always be an honor to claim Norwich as a home.

The close of the war was followed by a period of great activity and prosperity. The trade, which in 1760 had been so extensive and profitable, and which had been sadly interrupted by the troubles of the country, now rapidly regained its former character, and the success which some thirty years before had crowned commercial skill, was equaled and surpassed. The wharves at the landing and the spacious warehouses up-town alike bore evidence of energy and thrift; but "the scepter had departed from Israel." Chelsea soon eclipsed the old town plot, and the record of 1795, drawn up for the purpose of securing a post office at the landing, reports that of the shipping then belonging to Norwich, only 210 tons were owned in the old parish, and the remainder, 4,102 tons, were owned in the port.

Breed, Ripley, Lathrop, Howland, Perkins, Mumford, Spalding, Leffingwell, Rogers, Huntington, Hyde, Hubbard, Coit, Griswold, Bill, Trumbull, Dewitt, Kinne, Williams, Dunham, Fitch, Eells, Marvin, Brown, Thomas, Carpenter, were among the most active of the citizens of Norwich, about 1800. Nor should the spiritual labors of the Rev. Dr. Strong, in the first church, be unmentioned at this time, whose honored ministry extended over a period of 67 years;* nor those of the excellent Mr. Tyler, for 54 years the rector of Christ church; nor those of Mr. King, pastor of the church in Chelsea nearly a quarter of a century.

But these names are those of your fathers and grandfathers, men who are well remembered by many in this audience. It would be presumptuous for me to dwell upon these times in the presence of those whose own recollections extend through the last fifty years, and who received from the lips of those who were influential at the close of the previous half century, the history of their deeds. I should delight to dwell upon the growth of the town since 1800, of the rise of manufactories, of the influence of steam upon our trade and locomotion, of the settlements at Greeneville and the Falls, as well as at Yantic and Bozrahville, and other places where the busy whirl of the spindle is heard; of the pros-

* The ministries of Dr. Lord and Dr. Strong extend through 117 years, beside six years of joint service.

perity which marks the religious and educational institutions of the town; of the influence which the sons of Norwich are exerting in different important posts at home and abroad; and of the number of ministers of the gospel, of public officers high in rank, of college graduates, of successful merchants, of ingenious mechanics, who received their early training here.* But the historical investigations of Miss Caulkins, the genealogies of chancellor Walworth and others, the commemorative discourses preached last Sunday, by the several clergymen of the town, and the papers which skillful hands are preparing in respect to the physicians, the lawyers, the press and the schools of Norwich, forbid me to enter upon any of these inviting themes.† Among all the transactions of this period, there is none which succeeding generations will regard with more gratitude and honor, than the foundation of yonder institution of learning,‡ in which the best instruction is freely open to all.

The connection between Norwich and the various colleges of the country, it has given me especial pleasure to trace through the whole history of the town. There is a list before me which is intended to include the names of all graduates who were born within the limits of the nine miles square, or whose paternal residence was here during their college course. It begins as we should expect it to begin, with the son of the first minister, and it closes as it ought to close, with graduates of the free academy. The whole list contains two hundred names, three-fourths of whom are graduates of Yale college. It includes five college presidents—Fitch, Backus, Nott, Haskell and Wentworth; twenty other officers of colleges;§ four senators of the United States—Tracy, Lanman, Huntington and Foster; fourteen representatives in congress; nearly seventy clergymen of different denominations, fourteen of whom are doctors in divinity; beside judges, lawyers, physicians, merchants and teachers of eminence, to tell whose names would be to repeat the catalogue.

One fact only is to be regretted as we scrutinize the list. It does not increase as the years roll on in proportion to the increase

* See Note Q. † See Note R.

‡ The Norwich Free Academy, to which a few citizens have contributed more than one hundred thousand dollars. See Note S.

§ This includes three elected professors who did not accept.

in the population of the town. Can it be that the boys of the present century regard an education as less important to them than it was to their fathers?

Norwich has not only sent students to college. Four institutions—Williams, Hamilton, Waterville and Georgetown—were guided in their foundations by natives of this place.

Yale college is even more indebted to Norwich. Before it was chartered by the state, major James Fitch (another son of reverend James) gave to the new collegiate school a farm of 637 acres of land, and offered the glass and nails for a house. The following is his proposal.*

MAJ.R FITCH'S GENEROSITY PROPOSED 1701.

In that it hath pleased ye Lord our God as a token for Good To us and children after us to put it into the hearts of his faithfull ministers: to take soe great paines, and be at soe considerable charge for setting up of a coledgeat schoole amongst us and now for farther promoating, of this God pleasing worke I humbly, freely and heartily offer, on demand to provid glass for a house and if people doe not come up to offer what is reasonable and needfull that I will then provid nails of all sorts: to be used in building a house and hall: 2ly I give a farme, 637 Acrs of land and when I come home I will send ye draft and laying out to Mr. Danl Taylor that he may make such a Deed proper in such a case the farme of value at 150£ I will alsoe take some pains to put it in a way of yearely profitt 30£ charge I hope will bring 20£ p yeare in a little time. JAMES FITCH.

Newhaven Octobr 16 1701.

It was this noble gift which insured at that time the establishment of the now venerable institution. Not many years after, Dr. Daniel Lathrop, beside a large donation to the public school of his native place, gave £500 to the college without limitations; and within the memory of most of those now present, Dr. Alfred E. Perkins, impressed with the thought that "a true university in these days is a collection of books," gave a fund of $10,000 to the college library in New Haven, thus perpetuating his name in grateful remembrance, and exerting an influence which will increase till the college and the country are no more. Three citizens of

* Copied from the original document in the treasurer's office, Yale college.

Norwich, "to the manor born," have thus given to Yale college the largest donations which, at each successive time, its treasury had received from any individual, and their example has been followed by many others, giving in proportion to their means. One name which I do not venture to mention in this presence, will be commemorated at future celebrations as a benefactor of the higher educational institutions, beyond any one of all the liberal donors to whom reference has been made. But I am compelled to close.

Enough has been said to show that the history of the town is a record of patient enterprise, unfailing patriotism, and religious faith. Well may we be proud of our ancestry and birth-place. Well may we be thankful to the God of our fathers for his increasing blessings.

If there be one in this assembly who inquires the use of this protracted story, let me assure him that by the joyful recital of our fathers' virtues we incite ourselves and our children to like exploits of valor and trust. Some of us, now and then, have heard Connecticut decried! Be assured that it is only ignorance and jealousy which assail her past reputation, while it is a knowledge of her true character which will strengthen the affection of her sons and weaken the power of unjust critics. What you know to be true of Norwich, is true in some degree of all Connecticut. A state which has Haynes, and Winthrop, and Eaton, and Mason, as its civil founders; Hooker, and Davenport, and Fitch, as its religious pillars; Trumbull, and Sherman, and Williams, and Huntington, and Silliman, as its leaders in the struggle for civil liberty, should never fail of the filial reverence, the honest pride, the faithful and willing service of every son.

In conclusion, let us remember, and rejoice that the foundations of our native town were laid with forethought by brave, intelligent and religious men; that the right to the soil was acquired by purchase and the former owners conciliated as perpetual friends; that our fathers were free from intoleration and bigotry, and were ready to argue or to fight in defense of civil and religious liberty; that they were industrious on the farm and enterprising in business; that they preserved the golden mean between conservatism and radicalism, being loyal to the king till endurance ceased to be a virtue, and then heartily devoted to the independence of America; that in the great conflict of the revolution, they sacrificed their fortunes

and exposed their lives, with a spirit of patriotism rarely equaled and never surpassed; and that their intelligence, thrift and virtue, have secured to their children, under the blessing of Providence, prosperity and happiness at home, reputation, honor and influence abroad.

Long live old Norwich! and when the last of us shall lie beneath the sod, when the deeds of the present shall furnish the materials of history, may it be the lot of a future chronicler, scanning the memorials of our day, to record with truth that we were worthy of the precious heritage which we now enjoy.

NOTES TO THE HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

NOTE A.

INDIAN DEED OF NORWICH.

The following is a copy of the deed as recorded in Hartford. The original document is not known to be in existence.

DEED.

Know All men that Onkos, Owaneco and Attawanhood, Sachems of Monheag, have bargained, sold and passed over, and doe by these presents, bargain, sell and pass over unto the Towne and Inhabitants of Norwich, nine miles square of lands, lyeing and being at Monheag and the partes thereunto adjoyning with all ponds, rivers, woods, quarries, mines, with all Royalties, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to them the sayd Inhabitants of Norwich, their heirs and successors forever, the sayd lands are to be bounded as followeth, viz., to the southward on the west side [of] the Great River comonly called Monheag River, the line is to begin at the Brooke falling into the head of the Trading cove, and soe to run west norwest seven miles; from thence the line is to run nor-noreast nine miles; and on the East side the foresayd River to the southward, the line is to joyne with London Bounds as it is now layed out, and soe to run east Two miles from the foresayd River, and so from thence the line is to Run nor-noreast nine miles, and from thence to Run nor-norwest nine miles to meet with the western line. In consideration whereof the sd Onkos, Owaneco, and Attawanhood doe acknowledg to have received of the parties aforesayd, the full [and just] sum of seventy pounds, and doe promise and engage ourselves, heirs and successours to warrant the sayd Bargain and sale to the aforesayd parties, their heirs and successours and them to defend from all

claims or molestations from any whatsoever. In witness whereof wee have hereunto set our hands this sixth day of June Anno 1659.

ONKAS, his marke.

OWANEKO, his marke.

ATTAWANHOOD, his marke.

Witness hereunto, John Mason, Thomas Tracy.

[This Deed is Recorded in the Country Booke, Aug. 20th, 1663: as Ateste,
JOHN ALLYN, Sec'y.]

Transcribed out of ye origanell and examined and recorded this 20th of August, 1663, p^r me JOHN ALLYN, Sec^ry.

NOTE B.

EARLY INDIAN HISTORY.

Dr. Trumbull, in his History of Connecticut, (i, 132) quotes "a manuscript of Mr. Hyde of Norwich," as his authority, in part, for the account of the battles of Uncas and Miantonomoh. Col. Stone (Uncas and Mianton. p. 115) refers to the same paper as "a traditionary letter written by *Rev.* Richard Hyde in 1769." Miss Caulkins rightly refers to the author (Hist. Norwich, p. 20) as "Richard Hyde, esq., a gentleman who throughout his life was in the habit of frequent intercourse with the Mohegans, and whose house was one of the favorite resorts of wanderers from that tribe."

The letter on which all these writers rely, has lately been found among the manuscripts of the Yale college library. It is too long to print here, but is worthy of publication in some other connection.

NOTE C.

MIANTONOMOH.

Gov. Winthrop (v. Savage's ed. ii, p. 162) says that Miantonomoh was slain by Uncas's brother in the way between Hartford and Windsor. This statement is discussed by the late professor Kingsley, of Yale college, (New Englander, vol. i, p. 226,) who concludes that the opinion held in Norwich is correct, that the Indian chief was slain near Greeneville, on what is termed the Sachem's plain. The site of his grave was long marked by a pile of loose stones. These having disappeared, a memorial block was erected, of which colonel Stone speaks as follows:—

"On the anniversary of American independence, in 1841, the inhabitants of the neighboring village of Greeneville paraded upon the plain, and erected on the spot where the chieftain fell and was buried, a neat granite monument, bearing the simple and appropriate inscription in capitals:—

MIANTONOMOH.
1643.

The monument consists of a single oblong block of stone, about eight feet by five, and perhaps five in thickness—resting upon a little mound raised for that purpose. An address was delivered on the occasion, by Mr. Gilman, of Nor-

wich." The stone was laid by Mr. Thomas Sterry Hunt, then a school boy in Greeneville, now the eminent chemist of Montreal, distinguished alike in Europe and America.

An interesting note by J. H. Trumbull, esq., on the orthography of Miantonomoh, will be found in the "Historical Magazine," N. Y., July, 1858, p. 205.

NOTE D.

UNCAS.

A granite obelisk, bearing the simple inscription UNCAS, was erected in Norwich, on the grave of the Mohegan chieftain, July 4, 1842. Col. William L. Stone, of New York, delivered an address at that time, which was printed in a pocket volume, entitled "Uncas and Miantonomoh," (New York, 1842, 18mo.) This discourse, and the notes appended to it, contain many interesting and important facts relating to the Indian history of Norwich. A newspaper sheet which was published on the same occasion, entitled "The Uncas Monument," gives the inscriptions on the monuments in the Sachem's burying ground, and many other details, which would otherwise have perished, it is probable, before this time. "The Mohegan, Extra," is the name of another broad sheet sold at Mohegan, when an effort was made by means of a Ladies' Fair, to raise the funds for repairing the Mohegan chapel.

In addition to colonel Stone's discourse on Uncas, the "History of the Indians of Connecticut," by J. W. DeForest, Esq., of New Haven, should be read by those who are interested in this early period of our history.

NOTE E.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MOHEGANS.

At the last session of the Connecticut legislature, (May, 1859,) a committee, (Messrs. B. M. Gay, H. C. Deming and J. Halsey,) was appointed to inquire into the condition of the Mohegans, and report to the legislature whether a sale of their reserved lands would be expedient.

From the facts then elicited, it appears that there are now in the tribe, one hundred and two persons, though all of them are not of pure Indian blood. A considerable portion of the reservation made in 1790 to the tribe, by the state, and distributed among the families then living, has reverted to the tribe in common. It was proposed that this common land should be sold for the benefit of the tribe, but the legislature refused to grant the power, and a committee consisting of Gov. Buckingham, Senator Foster and Hon. J. A. Hovey, was appointed to inquire what course should be pursued, and report to the next legislature.

Divine service is regularly maintained in the chapel at Mohegan, and a Sabbath school is kept up chiefly by the efforts of general Wm. Williams.

Dr. Maynard has been for some years the Indian agent.

NOTE F.

MAJOR JOHN MASON.

The main events in the life of Mason may be easily derived from any history of New England or Connecticut. His biography was written by Rev. George E. Ellis, D. D., now professor in the divinity school at Cambridge, about 184–,

and was published in the third volume of the second series of Sparks's American Biography. To that elaborate memoir, and the interesting address of Mr. Rockwell, the reader is referred for an account of "the Miles Standish of Connecticut."

So long ago as the beginning of the last century, the fame of Mason was extolled in verse, by Roger Wolcott, afterward governor of Connecticut, in a volume entitled "Poetical Meditations, being the Improvement of some vacant hours." (New London, printed and sold by T. Green. 1725. 18mo.) A complete copy of this rare poem is in the college library at New Haven. A copy was lately offered for sale in London, at £7 17s 6d.

NOTE G.

THE NAME NORWICH.

It will be remembered that in the Indian deed of June 6, 1659, the settlers in Mohegan are spoken of as the "inhabitants of Norwich." It seems probable that the name was selected because to some of the inhabitants, the site of the new town suggested the old. The Huntingtons are said to have come from Norwich;* but I have found no earlier authority for the statement than a letter of Rev. Joseph Huntington, D. D., of Coventry, (who died in 1794,) which is printed without date in Rev. D. Huntington's "Memories, &c., of an Octogenary," Cambridge, 1857. Those who are interested in the connection of old England with New England, may be glad to see the following extract from Blomefield's Hist. of Norwich, where, after speaking of the attempt of some to find "*Norwicus* in the name of Ordovices, a people far enough distant from hence," he says we owe the rise of the city as well as its name to the Saxons, "*North-wic*, signifying no more than a *northern situation, on a winding river;* and because they usually placed *castles* at such situations, the word *wic* indeed was used for a *castle*, so that NORWICH may signify the *northern castle at the winding of the river*, it being north of the ancient *station* at *Castor*."

With this may be compared the following passage from the "Beauties of England and Wales," (vol. xi, p. 113. London, 1810.) "The city chiefly occupies the top and sides of a gentle hill; which runs parallel with the river Wensum on its western side, and terminates at a sudden bend of it. At this turn, and near that termination, a castle, or military station, appears to have been established at an early period; and as the people congregated around it for personal security, or private advantage, they gradually formed, and augmented the town. * * * * Of Norwich, in its present state, it has been said that it stands upon more ground, comparatively with its population, than any city in the kingdom, the buildings being generally interspersed with gardens, which latter circumstance has given rise to its appellation of a '*city in an orchard.*' The shape or plan is irregular, approaching that of a cornucopia, or bent cone."

We may presume that the Shetucket, running into the Thames, seemed to correspond to the Wensum, and that the rocky battlements of Wawequa's hill, (Savine hill, or Academy hill,) "on its western side," "at a sudden bend of it," suggested the castle—North-wic.

* Miss Caulkins's History.

For an account of Norwich, England, at a period not very remote from the settlement of Norwich, Conn., the reader is referred to Macaulay's history of England, vol. i, chap. 3.

In reference to the pronunciation of the name, one of the reporters at the recent celebration, (N. Y. Times, Sept. 9,) made the following amusing observation. "All are welcome to come and attend the celebration, but there is a 'shibboleth' by which the veritable descendants of the town can infallibly be recognized, if the committee of arrangements are at all in doubt as to whether applicants are entitled to their hospitalities. Only entrap the doubtful individual into pronouncing the word Norwich, and the mystery is solved. If he says *Norridge*, as though he came within a single letter of saying porridge, the fact is demonstrated that he is to the manor born, but let him be so unlucky as to tack on the 'wich' to the first syllable, and he is at once voted a foreigner."

NOTE H.

THE ORIGINAL PROPRIETORS.

The following is the list of the original settlers of Norwich, as given by Miss Caulkins, History, p. 38. She remarks that "This makes the number of settlers thirty-eight, though it has been generally supposed that but thirty-five signed the town purchase."

John Pease,
John Tracy,
John Baldwin,
Jonathan Royce,
Robert Allyn,
Francis Griswold,
Nehemiah Smith,
Thomas Howard,
John Calkins,
Hugh Calkins,
Ensign William Backus,
Richard Egerton,
Thomas Post,
John Gager,
Samuel Hide,
William Hide,
Morgan Bowers,
Robert Wade,
John Birchard,
John Post,
Thomas Bingham,
Thomas Waterman,
Major John Mason,
Rev. Jas. Fitch,
Simon Huntington,
Stephen Giffords,
Lieut. Thomas Tracy,
John Bradford,
Christopher Huntington,
Thomas Adgate,
John Olmstead,
Stephen Backus,
Thomas Bliss,
John Reynolds,
Sergeant Thos. Leffingwell,
Josiah Reed,
Richard Wallis,
[Richard Hendys.]

Rev. E. B. Huntington, of Stamford, who planned to write the history of the town, and who published some of the preliminary chapters in the Norwich Spectator, 1844, prepared the following list after a long examination of the original records.

NAMES OF PROPRIETORS IN 1659.

Abell, Caleb
Adgate, Thos.
Allyn, John
Hide, William
Holmsted, John
Huntington, Christopher

FAC-SIMILES.

John Mason

Joyn Post

1685. Samvell Mason Assistnt

1691. John Gadgor

1658. Johnna: Brewster:

Robt Roys.

1679. Simon Huntington

youes to serbe to my poore power

James Fitch

1659. William backus Junior

1696. William backus

Christopher Huntington

Thomas Coffingwill

1696. Thomas bingham

1679. Jno: Birchard

To face page 102.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Allyn, Robert
Backus, Stephen
Backus, lieutenant Wm.
Baldwin, John
Bingham, Thos.
Bliss, Thos.
Bowers, Morgan
Bradford, John
Calkins, Hugh
Calkins, John
Edgarton, Richard
Fitch, Rev. James
Gager, John
Griswold, Francis
Hide, Samuel
Huntington, Simon
Leffingwell, Thos.
Mason, major John
Pease, John
Post, John
Post, Thomas
Renalls, John
Read, Josiah
Royce, Jonathan
Smith, Nehemiah
Tracy, John
Tracy, Thomas
Wade, Robert
Waterman, Thos.
Wallis, Richard

NOTE I.

MR. FITCH'S PRINTED SERMONS.

A copy of Mr. Fitch's sermon on the death of Ann, wife of major Mason, is preserved in the pastor's library of the first church in Norwich.

A copy of an election sermon by Mr. Fitch, preached in 1674, is in the college library at New Haven.

MR. FITCH'S EPITAPH.

The grave of Rev. James Fitch, in the old burying ground at Lebanon, near the family tomb of the Trumbulls, is marked by an upright slab which bears the following inscription :—

REMEMBER ETERNITY.

In hoc sepulchro depositæ sunt Reliquiæ
viri vere Reverendi D. JACOBI FITCH.
Natus fuit apud Boking, in comitatu Essexiæ, in Anglia,
Anno Domini 1622, *Decem.* 24.
Qui, postquam Linguis literatis optime instructus fuisset,
in Nov-Angliam venit, Ætate 16 *; et deinde Vitam*
degit, Hartfordiæ, per Septennium, sub Instructione
Virorum celeberrimorum D. Hooker & D. Stone.
Postea Munere pastorali functus est apud Say-
Brook per annos 14. *Illinc cum Ecclesiæ majori*
Parte Norvicum migravit ; et ibi cæteros Vitæ
Annos transegit in Opere Evangelico.
In Senectute, vero, præ Corporis infirmitate necessarie
cessabit ab Opere publico ; tandemque
recessit Liberis, apud Lebanon ; ubi Semianno
fere exacto obdormivit in Jesu, Anno 1702,
Novembris 18, *Ætat.* 80.
Vir Ingenii Acumine, Pondere Judicii, Prudentia, Charitate,
sanctis Laboribus, et omni moda Vitæ sanctitate, Peritia
quoque et Vi concionandi nulli secundus.

NOTE K.

The original burying ground in Norwich was unquestionably on the banks of the Yantic, half way between the up town green and Bean Hill. It is a site which all will agree ought to be sacredly guarded as the resting place of most of the founders of the town. It would be a beautiful position for any monument. But if it is considered remote from the present center of activity, may not some simple block of granite be placed in this first burying ground, and a costlier artistic monument be placed in some other part of the town?

NOTE L.

THE SEPARATES.

Those who are interested in the separate movement of eastern Connecticut, are referred to an admirable article in regard to it, by Rev. R. C. Learned, of Berlin, in the New Englander, vol. xi, p. 195, 1853,—and to Rev. F. Denison's Notes on the Baptists in Norwich, Conn., Dr. Trumbull's Hist. (vol. ii, p. 168 et seq.,) Bacon's Hist. Discourses at New Haven, Hovey's Life of Isaac Backus, and Tracy's Great Awakening.

NOTE M.

THIRTY YEARS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

Omitted.

NOTE N.

NATHANIEL NILES.

A sketch of Mr. N. Niles will be found in Dr. Sprague's Annals, vol. i, p. 716, and another, less extended, in Duyckinck's Cyclopedia of American Literature, vol. i, p. 440.

NOTE O.

CAPT. ROBERT NILES.

In 1856, through the instrumentality of Hon. L. F. S. Foster, U. S. Senator, a recognition of the services of captain Robert Niles was made by congress in a liberal appropriation to his surviving daughter. The petition on which this appropriation was made, and the remarks of Mr. Foster in advocating the claim, (Dec. 24, 1855, April 25, 1856,) will be found in the Congressional Globe, first session 34th congress. They present so complete a survey of the patriotic services of captain Niles, that want of space alone prevents me from reprinting them entire.

NOTE P.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN NORWICH AND BOSTON.

Omitted for want of room.

NOTE Q.

LIST OF COLLEGE GRADUATES.

The following list is intended to include the names of those graduates in the various colleges of the country whose birthplace or whose home at the time of their college course, was within the bounds of old Norwich.

Special acknowledgment is due to chancellor Walworth, Dr. A. Woodward, reverend E. B. Huntington and C. J. Hoadley, esq., for aid in preparing the list.

HARVARD.

Year of grad.		Year of death.
1694	Reverend Jabez Fitch, tutor and fellow Harvard college	1746
1763	Honorable Jedediah Huntington, brigadier general in the army of the revolution	1818
1827	Right Rev. Alfred Lee, D. D., bishop of Delaware	
1843	Elisha Winslow Tracy	
	Reverend Eliphalet Birchard	1854
1850	William Bond, LL. B	

Total—6.

YALE.

1718	Joseph Backus	
1721	William Hyde	1738
	Reverend William Gager	1739
1724	Reverend Simon Backus	1746
1725	James Calking	1756
1727	Dr. Joseph Perkins	1794
1733	Dr. Daniel Lathrop	1782
	Daniel Huntington	1753
1735	Benajah Bushnell	
1738	Dr. Elisha Tracy	1783
1741	Honorable Jabez Huntington, major general in the army of the revolution	1786
	Simon Huntington	1801
1743	Dr. Joshua Lathrop	1807
1744	Hezekiah Huntington	1747
	Samuel Tracy	1802
1749	Reverend Elijah Lathrop	1797
1753	Joseph Lord	1762
1754	Reverend Joseph Lathrop, D. D. Elected professor of divinity, Yale college	1820
1757	Gurdon Huntington	1767
1759	Reverend Simon Backus	1823
1760	Elijah Abel	1809
1761	Honorable Benjamin Huntington, LL. D., mayor of Norwich, M. C., judge of superior court of Connecticut, fellow Yale college	1800
1763	Reverend Ebenezer Baldwin, tutor Yale college	1776
	Sanford Kingsbury	1833
1765	Reverend Aaron Kinne	1824
1767	Jonathan Kingsbury	1833
1768	John M'Clarren Breed, mayor of Norwich	1798
	Dr. Thomas Huntington	1835
1769	Reverend Charles Backus, D. D. Elected professor of divinity, Yale college	1803
1771	Abiel Cheny	1771
	John Hart	1828

Year of grad.		Year of death.
1774	Peabody Clement	1820
1775	Honorable Ebenezer Huntington, M. C., colonel in the army of the revolution, afterward brigadier general	1834
1776	Dr. Eliphaz Perkins	1828
	Reverend Simeon Hyde	1783
1777	Elijah Backus	1811
	John Barker, M. D.	1813
	Reverend Ebenezer Fitch, D. D., tutor Yale college, first president of Williams college	1833
	Daniel Tracy	1782
1778	Shubael Breed	1840
	Honorable Uriah Tracy, M. C., United States senator	1807
1781	Simeon Breed	1822
	Honorable Simeon Baldwin, tutor Yale college, M. C., judge of superior court of Connecticut	1851
1782	Honorable John Lovett, M. C.	1818
1784	Jabez Huntington	1848
1785	William Hubbard	1789
	Honorable Samuel Huntington, chief justice and governor of Ohio	1817
	Benjamin Perkins	1841
1786	Reverend Jonathan Ellis	
	Honorable John Kingsbury, judge of the county court, Connecticut	1844
	William Leffingwell	1834
	Honorable Elias Perkins, M. C., fellow Yale college	1845
1787	Reverend Azel Backus, D. D., first president of Hamilton college	1816
	Matthew Backus	1807
	Gurdon Lathrop	1828
	Daniel Lathrop	1825
	Elijah Perkins, M. D.	1806
1788	Honorable James Lanman, mayor of Norwich, United States senator, judge of superior court, Connecticut	1841
	Charles Lathrop	1831
	Reverend Lynde Huntington	1804
1789	Honorable Uri Tracy, M. C.	1838
1790	Honorable Joseph Kirkland, M. C	1844
1791	Erastus Huntington	1846
	Reverend Elijah Waterman	1825
1794	Benjamin D. Perkins	1810
1795	Thomas Tracy	1806
1798	Joseph Williams	
1800	Joseph Howland	1827
1801	John W. Perit	1845
1802	Pelatiah Perit, president of the chamber of commerce, New York.	
	Reverend Daniel Haskell, president of the university of Vermont	1848
1803	Reverend Eli Hyde	1856
	Reverend John Hyde	1848

Year of grad.		Year of death.
1804	Reverend Joshua Huntington	1819
1805	Walter King	
1806	Dr. John Hazen	1843
	Henry Strong, LL. D. tutor Yale college	1852
	Honorable Jabez W. Huntington, M. C., judge of superior court, Connecticut, United States senator	1847
	Honorable Phineas L. Tracy, M. C.	
1807	Reverend Daniel Huntington	1858
1808	Charles Griswold, judge of probate court	1839
	Henry W. Rogers	1819
1813	Charles Perkins	1856
1814	Charles B. Goddard	
	Jedediah Huntington	
	Charles J. Lanman, mayor of Norwich	
1815	Reverend Elijah Hartshorn	1840
1816	Reverend William Nevins, D. D.	1835
1817	Honorable Rufus P. Spalding, judge of superior court, Ohio	
1818	Reverend Thomas L. Shipman	
	George Spalding	1858
1819	Joshua Coit	
1820	George C. Goddard	
1821	William Lester	
1822	William Lathrop	1825
	George B. Ripley, judge of probate court	1858
	Benjamin B. Coit, M. D.	
	Andrew M. Fanning	1829
	Honorable John A. Rockwell, judge of the county court, M. C., fellow of Yale college	
1823	Joseph Ripley	
1824	John T. Adams, judge of probate court	
	Reverend Richard F. Cleveland	1853
1825	Daniel T. Coit, M. D.	
	Oliver E. Huntington	
1828	Levi H. Goddard	
	Peter L. Huntington	1832
	Francis Porter	1829
1830	Alfred E. Perkins, M. D.	1834
1833	Joshua Smith	
1834	Billings P. Learned	
1835	Charles A. Gager, tutor Yale college	1841
1836	George M. Brown	
1839	Charles H. Porter	1841
1840	John Breed Dwight, tutor Yale college	1843
1841	Donald G. Mitchell, United States consul, Venice	
	Reverend John C. Downer	
1843	Reverend John Avery	

Year of grad.		Year of death.
1843	Reverend Edward W. Gilman, tutor Yale college	
	Gardiner Greene, LL. B.	
	Reverend Daniel W. Havens	
	John M. Huntington	
	Frederick M. Lathrop	
	George A. Meech	
	Reverend Robert P. Stanton	
1845	George C. Hill	
1846	Reverend Joseph W. Backus, tutor Yale college	
	Reverend Henry Case	
	James M. B. Dwight, tutor Yale college	
	Archibald Kennedy	
1847	Reverend James T. Hyde, tutor Yale college	
1848	Reverend William Aitchison, tutor Yale college, missionary in China.	
	Reverend Elias B. Hillard	
	David S. Mowry	1848
	Nathaniel Shipman	
	Edwin Tyler	
	Reverend G. Buckingham Wilcox	
1849	Reverend Timothy Dwight, tutor and professor of sacred literature, Yale college	
	John Rockwell, assistant United States coast survey	
1852	Daniel C. Gilman, librarian Yale college	
1853	Reverend William Frederick Arms	
	Henry R. Bond	
	Edward Harland	
	Samuel A. L. L. Post	
1854	John W. Hooker, M. D	
1855	Calvin G. Child	
	John H. Piatt	
	Giles Potter	
	Alfred P. Rockwell, Phil. B	
	Patrick H. Woodward	
1856	George P. Barker	
1857	Henry S. Huntington	
	Bela P. Learned	
1859	Edward S. Hinckley	
	Asher H. Wilcox	

Total—154.

UNDERGRADUATES NOW IN COLLEGE.

1862	Charles Woolsey Coit
	George Coit Ripley
1863	Charles J. Arms
	Henry E. Cooley
	John H. Peck
	Edmund A. Ware

Year of grad.		Year of death.
	PRINCETON.	
1759	Reverend John Huntington	1766
1763	Reverend John Lathrop, D. D. (Edinb.) fellow Harvard college	1816
1765	Reverend Samuel Kirkland, missionary to the Oneidas	1808
1770	Stephen Tracy	1822
	Reverend Nathan Perkins, D. D.	
	Total—5.	
	DARTMOUTH.	
1779	Ashur Hatch	1826
1783	Henry Huntington	1846
1786	Reverend Asahel Huntington	1813
1785	Reverend Alvan Hyde, D. D., vice president of Williams college	1833
1788	Reverend Oliver Ayers	1832
1854	Hiram B. Crosby	
	William C. Robinson	
1855	J. Adams Robinson, B. Sci	
	Total—8.	
	MIDDLEBURY.	
1809	Bela Edgerton	
1819	Reverend Beriah Green, professor of sacred literature, Western Reserve college	
	Total—2.	
	WILLIAMS.	
1813	Reverend Lavius Hyde	
	Total—1.	
	BROWN.	
1823	George D. Prentice	
1828	Honorable La Fayette S. Foster, LL. D., mayor of Norwich, speaker of the house of representatives, Connecticut, U. S. senator	
	Total—2.	
	WESLEYAN.	
1834	Reverend Erastus Wentworth, D. D., president of McKendree college and professor in Dickinson college, now missionary in China.	
	Total—1.	
	TRINITY.	
1830	Reverend James A. Bolles, D. D	
1831	Reverend Thomas H. Vail, D. D.	
1836	Reverend Zebadiah H. Mansfield	1858
1841	Honorable Thomas L. Harris, M. C	1858
1845	Reverend John A. Paddock	
1848	Reverend Benjamin H. Paddock, elected professor in Trinity college.	
1850	Reverend Francis H. Bushnell	
	Lewis S. Paddock, M. D	
1851	George D. Sargeant	
1853	E. Winslow Williams	
	Reverend Alfred L. Brewer	
	Total—11.	

Year of grad.		Year of death.

UNDERGRADUATES NOW IN COLLEGE.

C. H. W. Stocking.....
Newton Perkins.....

AMHERST.

1824	Reverend Beaufort Ladd.....	
1828	Reverend Thomas Burnham.....	1845
1829	Reverend William A. Hyde.....	
1832	Honorable Nathan Belcher, M. C.....	
1849	Reverend William R. Palmer.....	
1857	Reverend John E. Elliott.....	

Total—6.

UNION.

1808	Reverend Samuel Nott.....	
1810	John McCurdy.....	
1822	Reverend Stephen T. Nott.....	
1834	Reverend Albert T. Chester, D. D.....	
1838	Samuel H. Austin.....	
1843	Anson G. Chester.....	

Total—6.

HONORARY GRADUATES NOT INCLUDED IN THE PREVIOUS LIST.

Reverend Isaac Backus, A. M., (Brown, 1797,).....	1806
Rev. Thomas Baldwin, D. D., (Union, 1804,) fellow Brown university..	1825
Thomas Sterry Hunt, A. M., (Harvard, 1854,) doctor of science, (Quebec, 1858,) fellow of the royal society, London; professor of chemistry, Laval Univ., Quebec; mineralogist and chemist to the geological survey of Canada.....	
Reverend Elijah B. Huntington, A. M., (Yale, 1851.).....	
Reverend Eliphalet Nott, A. M., (Brown, 1795,) D. D. (New Jersey, 1805,) LL. D. (Brown, 1828,) president of Union college.....	
Benjamin Rogers, M. D., (Yale, 1845.).....	
Philemon Tracy, M. D., (Yale, 1817.).....	
Honorable John T. Wait, A. M., (Trinity, 1851.).....	
Honorable Reuben Hyde Walworth, LL. D., (Princeton, 1835; Yale, 1839; Harvard 1848.) M. C., chancellor of the state of New York.	
Ashbel Woodward, M. D., (Yale, 1855.).....	

Total—10.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, NATIVES OF OLD NORWICH.

When in congress.	From what state.	
1776–84.....	Connecticut.....	Samuel Huntington.
1780–84, 1787–88, 1789–91	"	Benjamin Huntington.
1793–96.....	"	Uriah Tracy.
1801–03.....	"	Elias Perkins.
1803–05.....	"	Simeon Baldwin.
1803–07.....	New Hampshire.....	David Hough.

When in congress.	From what state.	
1805–07	New York	Uri Tracy.
1810–11, 1817–19	Connecticut	Ebenezer Huntington.
1813–14, 1815–17	New York	John Lovett.
1819	Michigan	William Woodbridge.
1819–25	New York	Albert H. Tracy.
1821–23	"	Joseph Kirkland.
1821–23	"	Reuben H. Walworth.
1825–29	Pennsylvania	Charles Miner.
1827–33	New York	Phineas L. Tracy.
1829–34	Connecticut	Jabez W. Huntington.
1833–37	Pennsylvania	Andrew Beaumont.
1833–37	New York	Abel Huntington.
1847–49	Connecticut	John A. Rockwell.
1849–58	Illinois	Thomas L. Harris.
1853–55	Connecticut	Nathan Belcher.
1857–59	New York	Erastus Corning.

Total—22.

UNITED STATES SENATORS, NATIVES OF OLD NORWICH.

When senator.	From what state.	
1796–97	Connecticut	Uriah Tracy.
1819–25	"	James Lanman.
1840–47	"	Jabez W. Huntington.
1841–47	Michigan	William Woodbridge.
	(M. C., chief justice of Michigan, governor of Michigan.)	
1855	Connecticut	La Fayette S. Foster.

Total—5.

NOTE R.

NORWICH GENEALOGIES.

Chancellor Walworth has for some three or four years been engaged in preparing a very extended genealogical history of the descendants, in the female as well as in the male lines, of the first William Hyde of Norwich; embracing very extensive branches of the Post, Abell, Hough, Rudd, Low, Griswold, Huntington, Lee, Sill, Sewitt, Hubbard, Ely, Elliott, Denison, Rogers, Hillhouse, Tracy, Manwaring, Edgerton, Raymond, Collins, Richards, Wait, Metcalf, Selden, Waterman, Marvin, Mather, Sterling, Baldwin, Gifford, Woodbridge, Parsons, Wadhams, Backus, Griffin, Pierpont, Dorr, and other families of Connecticut, whose descendants are now scattered and intermingled with other families throughout the United States.

Mr. F. P. Tracy, now of San Francisco, has in preparation a genealogy of the descendants of lieutenant Thomas Tracy. Before the plan for the recent celebration was announced, he had proposed that a meeting of the Tracy family should be held in Norwich at some time during the present year. Rev. E. B. Huntington, of Stamford, Conn., is compiling a genealogy of the Huntingtons,

to which will be added a report of the late meeting of that family, in Norwich. Rev. A. Steele, of Washington, has published a life of elder Brewster, the ancestor of the Norwich family, which was called forth by a meeting of the Brewster family in Norwich, and was published under the patronage of James Brewster, Esq., of New Haven. Other Norwich genealogies are in progress, of which I am not authorized to speak.

Dr. Ashbel Woodward, of Franklin, president of the Connecticut medical society, has been investigating the history of the medical profession in New London county. The early publication of his researches is greatly to be desired.

NOTE S.

THE FREE ACADEMY.

The Norwich free academy was incorporated in May 1854, having been endowed to the amount of about $100,000, by the gifts of a few generous citizens of Norwich, three of whose subscriptions were for $12,500 each. Of the whole amount raised, $50,000 was reserved as a fund for the maintenance of the school, and with the remainder a lot was secured, and a noble school edifice erected. The academy offers free instruction in the higher branches of study, to all the youth of Norwich, who are disposed to avail themselves of its advantages. The original donors and incorporators of the institution were the following:—R. Hubbard, W. P. Greene, W. A. Buckingham, W. Williams, H. B. Norton, J. Breed, C. B. Rogers, W. W. Coit, J. L. Greene, D. Tyler, S. C. Morgan, I. M. Buckingham, L. F. S. Foster, D. Smith, J. F. Slater, C. Osgood, E. Williams, L. Blackstone, J. A. Rockwell, L. Ballou, C. J. Stedman, J. P. Gulliver, C. N. Farnam, E. O. Abbott, C. Tracy, A. H. Almy, L. W. Carroll, J. Spalding, S. W. Meech, J. S. Webb, H. Thomas, C. C. Brand, C. Johnson, E. Learned, E. Edwards, A. J. Currier. Joseph Otis, the founder of "the Otis library," was an original donor to the academy, but died before the incorporation. The donors since the incorporation are as follows:—C. A. Converse, A. W. Prentice, T. P. Norton, W. M. Converse, H. Bill, G. Perkins, J. M. Huntington, J. H. Adams, J. N. Perkins.

A fund of $5,000, beside other gifts to the amount of $2,000, has been set apart by Mrs. Harriet Peck Williams, for the establishment of the Peck library.

On the day of the bi-centennial celebration, Mrs. W. P. Greene presented to the academy a lot of land and a house (valued at $8,000) for the residence of the principal of the institution.

The foundation of the academy is due to the suggestion, as well as to the persevering efforts of Rev. John P. Gulliver, whose privilege it was to inaugurate the institution, (Oct. 21, 1856,) by an address, in which, according to a vote of the trustees, a history was given of schools and education in Norwich, and the designs of the founders of the academy were set forth for the information of the public, and the guidance of those who shall be entrusted with its future management. This address, and other papers pertaining to the free academy, may be found in Barnard's Journal of Education, vol. 2, p. 665, 1856, and vol. 3, p. 191, 1857. The whole number of pupils, 1856–9 has been 153, 68 boys and 85 girls. Mr. Elbridge Smith has been principal since the opening.

On the conclusion of the address,

Wm. P. Eaton, addressing the audience, said:—As an humble citizen of the town of Norwich, I can not refrain from moving that the thanks of this numerous and highly respectable assemblage be tendered to the orator of the day, (Mr. Gilman,) for the researches that he has made into the history of this town, and for his able, eloquent, and highly interesting address.

The President put the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Breed.—I move that three cheers be given for old Norwich.

A Gentleman.—And I move that Mr. Breed's white hat be waved while the cheers are given.

Laughter and applause, which lasted several minutes.

The President.—The Rev. Dr. Chester will now pronounce the benediction.

Dr. Chester.—May the blessing of Jehovah our God, and our fathers' God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, bless us now, and our children evermore. Amen.

The meeting then dispersed.

EVENING SESSION.

Pursuant to adjournment, the convention re-assembled at half past 7 o'clock P. M., Wm. Williams presiding.

The President.—The meeting will be convened by the Rev. Dr. Bolles, of Cleveland, Ohio, reading a portion of the Scriptures.

The Rev. Dr. Bolles came forward and said:—Mr. President, with your permission, I will explain as briefly as possible, the reason why I have selected those portions of Holy Scripture which I propose to read. I shall read from the 68th and 107th of the Psalms of David. I read from the 68th Psalm, because it is the portion of Scripture appointed in the English calendar for the 13th day of the month, the very day on which the English colonists arrived at Jamestown, and the very words in which they must have lifted up their hearts and voices to God in thanksgiving and praise. And it will be seen, sir, that this Psalm is remarkably prophetic, both of their history and their destiny. I shall then read from the 107th of the Psalms of David, because that Psalm also is the one

which is appointed in the English calendar for the 22d day of the month, the very day on which our pilgrim fathers landed upon the rock of Plymouth,—the 22d December, 1620; and, therefore, it must have been the very language in which they themselves,—many of them at least,—expressed their feelings of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God.

The 68th Psalm was then read.

He then read the 107th Psalm.

The President.—Prayer will now be offered by the Rev. Mr. Bromley.

The Rev. Mr. Bromley offered up the following:—

Let us pray. Almighty God, our Eternal Father, Thou hast been our refuge in all generations of the world. We praise Thee to-night as Thy people. We worship Thee as the God of our fathers, and as our God. We call upon all within us to unite in blessing and praising Thy holy name. We rear our altar of grateful hearts, and say, "the Lord has helped us." We have met as brothers and as sisters. The sons and daughters of the people here, Thou hast brought from afar, and from the ends of the earth. We thank Thee for the favorable auspices under which we are met to-day. The Lord our God bless us. The Lord who has opened to us the doors of usefulness, and spheres of usefulness, continue His mercy upon us for our Saviour's sake. Cause in this land in which we dwell, where our fathers have lived, and loved, and toiled, and from which so many have been invited away to their better rest, that Thy presence abide. We pray Thee that Thy watchful and never slumbering eye may keep guard over us, when separated by circumstances in Thy providence from each other, and receiving us at last into Thy glory.

Lord, smile upon the gathering this evening. Awaken in every bosom emotions of gratitude and love. Shower down, we pray Thee, Thy blessings upon our state and its officers,—upon our nation and its rulers. Grant that "Thy way may be known on earth, and Thy saving health among all nations." Guide us with divine counsels during the trials and cares of earth, and at last receive us into the glories of Thy kingdom. Unto God the Father, the Son, and Spirit, be everlasting praise. Amen.

The President.—The choir will now sing a hymn composed by the Rev. Dr. Chester.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY H. W. AMADEUS BEALE, OF NORWICH.

Andante quasi Allegretto.

Soprano. Our Father's God, in all the days Long buried with the past, Thy love and

Alto. *p* < *pp* *pp*

Tenor. Our Father's God, in all the days Long buried with the past, Thy love and

Bass.

goodness o'er each scene A ho-ly light have cast. Now meet the children as they

< *f* > *p* *p*

goodness o'er each scene A holy light have cast. Now meet the children as they come, as they

come, Like ocean's ceaseless flow, To speak of what their fathers did, Two hundred years ago.

< *f* > *p* < *f* > *pp*

come, Like ocean's ceaseless flow, To speak of what their fathers did, Two hundred years ago.

We come to view these ancient graves,
To open them for gold;
To rifle blessed memories
Of those who died of old;
To take from thence not moldy bones
A martyr's form to show,
But relics of the faith that burned
Two hundred years ago.

We come to breathe our native air,
To tread our native sod,
To see each brother's friendly face,
And now to worship God.
God of our fathers! be our God
As through the world we go;
Give us the heart those heroes had
Two hundred years ago.

THE DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, NORWICH,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 7TH, 1859,

BY THE RT. REV. ALFRED LEE.

The President.—I am happy to introduce to this audience the Right Rev. Alfred Lee, of Delaware, who will next address you.

ADDRESS.

The past grows more interesting as it recedes. As the gathering shadows of time settle upon the distant prospect, our eyes are fastened the more intently upon such features as are still to be discerned. The dawn of our own conscious existence in this mysterious world is clothed with bright magical tints, and a fresh morning lustre seems to gild and glorify the scenes of our childhood. The veriest trifles of our early years recur with vividness in after life, and memory clings to them with a fond tenacity that is denied to recent events of vastly greater consequence.

It is somewhat the same with national and social life. The early history of our fatherland, and of the town of our nativity or adoption, is invested with a fascination not unlike that which pertains to the memories of childhood and youth. The smallest circumstances are gladly snatched from oblivion. Incidents, that would pass unnoticed under our own eyes, rivet our attention when disentombed from the sepulchre of ages. Like the Sybil's books, the records of olden times grow more precious as they grow fewer, and we grudge not to pay for diminished relics the price that would once have seemed exorbitant for the unbroken whole. And that which is connected with the bygone history of memorable

place or distinguished person, however insignificant, borrows greatness from its relation. The uniform and camp equipage of Washington, preserved in the patent office, are gazed upon with a reverential curiosity that could not be secured by the royal attire of any of the present crowned heads of Europe; and no specimen of modern naval architecture, however imposing, not the Great Eastern herself, would be an object of more interest and attention than the May Flower, that bore the Plymouth pilgrims, or the Half Moon, in which Hendrick Hudson explored the river that perpetuates his name.

The occasion that now assembles us appeals strongly to these deep seated partialities. We revert with eager interest to the original settlement of this time honored town; dear to many of you as your natal place; chosen by others as your home; endeared to others among us by the retrospect of halcyon days of youth, busy pursuits of manhood, family affinities, sacred friendships, images of the loved and gone, mingled life experience of weal or woe, touching at many points of contact these familiar scenes. Many of you trace back your ancestral descent to the hardy pioneers who first pitched their tabernacle on this ground; can point to ancient dwellings which your forefathers reared, and to the moss covered stones that mark the resting place of progenitors long since sunken in the grave slumber. Others among us delight to look back upon youth's sunny hours spent upon these hill sides. The vagrant sons of this venerated parent, who have wandered far and wide to other states and other climes, retaining wherever they have gone affectionate memories of the old homestead, obey with willing steps the summons to this celebration. We gather, as was the wont of the buried race before us, around the council fires of the old wigwam. We meet to rear a monumental pillar on soil hallowed by departed virtue, patriotism and faith. We would live again the days of old. We transport ourselves back to the time when the white man's keel first glided through these waters, and the feller's axe first rung in the forest. We call up the images of the good and the brave who laid the foundation stones of this fair superstructure. We sympathize with the hopes and fears, the trials and solicitudes of those who plunged into the wilderness, braving with dauntless courage its unknown perils. We would cut ourselves loose from the engrossing present; from the din and

the turmoil, the hurry and agitation of the matter of fact, every day world; we travel far from steam engines and cotton mills back to the source and origin of town life, and mark the planting of the acorn which has shot up into this spreading and leafy oak. We mingle with the adventurous settlers, and look upon this region as they saw it, and then descend step by step to the living present.

Neither is it for the gratification of feeling simply, and curiosity, that we endeavor to revive the past. Higher and holier motives invite us to this research and commemoration. It is no less a duty than a pleasure to trace the dealings of the great Disposer of events with the community, as well as with the individual. It was the express injunction of Jehovah to his ancient people, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, to know what is in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no." Such a retrospect, pursued with reverence and faith, can not fail to impress us with the reality of providential guidance and interposition. The longer the space over which we glance, the more striking the tokens of that wisdom which plans the end from the beginning; which goes on steadily to its great results, while generation after generation, like the leaves of successive summers, flourish, and fade, and pass away. It is the "Most High who hath determined for men the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." And the more closely and reverently we examine, the more plainly shall we perceive His mighty working, and be led to recognize His marvelous and benignant control.

Two centuries! If we were gazing upon the ruined temples of Baalbek or Karnak, admiring the sculptures of the Parthenon, or measuring with astonished eyes the height of the Pyramids, two centuries would dwindle into a span. But in these United States, whose independent national life does not yet exceed the limit of human longevity, two centuries dilate strangely. And measure the interval by the changes that have come over the civilized world, unfold the roll of their eventful history, note especially their effects upon this continent, and we do seem to be carried into the remote past. Pennsylvania claims the respect due to antiquity as well as to greatness; yet babes born in the good town of Norwich were men and women when Wm. Penn landed on the banks

of the Delaware. This is the new world; and yet your town is older than the kingdom of Prussia, or the city of St. Petersburg. The honest burgh which welcomes us to her genial bosom, while adorned with the charms of youth, demands the veneration due to years. We gather upon ground trodden by the feet of vanished generations. We look back upon the simplicity and genuine naturalness of a state almost patriarchal. The snows of many winters have whitened the graves of your fathers, and the flowers of many spring times have bloomed above their heads.

Before adverting to municipal annals, let us glance at these hills and valleys, ere they were trodden by the white man's foot. Around us spreads the primitive wilderness. All is wild, and rough, and woody, where now art has scattered so profusely her fair creations. The wolf prowled in the forests, and the beaver dammed these streams, as they swept with fuller volume beneath banks overhung with trees, interlaced with creeping vines. The savage roams over these hunting grounds, undisputed sovereign. No alien bands have yet appeared to dispossess and supplant the original lord of the soil. His light canoe skims over these silvery streams, and his shout awakens the echoes of these granite hills. Yet even his untutored mind, mainly occupied with the cares of subsistence and with the excitements of war, confesses the power of this romantic scenery. Here are the graves of the royal dead. From time to time, the canoes of the native warriors pursue their course through the waters of yon secluded cove, bearing the corpse of sagamore or brave. In this beautiful retreat return to dust the stalwart forms of the chieftains who aforetime chased over it the flying herd or the defeated foe. The tide of battle may sweep over their graves, and the war whoop ring loud and shrill above them, but they sleep unheeding and undisturbed. Chosen though the spot was for regal sepulture, its quiet was oft interrupted by discordant sounds. This is a border region where hostile tribes are wont to encounter. Mohegan, Pequot and Narragansett, have maintained their feuds, and sires have transmitted to sons stern legacies of vengeance. It is a sort of "dark and bloody ground." How many of these scenes of beauty have witnessed the maddened conflict! How many of these sheltered glens have concealed the ambush! From beneath the covert of rock or brake the Indian hath bounded, with a tiger's leap, upon his foe. Here the turf

hath been reddened with a sachem's life blood, and from yon precipice have been driven to a fearful death defeated and despairing fugitives. Faint and dim are the legends that time has spared. But enough remains to stamp its peculiar character upon the scenery around us. Aboriginal life throbbed with strong pulsation beneath these frowning cliffs. Now mournful wailings, and anon infuriate clamors, resounded through these valleys. A former race lived, and warred, and struggled with fierce impetuosity, where now the garden blooms and the spire points heavenward. We breathe a sigh of pity over the buried sons of the forest, whose memorials have so largely perished with them, and descend from this, to which the Indian might afterward have looked back as the period of his grandeur, to another and far different era.

The white man comes. The bark of Columbus has traversed the Atlantic, and old ocean has yielded up the secret so long preserved. Soon the European throws himself, a voluntary exile, on the shores of the new world. Impelled by various motives, men desert their ancient homes to seek new fortunes in the land of the setting sun. Some in quest of gold, and others of fame; some wearied with political oppression, and others vexed by religious persecution; some stimulated by a love of excitement, and others actuated by a conscience that scorns all fetters; a living tide pours in upon the virgin continent, and as it spreads along the coast and penetrates inward, it permeates these valleys and beats against these hills. The pale faced emigrant appears upon the banks of the Thames and the Yantic; not as an unscrupulous invader and robber, not as a crafty spoiler to filch from the unsuspecting natives their territory; but he comes an invited and welcome guest. The red man meets him, not with the uplifted tomahawk, but with the pipe of peace. The white settler is the friend and ally of the tribe to which this region belonged. The Mohegan gladly secures the aid of so powerful a neighbour against his formidable and implacable enemies. The ground is purchased from its savage proprietors, and though the price may appear inconsiderable, the bargain seems to have been as fair and equitable as that made by Penn. It is 1659, the same year in which stern old Oliver breathed his last, when the nine mile square is purchased; and soon after the thirty-five pioneers, the names of most of whom are now so widely diffused, transport themselves and their families

from the mouth of the Connecticut, and mark out their respective house lots on the newly acquired soil. Novel and unwonted sounds startle the deer from his covert, and a new life is stirring in the forest and the swamp. The village grows, and the modest dwellings of the primitive settlers spread along the rippling stream. The infant town is not peopled by chance comers. It is an organized religious community that hath chosen this as their abiding place, a congregational church with their beloved and faithful pastor. A strong and decided devotional element mingles with and sanctifies the secular enterprise. The corner stone of the future city was not laid without fervent prayer. Occupying what was then a frontier post, thrust out into the wilderness that spread beyond, trackless and unexplored, even to the St. Lawrence, exposed to the treacherous hostility of the savage, these pious and intrepid men committed themselves to the keeping of the God of Israel. They had arms, and they knew how to use them. But a little handful of whites, on this exposed outpost, how suddenly might they have been overwhelmed. They must have been well aware of their danger, conscious of their weakness, and their trust was not placed in the arm of flesh. The unslumbering Providence of Jehovah was their sure reliance. Their faith was simple and strong. The promises of God to guard and preserve his servants, inspired them with peaceful confidence. "The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge," was an ever present and comforting thought. They braved the perils of the wilderness, the nocturnal onslaught, the scalping knife and the flame, knowing in whom they had believed.

I need not remark to my audience, that it was a wave of the great Puritan emigration, consequent upon the disturbed state of the mother country, that broke upon this nook. In 1659, the Puritan party had been for more than ten years uppermost in England, and if they had been mindful of that country from which they came out, they might have found opportunity to have returned. They were not without inducements to do so. Cromwell offered to the New England emigrants lands in Ireland, and subsequently Jamaica was proposed to them as a home. But they declined these tempting offers, and set their face toward the northern wilderness. It would seem that strong feelings of attachment to the land on which they disembarked had already sprung up in their hearts.

And fresh arrivals were constantly swelling their numbers. The new world allured the enterprising; the first colonists drew after them kindred and friends; the prospect of founding a Christian commonwealth beyond the ocean was exceedingly attractive. And so it was that, instead of the great body of the emigrants returning to share the better fortunes of their brethren, the tide still continued to set toward the western world. You may have been struck, in listening to the address this morning, with features of resemblance of Norwich to Plymouth. If the one colony had its Brewster, the other had its Fitch; and if the one had its Miles Standish, the other had its John Mason.

The deadly strifes that convulsed England under the Stuarts, when political disputes, unhappily complicated with religious dissensions, culminated in a fierce and sanguinary civil war, have left traces, broad and deep, upon both sides of the Atlantic. Men to this day conscientiously adhere to the different systems that there were then arrayed against each other in bloody antagonism. According to their respective principles, or their hereditary partialities, they estimate variously the features of that great controversy. There are minds whose delight it is to perpetuate ancient animosities, and to keep old wounds open and inflamed. Such is not, I am confident, the spirit of the inhabitants of this town, all of whom unite with fraternal good will to celebrate this festival. You desire, on this pleasant occasion, to bury prejudices, and to fix your attention on those points of character in the founders of your town which all can approve and revere. Two hundred years ago was not the era of admitted freedom of conscience. Intolerance was the sin, not of this party or of that, but of the age. The sincere religionist, of whatever hue, did not think his creed complete without an anathema appended; and the very sufferers and fugitives from oppression were not disinclined, in other circumstances, to resort to similar methods for compelling agreement. If the Saviour's rule were carried out, "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone," angry recriminations would speedily cease. We now admit the folly of attempts to coerce the conscience, that sacred inviolate domain on which man directly confronts his God. We concede to others the privilege claimed by ourselves, of worshiping God according to the convictions of our own bosoms. And when men are willing to allow this reasonable

freedom, they soon look upon each other with kindlier eyes. They can grasp each other's hands with sincere affection, and appreciate more fairly each other's characters. Christians are not yet of one mind respecting all the doctrines of their common faith, (God grant them in His good time a fuller unity,) but they do agree as to what is the true spirit of the Gospel. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." Here is a platform on which all may stand together who call Jesus Master and Lord. If the present occasion have the effect of enlarging and confirming our mutual charity, it will not have been held in vain.

There have been many things to draw together on American soil those who inherit or have embraced variant systems of theology and modes of worship. The descendants of cavalier and roundhead have stood shoulder to shoulder on many a hard fought field, whether in warfare of arms or in contests of principle. The sons of the pilgrims were led to victory by a Washington, and the first prayer in congress was offered by an Episcopalian. Theyare of one heart in clinging to their common country and maintaining the principles of civil and religious liberty. They have not only one country, but one Bible, and drink the stream of eternal life at the same pure fountain. And they can, in consequence, look more freely and cordially at the points in which they agree, less bitterly at those in which they differ. We can not all of us accord with certain peculiarities of the Puritan colonists. We look at historical events from different stand points. But we can all do justice to their firmness and heroism; to their unfeigned faith and reverence for the Holy Scriptures; to their unflinching adherence to what they believed to be right and true; to their willing sacrifices for conscience sake; to their steadfast endurance and unconquerable energy. A genuine and earnest man, who fears God, and fears not the face of his fellow mortal, is alway deserving of respect and admiration. Such were the Puritan emigrants. True scions they were of the sturdy English oak, fit to be transplanted. Their faith clothed the word of God with reality and power, and a martyr-like spirit nerved them against threats and dangers. They did not live in vain. Deeply have their lines been graven on the rocks upon which they landed. They had a part allotted to them, a great and important part, in the foundation of a new empire, and in the shaping and coloring of its mighty destinies. It was their firm

conviction that the hand of God brought them here, that they were following the pillar of cloud and fire as they voyaged across the stormy deep. Is it for us to gainsay that impression? Surely that man's recognition of a Providence must be very faint, who does not see the arm of the Lord made bare in the peopling of this country. Immense regions are opened to civilization and Christianity. A new era commences in the world's annals. The seven sealed roll of another history is to be unfolded. States are to arise upon a broader and firmer base. Men are to breathe a freer and more inspiring air. A vast future is looming in the horizon. We can not yet take in its shape and dimensions, but it steadily rises and expands, and gives token of colossal magnitude. And that great and glorious Being, "of whom are all things and for whom are all things," whose view embraces all creatures and all events, who is working out His own vast and wondrous plans by various instruments, arranged He not each successive step of the magnificent scheme? Did not His wisdom devise the beginnings that were to issue in such immense results? Shaped He not the course of the gushing rill that was to swell into so mighty a river? Was it chance that led to these shores the Briton and not the Spaniard; the Protestant and not the papist; the man of integrity and godliness rather than the greedy unprincipled adventurer; that peopled these rugged hills with an upright and pious population, so that in every hamlet should rise the house of prayer, and in every cottage should be erected the domestic altar, and in every home should be enshrined the heaven-sent book, the candle of the Lord to give light to all that are therein? We have but to cast our eyes over this continent, we have but to compare North with South America, to contrast the social condition of Mexico with that of New England, in order to estimate how much depended upon the character of the early colonists—how deeply the welfare of unborn millions was involved in the mould into which the infant state should be cast. And He, who planned the foundation, watched over the progress of the new community. He who planted, watered the tree. Under His protection and blessing the little one became a thousand. And each constituent part enjoyed that providential care which was extended over the whole. Our own venerated town, we devoutly own, was shielded by the same vigilance, upheld by the same arm of love and power. So thought the early

settlers. With them there was no scepticism on this point. And the blessings which they invoked we acknowledge. The subject of their prayers is that of our thanksgivings.

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." So felt Fitch and his companions, as they were roused from their slumbers by the howl of the wolf or the hoot of the owl, and listened more intently to ascertain whether it were not the war cry of the savage that broke the stillness of the night. With this conviction were they sustained amid their hardships and perils. Faith in an ever present, protecting God, nerved their arms, dispelled their fears, animated their hopes, lightened their toils. "The eternal God was their refuge; and underneath them the everlasting arms." And although the destinies of the land to which they had come were hidden, and no imagination was bold enough to grasp the future of America, and no prophet could foretell the rapid and enormous growth of the resources of the young continent, yet dim foreshadowings of coming greatness were cast upon their pathway, and they worked patiently and hopefully.

The career of the infant town is now fairly commenced. In the selection of a name we may suppose the attachment of some of the settlers to their birthplace was gratified. Strangers in a strange land, often would their thoughts travel fondly back to scenes that they were to behold no more, and they loved to perpetuate in the new world names once familiar and endeared.

The city, which peradventure the affection of some of its children thus sought to reproduce, was at the time the third in England for population and wealth, and specially noted for its manufactures. It was also distinguished as the residence of men of learning and science. Macaulay tells us that "no place in the kingdom, except the capital and the universities, had more attractions for the curious. The library, the museum, the aviary, and the botanical garden of sir Thomas Browne, were thought by fellows of the Royal Society worthy of a long pilgrimage."

Does not the daughter bid fair to emulate, in manufacturing industry and in a taste for intellectual improvement, the mother city? One point, however, of very marked contrast existed between the wealthy original and the humble transatlantic copy. Norwich was a sort of provincial capital, where the dukes of Nor-

folk had their old feudal palace, and kept a state resembling that of petty sovereigns. There the Howards emulated the magnificence of the court. Their halls were adorned with the rarest pictures. Their guests were served with wine in vessels of pure gold. They kept during the holidays open house, and welcomed all comers to the festival. And when the duke of Norfolk returned to the city he was greeted like a king re-entering his capital. If some of the settlers upon the Yantic had in former times gazed upon these gorgeous pageants, and trod the pavement of those lofty baronial halls, great indeed must have been the contrast presented by their humble village and the wild forest in which it was embosomed. The royal state of Uncas was of another character than that of the high born Howards.

In its internal regulations, the newly planted town was a miniature Puritan commonwealth. The political, religious and social elements were almost blended.

The dependence upon the distant mother country was little more than nominal, and the colony of Connecticut was soon enjoying the liberal charter obtained by Winthrop from Charles II. The miserable reign of that dissolute monarch had few claims upon the gratitude of mankind, but this charter was one of them.

The little community was very much self-governed. The observance of each precept of the decalogue was vindicated by the magistrate as well as enforced from the pulpit; manners as well as morals were subject to careful supervision; and some of those who are forward to eulogize the virtues of their ancestry, might have found it quite inconvenient to have lived under their watch and ward. The early planters of these New England towns were not disposed to allow liberty to degenerate into license. They came into the wilderness to frame and enjoy institutions after their own hearts. No fine theories of universal freedom and absolute equality trammeled their legislation. They sought, indeed, an asylum for themselves in the new world, but they had no thought of opening this asylum to all comers. New citizens were not admitted without careful scrutiny, and only such additions were tolerated as would harmonize with the previous inhabitants. The settlement was a religious society as well as a body politic. It was something like a family on a large scale, bordering as nearly on the patriarchal condition as the Anglo-Saxon could ap-

proximate to the oriental. The tastes and pleasures of that early day were simple and domestic. In each snug cottage the huge chimneys blazed cheerily during the long winter, and comfort and plenty reigned within while the storm wind rattled their casements and piled the snow against their walls. The meeting house, the second erected, instead of nestling as in later years at the foot of beetling crags, was perched upon the very summit. Upon its elevated position it stood a conspicuous and characteristic monument of the new race that was taking root beneath. In a literal, as well as spiritual sense, it was a watch tower. During the time of divine worship the arms of the male members of the congregation were stacked without, and the eye of the wary sentinel intently scanned the horizon in the quarter from which danger might be apprehended. The precautions of the camp were not neglected, and the frontier village must have presented a semi-military aspect.

Meanwhile the work of clearing the soil went on. The tangled thicket was cut away, the wolf and the fox were driven from their lairs, and a war of extermination waged against the rattlesnakes which had swarmed in the clefts of the rocks. Civilized man claims the soil on which he treads, and with the strength of his arm and the sweat of his brow, subjugates it to his will. Compared with large extents of our fertile country, this was an intractable and rugged spot. We might marvel that men, having the continent before them, instead of seeking out some rich alluvium of exhaustless productiveness and easy tillage, should attach themselves to so hard and unyielding a soil. Yet, from the hill tops there spread before the eye an inviting expanse of woodland and water, and the position, at the head of a navigable river and not far from the sea, must have greatly recommended the site. The profound depths of the forest were not yet explored, and an impenetrable mystery overhung the vast interior.

Man, as the delegated proprietor of earth, overcomes the resistance of the soil, draws out its latent wealth, smooths the roughness of its surface, and makes the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose. He impresses, in a degree, his own character upon the ground he occupies. Order, convenience, beauty, abundance, present themselves as his empire extends. If the scenery lose somewhat of its native grandeur and boldness, it wears in-

stead the embellishments of art, and smiles with the evidences of plenty and comfort. But while the soil submits to his mastery, and cleft by the plow-share pours forth its riches, it is not altogether and wholly passive in his hands. The tiller stamps his image on the earth, but the earth in turn reacts upon the tiller. Locality exerts a mysterious power, and if particular regions have not, as the ancients fabled, their tutelary deities, they have their own influences upon their cultivator and occupant. The mountaineer is a man of diverse type from the resident on the wide stretching plain, and the dweller upon the ocean shore is unlike the inhabitant of the interior. A soft, delicious tropical climate, and a teeming soil that scarce asks for the hand of labor, enervate their possessors, while the rugged, unkindly region, scantily requiting toil, inures the frame to labor and rouses the mind to activity. Endurance, industry, energy and manly determination, are plants that flourish on the thin mould and the primitive rock. The granite imparts of its firmness to the man, and the clear wintry air bears vitality and vigor on its wings. The apparently unkind New England soil is adapted to a costlier growth than the cane and the cotton plant, and productive of a nobler harvest than ever waved on the broad savannas of the sunny South. That this is no fancy, I vouch in witness the hills of Connecticut, covered so thickly with the tokens of thrift and wealth. I adduce the history of her sons and daughters, who, on the wide world theater, have honored, by their lives and actions, their birthplace and their sires. I point to the moor and the mountain, clothed with verdure and dotted with smiling villages and beautiful cities. While we rank not locality and climate with higher and holier influences, we may well assign them a place in the development of character and the formation of habit. And when the charm of beauty is added, there is combined a refining and elevating element with the resistance that tries, and rouses, and steels its conqueror. If these features are blended in the district selected as the home of your fathers; if it appeal at once to our perception and love of the beautiful, and foster industry and enterprise; we have a fit nursery, under the divine benediction, of energetic, resolute and noble men; of intelligent, refined and graceful women.

The town of Norwich has never failed to respond to appeals

made to her patriotism. In the old French war many of her sons jeoparded their lives, and bore their share in the capture of Louisburg and other achievements. Of the intense interest which was felt in the struggle for American independence, you have already had so full and animated a description that it would be superfluous for me to dwell upon that page of her history. The town paid her full quota of the great price at which the independence of these United States was purchased. Yet, while entering so heartily into the conflict, she never suffered the invasion of the foe. The tide of war swept past, but never broke over her habitations. In the war of 1812 the same immunity was enjoyed, although danger was often imminent, and invasion by no means improbable. But the thunders of war were heard only in the distance, and like Sparta of old, the town never saw the smoke of an enemy's camp.

Some forty years ago, the stranger visiting your town would have been struck with its air of quiet, comfortable repose. A tranquil rural beauty pervaded the scene. Norwich had enjoyed her seasons of commercial prosperity. Her citizens had been largely engaged in foreign trade. Shipping had crowded the wharves at her landing, and the sails of the inward and the outward bound whitened the Thames. But her commerce had been nearly destroyed by the war of 1812, and did not revive. A few weather beaten hulks remained as memorials of departed traffic, but the warehouses were empty, and the channel of the river became gradually choked with sand. But while business was almost stagnant, the air of comfort could not be mistaken. Spacious old fashioned mansions reposed, in tranquil dignity, beneath spreading elms. Gardens and orchards bordered the streets. The streams were not yet exhausted of their waters by mill races and machinery. The cascade foamed and sparkled in pristine beauty. The hills rose with sharp abruptness from amid the dwellings, and heaved their bare summits toward the sky. The town seemed to be falling into a verdant and placid old age. Many of its prominent citizens were of the revolutionary era. The memory of one who was then a boy retains with vivid distinctness the erect forms, noble bearing and polished manners of white haired men who had fought with Washington, and who represented an age that has now wholly passed away. Longevity has attached to the pure bracing air and simple habits of the town. The occupancy of the same pulpit by two pastors, the venerable

Drs. Lord and Strong, for the space of one hundred and seventeen years, is scarcely to be paralleled; and the Rev. John Tyler's contemporary rectorship of Christ church extended over fifty-four years. At the period of which I speak, the town seemed gracefully declining into the vale of years. Its early promise and vigorous youth in the wilderness; its robust manhood inured to the exigencies of toil and the alarms of war; its busy competition for commercial importance and wealth; its impassioned share in the revolutionary struggle; these had been its heyday of life; and with somewhat blunted ardor and enfeebled energies, it seems to resign itself to congenial repose. Like the veteran, it lived much in the past, and was rather prone to revert to the bygone than to anticipate the future. The curfew bell at nine signified the close of the day's toils, and invited all to retirement. The town was the picture of mellow, contented, beloved, respected age.

But the pause was only temporary. The city, instead of sinking into decrepitude, soon arose to bound forward with new vigor in the path of improvement. The touch of that mighty magician, the steam engine, awakened her from slumber. Vessels propelled by the new power vex her placid waters. The iron track binds her to distant cities, and the train darts and whizzes through her secluded valleys. The streams that had been enjoying immemorial liberty are repressed by dams, compelled to drive the wheel and the shuttle, and forced to aid the ingenuity and industry of man. The signs of enterprise and prosperity multiply. The quiet unpretending village begins to assume the stir and stateliness of the city. Churches of imposing architecture succeed to the humbler structures in which the piety of a preceding age worshiped the Father, and mansions that would grace a metropolis adorn the streets. Thus covered with the tokens of wealth and refinement, art and nature happily combining to enhance her beauty, does the ancient lodge in the wilderness present itself to our view on her two hundredth birthday.

Called by your undeserved partiality to this unaccustomed task, I would draw lessons appropriate to the occasion from this brief historical survey. It has seemed to me on this occasion most fitting to look at the special dealings of the Most High with this community, rather than at general truths; to take my text from the book of Providence, rather than from the written word. If, in

so doing, I have repeated facts that more properly belong to the historical department, so worthily occupied, I throw myself upon your kind indulgence. Permit me now briefly to note the import of this providential teaching.

And in very deed, after this rapid review of two centuries of town existence, can we forbear to confess, with grateful and glowing hearts, the loving kindness of the Lord? Have not His goodness and mercy followed us from the beginning unto this day? Hath He ever forgotten or forsaken the tender scion here planted with trust in His protection, and prayer for His blessing? The founding of an infant settlement in a new country is alway a trying and perilous enterprise, involving hardship, suffering and danger. Colonies have been, with little exception, liable to visitations of famine and pestilence. The first winter swept away half of the Plymouth pilgrims. Salem sustained a loss equally severe. Jamestown, Va., was almost depopulated by disease, and now a single ruined tower marks the first settlement of the English on these shores. But we read of no such scourge falling upon Norwich. The voice of joy and health resounded in her tabernacles.

At the period when your town was founded, the danger of savage invasion was great and imminent. Norwich was an outpost on the edge of the wilderness. Beyond stretched, for hundreds of miles, the dark, impenetrable forest, the lurking place of the wild beast and the Indian. At any moment bands of ferocious warriors might swoop down upon the little settlement with irresistible impetuosity. None could retire to rest with the assurance that their slumbers would not be disturbed by the horrible yells of a ruthless foe. The cottage which the owner was so industriously rearing might ere the morrow be in a blaze; the corn field he was tilling might be moistened with his own blood; the wife of his bosom might be dragged into captivity, and see with unavailing tears her children massacred before her eyes. Such were the well known perils of the frontier. Ere the town was twenty years old, in 1675, broke out the sanguinary struggle known as king Philip's war. An age not untinctured with superstition saw it presaged by strange sounds and fearful sights from heaven. The reality was sufficiently appalling without the enhancement of preternatural terrors. Over a large part of Massachusetts and Rhode Island it swept as a devouring flame. Brookfield was set on fire. Deerfield

was burned, and Bloody Brook perpetuates by its name the massacre that reddened its waters. Springfield, Lancaster, Medfield, Weymouth, Groton, Marlboro, were laid in ashes. Tales of slaughter and conflagration, of desperate conflicts and hair breadth 'scapes, fill up that lamentable history. The hunted savage turned to bay, and determined that, if perish he must, he would not perish unavenged. From this desolating scourge Connecticut was entirely exempt. Not a village was sacked; not a house burned; not a drop of blood shed; while in the neighboring colonies it was computed that of the able bodied men one in twenty had fallen, and an equal proportion of the families were burnt out. Through this whole outburst of savage fury your fathers dwelt in peaceable habitations. And so also during the war of 1756, when European art combined with savage ferocity against the English settlements, and during the more extensive and protracted struggle of the revolution, the same happy immunity was experienced.

While in this security we devoutly recognize the care of an almighty Guardian, we may remark, with satisfaction and pleasure, that one instrumentality employed for this end was the humane course pursued by the town toward its Mohegan neighbors. The citizen of Norwich need not blush at recalling the early relations of the town to this aboriginal tribe. Would that we could say the same thing, as citizens of these United States! A sad and painful page will that be to read, that recounts the dealings of civilized races with the natives of this continent. The advent of Christian people has proved anything but a blessing to the children of the soil. The transaction of Naboth's vineyard has been repeated on a large scale. Fraud and oppression have provoked the indignant rage of the red man, and then the explosion of his wrath has been the signal for indiscriminate vengeance and prompt extermination. Neither do pictures of the ferocity and treachery of the native, albeit dark and truthful, palliate the retaliatory cruelties of enlightened and evangelized men.

From the so common ill treatment of the Indian, I think we may claim for our own town an honorable exemption. The settlers came hither as allies and friends. The contiguity of the two people occasioned no strifes or quarrels. There may have been cases of individual wrong, but the mutual harmony of the two communities does not appear to have been ever seriously interrupted. When

Uncas in his old age preferred certain requests, the town granted them at once, on the ground of his being "an old friend." Indeed, the persevering fidelity of the tribe would be unaccountable unless the treatment which they received had been kind and equitable. The Indian is quick to perceive and sure to resent wrong. Yet he never swerved in his attachment to the inhabitants of these border towns; and it is a noteworthy fact, recorded by your faithful historian, that while the tribe continued independent, no Mohegan's weapon was ever bathed in the blood of a white man.

But what concern, it may be asked, was exhibited for the spiritual welfare of the red man? What was done toward the discharge of the immense debt owing from the Christian to the heathen? The Gospel is given not as a monopoly to the favored few, but as a world wide benefaction. It is a trust which its recipients are bound to diffuse. Here, too, impartial history can not acquit the white man of culpable indifference and neglect. The poor savage, constantly encroached upon, might too often have exclaimed, "No man careth for my soul!" When Elliot began his labors in Massachusetts, the Indians, we are told, inquired why, if Christianity were so good for the Indian, it had not been spoken of for twenty-six years.* Too general was the disposition to regard the conversion of the aborigines as hopeless.

Here again we are thankful to remark the different spirit manifested in the town of Norwich, and the solicitude that has been often shown for the religious welfare of the heathen in this vicinity. The Rev. Mr. Fitch appears to have been a man of true philanthropy and of enlarged missionary zeal. He made early efforts to instruct the natives in the truth of the Gospel. He took pains to acquire their language, and was a frequent visitor in their wigwams. He impressed them with his own sincerity and benevolence, so that those who, like Uncas himself, remained obstinate in their unbelief, accorded him their entire confidence, and regarded him with affectionate respect. To their temporal as well as spiritual wants he was always alive. His labors were not unblessed. His converts were formed into a settlement by themselves upon lands which he partly presented, and partly procured for them from the town. These Christianized Indians continued strongly attached to the whites, and many of them enlisted as volunteers in the Louis-

* Hutchinson's History, chap. i, p. 150.

burg expedition. After the removal of Mr. Fitch by death, the efforts in behalf of the Indians slackened; but at an early period a school was established in the tribe, which, with occasional interruptions, was kept up until the revolution. In this school Samson Occum, a native Mohegan, acquired the rudiments of learning, and at the age of seventeen became impressed by the power of divine truth, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Jewett, of New London, another true friend of the Indian. Occum became a missionary among his own people, and was fitted to do the work of an evangelist by the Rev. Dr. Wheelock, of Lebanon. This gentleman established a school in which Indian youth might be qualified to carry the Gospel to their countrymen. Occum, in company with the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, pastor of the congregational church in Chelsea Landing, visited England for the purpose of raising funds for the endowment of this school. On this errand they were prospered. Means were furnished liberally; the school went into successful operation; about forty Indian youths were trained by Dr. Wheelock, many of whom accomplished much good among their own people. Respecting this school, Whitefield wrote to a friend in England, "How would you have been delighted to have seen Dr. Wheelock's Indians! Such a promising nursery of future missionaries I believe was never seen in New England before. Pray encourage it with all your might." The seminary, as you are aware, was removed to New Hampshire, and grew into Dartmouth college. Through the labors of Occum and other pupils of Dr. Wheelock, many of their people professed the faith of Christ crucified.

While referring to the good accomplished by Dr. Wheelock's benevolent enterprise, I would not omit the name of one of his pupils, the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, who afterward became the faithful missionary among the Oneidas, and spent forty years of his life in these self-denying labors. He was the son of the Rev. Daniel Kirkland, the first pastor of the Newent Society, organized in 1723, afterward set off as the town of Lisbon. These early efforts to convert the Indians to the faith of Christ deserve honorable notice. They were evidences of the true spirit of His religion who "came to seek and to save that which was lost."

But the era marked by the zeal and devotion of Wheelock and his pupils passed away, and in the following generation there was either more of difficulty in the way of promoting the spiritual good of the Indian, or less of interest. The Christian part of the tribe

gradually diminished, and there were no new converts to take the place of the departed. War always exerts a blighting and disastrous influence upon the cause of religion. Faith and fervor sensibly declined during the revolutionary struggle. By this conflict, as well as by the war of 1756, the Mohegans were thinned. Pestilential diseases had also prevailed among them at different times, and, doubtless, the Indian's worst enemy, the fire water, conspired with other causes of diminution and decay. Forty years ago, there remained but a feeble and degraded remnant of this once considerable community. Only a single Christian survived in the person of a female, aged more than ninety years, a sister of Occum. The tribe seemed fast verging to extinction, and little disposition was manifested by their more favored neighbors to reclaim and rescue them. The sunken miserable descendants of the ancient nobility of the land might be discerned staggering through your streets, objects of pity and disgust. At this sorrowful period, when the light that had once shined in their hovels (the Mohegans) was darkened, one came to their relief, who might have well seemed to their untaught minds as a messenger from a better world. With an angel's alacrity, and an angel's countenance, she entered upon an angel's work. In 1827 Sarah L. Huntington began her self-denying labors among these neglected outcasts. She traversed, from week to week, the distance of nearly six miles between her home and the Mohegan reservation, regardless of summer suns and wintry storms. When strong men would have shrunk from the icy blast, this fair and delicate woman made her way on foot through the drifted snow to the scene of her toil. She gave up her own pleasant home to spend half her time in the comfortless abodes of the objects of her solicitude. With the aid of a like minded associate, she sustained a day school and a Sunday school, instructed the rude females in those womanly arts that make the poorest dwelling cheerful, conveyed to their dark minds with unwearied assiduity the precious truths of the Gospel, and by degrees lifted them above their abject condition to a higher level of knowledge, holiness and hope. In this work there was no attractive romance; distance lent it no enchantment; the voice of flattering commendation was unheard; for a time even friendly sympathy seldom cheered her onward. The enterprise was accounted visionary, and unsuited to a female in her circumstances. Rebuffs and hindrances of no common sort were her frequent experience. But the love of Christ, and of the souls

for which He died, constrained her. She willingly resigned personal convenience and ease, social and domestic enjoyment, and valued religious privileges, that she might by all means save some of these children of ignorance and ill fortune. In due season she proved the promise faithful—" He that goeth forth, even weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Her devotedness awakened interest in other hearts. Her earnest appeals procured assistance from Government. Her heart was gladdened by the erection of a house for the worship of God, and the settlement of a pastor and teacher. Her school responded to her unwearied culture. And when at length the impression of a higher call of duty led her, as the bride of the Rev. Eli Smith, to embark as a missionary for Syria, tears gushed from many dark eyes at the parting, and petitions for God's blessing upon her were uttered by many tongues which she had taught to pray. In the distant Orient lies the mortal part of one, as fair within as she was beautiful in person. Her works have followed her, and to the visitor who remarks the social condition and Christian privileges of this remnant of a once powerful race, she, being dead, yet speaketh. England hailed with a burst of universal enthusiasm the Christian heroism of Florence Nightingale. Let Norwich treasure the memory of her Sarah Lanman Smith.

Neither does the name of this gifted lady stand alone as a herald of salvation to the distant heathen. There is a long and bright catalogue of faithful men and women who have gone out from your midst to proclaim among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. To enumerate them all would be scarce practicable; to discriminate among them would be unjust. Some are still bearing the burden and heat of the day, spending their energies and lives in this glorious work. A larger number, perhaps, rest from their labors. The heads of some lie low beneath the Syrian palm tree. The graves of others are washed by the surges of the Pacific. In Ceylon and India; in torrid Africa; in the islands of the Southern Sea; among the native tribes of America; they have unfurled the banner of Jesus. Their precious dust is garnered in either hemisphere until the resurrection of the just. A town is rich that has nourished such children. A town is richer still that has given them up to the service of the Lord of the harvest. May we not trust that the blessing of God will never be withdrawn from her.

Neither can I forbear to notice, among mercies showered down

from the Father of Lights, the elevated standard of morality and religion that has prevailed in this community. Let me also refer to the public spirit manifested in many ways, and especially in the education of youth. Great is the advance that has been made since the time when the town voted "that Mr. Daniel Mason be improved as a schoolmaster for nine months." Nay, great is the advance within the memory of many of us here present to-day. The substantial, spacious and well conducted public schools are an honor to the town which erected and sustains them.

The free academy, which adorns the beautiful central plain, is a noble expression of judicious and large hearted benevolence. Under the blessing of God it will stand for ages, a monument more honorable to its founders than obelisk or mausoleum. To the youth of successive generations it will prove a rich benefaction; opening its doors not to wealth but to merit, holding out to the poorest as well as the richest the privilege of enlarged and thorough mental culture, presenting to the youthful a worthy object for those aspirations and efforts which so improve and strengthen the mind, and indicating to other communities a fit and noble employment of property. Its influence for good, who can now attempt to measure? A city dignified by such institutions may be expected to occupy, as years glide away, higher and still higher ground.

Upon the younger portion of my audience now devolves the duty of sustaining the reputation of their birthplace and home. Youth of Norwich, to you we commend her good name for the future. You come of a goodly stock. You trace your ancestry to those who, if they wore no coronets, and boasted no heraldic blazonry, were more truly noble than many who walk in purple. Yours is the more precious heir loom of integrity, industry and virtue, of patriotism and public spirit, of godliness and faith. Let the unblemished examples of those who have gone before prove to you an incentive to "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report." Honor the God of your fathers, and prize that holy volume which they so deeply reverenced. And whatever part may be allotted you in the untried future, whether you abide in this home of your affections, or wage your life warfare in some distant clime, may your characters and actions shed lustre upon your native town, and make her rejoice to claim you as citizens and offspring.

It has been the desire of those charged with the duty of arranging this celebration, to gather as many as possible of the sons and daughters of Norwich to participate in its joy. You have sent your hospitable invitations far and wide, and a goodly company appear in response to your call. But how many, who not long since were conspicuous in your social movements, how many who were the ornaments of your homes, how many of the busiest and most active, how many of the loveliest and most cherished, are absent from this day's gathering! The narrow house which holds them you can not unlock; the solemn silence that enwraps them you can not interrupt. More of your town's people are beyond than within your summons. The larger proportion can not reciprocate your greeting, or unite in the melodies and congratulations of this jubilee.

I look forward to the close of another century. In the year of grace 1959, if so long the course of this world continue, your descendants may be gathered to celebrate their *tri-centennial.* The air may be as pure and the sun as brilliant; the moon may walk through the heavens as brightly, and the outspread city may be still more magnificent and beautiful; but none of you will be there. You will have followed the many whose features now live only on the speaking canvas, or in more faithful memory. Perchance the record of this day's doings will be drawn forth, musty and time eaten, from the deposit of the curious antiquary. The Norwich of that day will look back upon your proceedings as you now revert to the olden time. Let us then bear in mind that, garnish and extol as we may the place of our altars and hearths, here have *we* no continuing city. "The fashion of this world passeth away."

But there is a city, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Of that city glorious things are spoken. Its foundations are all manner of precious stones, and each several gate a pearl. That city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten and the Lamb is the light thereof. May we, through redeeming grace, be accepted citizens of the New Jerusalem. Brethren and friends, give all diligence to secure for yourselves an entrance into that pure and blissful abode, through that Holy and Blessed One who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Amen.

Rev. Dr. Bond rose and said:—I move that a vote of thanks be given to the Right Rev. Bishop Lee for his able, interesting, and peculiarly appropriate address just delivered. Carried.

The choir then sung the following hymn composed by Miss F. M. Caulkins, of New London:—

HOME OF OUR FATHERS.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY H. W. AMADEUS BEALE, OF NORWICH.

Adagio.

Soprano. In Zi - on's courts, the feast to hold, Re - turn - ing pil-grims came of old, And coming filled the air with cries, "How fair a-mid the hills she lies, Our beauteous home, our Father's home, What joy a - mid these courts to roam!"

Alto. *f* *p* *f* *Cres.* *f* *pp* *pp* *Cres.* *ff* *pp*

Tenor. In Zi - on's courts, the feast to hold, Re - turn - ing pil-grims came of old, And coming filled the air with cries, "How fair a-mid the hills she lies, Our beauteous home, our Father's home, What joy a - mid these courts to roam!"

Bass.

So we to-day from land and sea,
From town and hamlet gathering free,
Pour down the hills, crowd all the ways,
And tune the winds to songs of praise,
Resounding loud—our fathers' home!
Sweet towers of peace!—our fathers' home!

What transport here to meet and trace
The golden links of name and race;
Blest hopes and fervent thoughts impart—
Throw open all the genial heart—
And hear from every hall and dome—
"Come in, my brother! Welcome home!"

To Thee, O God! the grateful song—
The raptures of the heart belong.
Two hundred years of gifts divine,
Still showering, brightening, round us shine;—
With palms in hand, we come! we come!
To praise Thee in our fathers' home.

The nearest point to heaven's high throne
Is *home*—our fathers' and our own:—
Then let us, 'mid these hills and dells,
Draw water from salvation's wells;
So we, by this sweet coming home,
Shall nearer find our heavenly home.

The ceremonies of the evening were concluded by the reverend Dr. Bond pronouncing the benediction: The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be and abide with you for ever. Amen.

THE ILLUMINATION.

In the evening, after the close of the exercises at the tent, there was a general illumination of the city. Nearly every street was lighted up, but the principal thoroughfares of the city, and those extending even to the town, were brilliant with illuminations. The governor's residence, the residence of the mayor, Franklin square, Main street, Washington street, Broadway, Union street, portions of Franklin street and Water street, Williams park and the vicinity, shone forth magnificently. It would be pleasant to notice particularly the brilliant devices and arrangements of those whose stores, residences and grounds made so brilliant a show, but to do justice to each and all would be impossible.

SECOND DAY.

This day, like the first, was ushered in by the firing of cannons and the ringing of all the church bells, at sunrise.

At 9 o'clock, the masonic orders, consisting of the knights Templars of Columbian encampment, the companions of Franklin chapter, and the members of Somerset lodge, all of Norwich, formed in procession, and being joined by all the officers of the celebration, and invited guests present, proceeded to Yantic cemetary to perform the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the proposed monument to the memory of major John Mason.

On arriving at the ground,

David Clark, P. G. M. of the state of Connecticut, having commanded silence, said:—

It is proposed to erect a monument to the memory of a man who is called "captain," "major," and "major general" John Mason. The ceremony of laying the corner stone will now be performed by the masonic fraternity.

The following ode was then sung:—

ODE.

Tune—Old Hundred.

Deep in the quarries of the stone,
  Amid vast heaps of other rock,
In darkness hid, to art unknown,
  We found this rude and shapeless block.

Now shaped by art, its roughness gone,
  And fit this noble work to grace;
We lay it here, a corner stone,
  Chosen and sure in proper place.

Within this stone there lies concealed,
  What future ages may disclose;
The sacred truths to us revealed,
  By Him, who fell by ruthless foes.

On Him, this corner stone we build;
  To Him, this monument erect;
And still, until this work 's fulfilled,
  May Heaven the workman's ways direct.

At the request of the W. P. G. M., Rev. Benjamin Whittemore offered up the following prayer:—

O Thou, who art and wast the Supreme Architect, who laidst the broad foundations of nature, and erected thereon its vast superstructure; Thou inhabitest eternity, while centuries roll, and generations pass away. May Thine All-seeing Eye look down with approbation upon the occasion which has convened this vast assembly. May Thy hand, which has guided during the past, and Thy power, which has supported and brought us to the present, be duly recognized, and Thy blessing felt.

Behold, the children here gathered from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, in their old ancestral home, to revive their recollections of the past, to renew olden friendships, to do homage to the memory of their fathers, and to render thanksgivings to Thee, their God, and their fathers' God. Through those fathers' toils and tears, successes and triumphs, with Thy blessing added, we enjoy a goodly heritage. It is well, that years ago, yonder granite shaft was erected to the memory of the Mohegan's sachem; once the rightful owner of these our fair possessions, and whose signature is fixed to the title deed by which those possessions were secured to our fathers. It is fitting that we should rear another monument; and we now come, as a fraternity of craftsmen, with the proper working tools of our profession, to lay the corner stone of a monument to be erected to the memory of one of those fathers. Wilt Thou be with us in these services; and may Thy wisdom direct, Thy strength support, and Thy beauty adorn this undertaking.

Through Thy favorings may a monument arise, on the foundation we now lay, which shall stand amid the coming centuries, bearing upon its engraved tablet the historic name of *one*, who lived two hundred years ago; who wrought mightily in the thick-

est perils which beset our fathers; who was, under Thee, greatly instrumental in giving birth to this ancient town; and whose memory Norwich this day delights to honor.

May *that name* remain imperishable as the stone which shall be entrusted with its keeping; may it remain, and be beheld by young eyes, and honored by noble hearts, when, among these old hills and beside these sweetly flowing rivers, other generations "shall build houses and inhabit them; plant vineyards and eat the fruit thereof."

Thanking Thee for the blessings of the past, rejoicing in Thy smiles of the present, we trustingly rely on Thy ever-enduring mercy for the future.

One more petition we offer, as directed by Him who spake as having authority—"Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

The ceremonies peculiar to the masonic order on such occasions, as laid down in the masonic chart, were then proceeded with in due and ancient form. On their conclusion, W. G. M. Clark arose and delivered the following address:—

GOVERNOR BUCKINGHAM AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:—In obedience to your invitation and those you represent, we, the masonic fraternity, have come here to take part in the interesting ceremonies of this day.

Under your direction, and in conformity with the duty imposed upon the craft to be good, loyal and obedient citizens, we have assembled to render our profound homage to the shining virtues of one of the early patriots of our country. This pleasing duty has now been performed. The corner stone to his monument has been laid in its appropriate place. We have every reason to hope that in due time it will be completed, and the chaplet of victory crown the beautiful structure. Although our fathers may have been remiss in their duty to pay proper homage to him who rendered most important services in the early settlement of our country, yet sure it is, merit can not, yea, will not, go unrewarded. For some

good purpose it was left for *us*, the descendants of captain John Mason and his associates, to erect this monument to the sacred memory of one whose services to his country can not be over estimated. It is not my province to speak of those services at this time, as that duty has been assigned to other and abler hands.

We of the mystic tie are pleased to unite with you in these interesting ceremonies, not because captain Mason was a member of our fraternity, for he was not. Masonry was unknown in the colonies at that time. But because he possessed in his traits of character all the elements that go to make a good and true free mason.

One of the first and most important lessons taught us in masonry is, that "no one should ever enter upon any great and important undertaking without first invoking the blessing of Deity." So it was with captain Mason, when, in May, 1637, he and his little army had been detained at Saybrook by adverse winds until he feared that the object of his mission to the Pequot country had been frustrated, he held an interview with Samuel Stone, his spiritual guide and chaplain, and "begged him to commend their condition to the Lord that night, and ask advice of Him."

We are also taught that we are to be quiet and peaceful citizens, true to the government and just to our country. We are charged not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but patiently submit to legal authority, and conform with cheerfulness to the laws of the country in which we reside. So again it was with captain Mason. He was true and loyal to the colonial laws, and hazarded his life in a thousand ways in the execution and maintenance of them.

Time would fail me to draw the parallel with the requirements of masonry and the peculiar traits of captain John Mason's character. We feel confident in saying that if masonry had existed in the colony in his time, he would have been a bright and shining light in the order, as were those distinguished heroes who came after him; Washington, Putnam, Wooster, and every other general in the war of the revolution, except Benedict Arnold.

Governor Buckingham and gentlemen, if what I have now said, and the duties which we, as free and accepted masons, have here performed, meet your approval and those you so honorably represent, our highest duty has been attained.

Rev. Charles R. Fisher, of Hartford, closed with the following benediction :—

May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and his son Jesus Christ our Lord. And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.

The following ode, composed by Miss F. M. Caulkins, was then sung by the choir, and the assembly returned to the tent:—

WELCOME OF THE FATHERS.

Tune—Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.

Hear ye not the soft low whispers,
  Breathing upward from the ground?
'T is the voices of the fathers,
  Wafting their sweet welcome round.

Welcome to these tents so goodly,
  Planted by our toilsome care;
Welcome to this breath of heaven—
  Soul refreshing native air.

At our coming none said welcome;
  All was lonely, drear and wild;
In the midst we built an altar;
  Soon an Eden round us smiled.

Homes we sowed along the valley;
  Learning's dews we bade distill;
And the church with wings o'ershadowing,
  Hovered on the highest hill.

Slowly up the pathway climbing,
  Heaven grew nearer, airs more sweet;
And a glory filled the temple,
  Opening to receive our feet.

Inward peace and outward trials—
  We accepted both with praise:
With our blessing, take our counsel—
  Children, keep the good old ways!

On reaching the tent, the president of the day having taken the chair and called the meeting to order,

Wm. P. Eaton came forward and said :—

Gentlemen of the Masonic Fraternity: I am instructed by the P. G. M. of the state of Connecticut, and the master of Somerset lodge, to say, that at the close of the address by the Hon. John A. Rockwell the masonic fraternity will form in procession and march to their hall. I would say further, that it is not that we do not desire their company, but because the acting G. M. of the day, with several of his associates, have been called upon to perform a melancholy duty in New London. Samuel Greene, the oldest editor in the state of Connecticut, has died at a very advanced age, and by his special request the day before his decease, he will be buried this afternoon in New London, according to the order of the masonic brethren.

The President.—At the close of the services here, a procession will be formed and proceed to the dinner tent near by. It is expected that at that time ladies will be present as well as gentlemen, and we do not care how many. (Applause.) Prayer will now be offered by the Rev. Thomas L. Shipman.

The reverend gentleman said :—God of our fathers—our God; we invoke Thy gracious presence in the conclusion of these civic and sacred services. We thank Thee that we have been permitted to engage in them; that under these smiling skies, the sons of this ancient town have been permitted to gather together, in the Jerusalem of our love, to recall the names and deeds of our fathers, and with filial gratitude commemorate their virtues. We thank Thee that Thou didst cast their lot along these streams, and on these hill sides; that Thou didst make the place of their abode Thine own dwelling place; blessing them at their fire-sides, with the blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow; that Thou didst meet them in the sanctuary of their worship, and cause Thy glory to shine forth around their dwellings, and into their hearts. We thank Thee for all that fair inheritance which has come down to us, the price of their perils, and toils, and sacrifices. Though dead, they yet live, and shall live, in the recollections of a grateful posterity, when time has worn their names from monuments of stone. We thank Thee for the generation just departed, our honored fathers

and mothers; who, if spared to see this day, would have rejoiced to mingle with their children in these festivities. While we pray their forms rise before us, and we are whispering their names in our hearts.

The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers; leave us not, nor forsake us. Dwell in this land, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it, by the kindness of Thy providence, and by the blessings of Thy grace. Bless us in our national government, and in our several state governments. A great, may we be a united people. We pray for all that are in authority. Give to all who occupy places of trust and influence, the spirit of wisdom and understanding; the spirit of counsel and might; the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord. Make our officers peace, and our exactors righteousness; may our judges be as at the first, and our counselors as at the beginning. Deliver us from whatever disturbs our peace and menaces our prosperity. May Thy mercy be nigh to us, and Thy judgments be turned away from us.

And now be with us in the remaining services of the occasion—an occasion never to be forgotten. Soon we shall be separated, and scattered far and wide; but often, as we look back to these hills and valleys, we shall exclaim, as of Jerusalem of old, If I forget Thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember Thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

God of our fathers, be Thou our protection and portion, and be the God of our children, and children's children, from generation to generation; and let the whole earth be filled with Thy glory.

These our supplications we present, in the name of Thy Son, our Saviour, who has taught us when we pray, to say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed by Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Hon. John A. Rockwell then delivered the following address.

ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND TIMES OF MAJOR JOHN MASON.

In one of those truthful and life-like representations of the great novelist, we have a description of a humble man, bending under the weight of years, who devoted the evening of his days in searching out the graves of the covenantors of Scotland, and with his hammer and chisel, removing the moss from the grave stones and deepening the impressions of the inscriptions which time had nearly effaced. The pious duty which we are now to perform is not unlike that which occupied the thoughts and time of Old Mortality. The remembrance of the noble deeds and of the noble character of the foremost of the founders of our town and state, is greatly impaired by time, and we are in danger of forgetting the debt of gratitude which we owe to John Mason. We are to-day assembled that we may remove the rust of time, may root out the weeds that have obscured his grave, may rescue the moss covered tablet, and deepen and sharpen the impressions worn by time. We aim to erect a humble, but we hope an enduring memorial hewn from the granite rocks which bound the coast of that territory which was conquered by his valor; a memorial which, in its loftiness and symmetry, should be, as in the firmness and durability of its material it will be, no unfit emblem of the character of Mason. We meet to inscribe anew upon the fleshly tablets of our hearts the record of his acts and his virtues.

The day, the scene, the assembly, are fit attendants, and speak more eloquently than any language that I can use.

The two centuries that have passed since that little band, led by major Mason as their military chief, and his son-in-law as their

spiritual guide, founded our town, have furnished a history of which no son of Norwich need be ashamed, and not unworthy of the manly and Christian virtues which distinguished its founders.

Whose heart is not warmed, whose eye is not moistened, on this anniversary, while recalling with gratitude the labors, sacrifices and virtues of our fathers!

The hills and valleys upon which our eyes rest for miles around with so much pleasure, were the hunting grounds of the Indians, and when our fathers came, an unbroken wilderness. The Yantic, which is almost at our feet, and is hurrying on in its winding and beautiful current, is full of Indian legends and Indian history. On its banks, were the wigwams of the Mohegans. Its most romantic scenery is memorable for Indian battles. On one of the most beautiful spots on its borders, and in sight from where we stand, is the royal burying ground and the grave of Uncas. On its banks, and about a mile distant, were the farm and house where John Mason lived and died; and on the same stream, a short distance above, under the shadow of a magnificent oak, the solitary remains of the primeval forest, on an elevation from which you see around the woods and cultivated fields, comfortable and costly residences, and amid the countless evidences of the industry and wealth of his descendants, rest his remains, henceforth to be marked by an appropriate monument.

Among the multitude by whom I am surrounded, of the citizens and descendants of Norwich, is an uncounted host of the direct lineal descendants of major Mason, and if it shall be my lot in any, the most humble manner, to aid in rescuing from oblivion the events connected with his long and distinguished life, I shall feel that I have performed a duty to the town and a grateful service to his numerous posterity.

In the language of major Mason himself, in his preface to "the history of the Pequot war," "I shall not make a long discourse, nor labor to hold the reader in doubt, using a multitude of words, which is no sure way to find out the truth."

John Mason was born during the first or second year of the 17th century. He served in the low countries under sir Thomas Fairfax, with the rank of lieutenant. The details of that service are not now known, but that he distinguished himself may be fairly inferred from the fact that during the civil wars in England

at the time of the commonwealth, that distinguished general invited his comrade in arms to join him in England as the associate of the ablest officers and most resolute soldiery that England has ever seen.

He was one of the early, although probably not of the first settlers of Dorchester, in Massachusetts, which was founded in the year 1630.

Soon after his arrival in the Massachusetts colony, he engaged in a hazardous expedition for the capture of a band of pirates under a desperate leader by the name of Bull, who, with a company of fifteen men equally desperate, had committed their atrocities in the dead of winter. Mason spent two months in this enterprise, which called for great courage and prudence and involved severe hardships. He was unable to capture the pirates, but they soon dispersed, and the general court ordered that £10 should be paid to lieutenant Mason for his services.

In September, 1634, he was employed, with other military officers of experience, as a committee for selecting sites for fortifications in Boston harbor, and himself had charge of the erection of the works on Castle Island, one of the most important points, with ample authority and discretion to complete the work.

In the year 1635 he represented the town of Dorchester in the general court, and while a member of that body, on the 3d of June of that year, an application from the inhabitants of Dorchester, to form a colony on Connecticut river, was granted. Mason was a leading person in this enterprise. The colonists began their journey for their new homes on the 15th of October, 1635. They traveled on foot. The journey, which is now a short and easy one, occupied fourteen days, and was full of labor and hardship; but the terrible winter which followed would have appalled any less resolute than themselves. It was unusually severe. The Connecticut river was frozen by the middle of November. The ground was covered with snow; their cattle were many of them destroyed; their provisions failed to arrive, and those that returned to supply the want suffered severe hardships, with the loss of one of their number. Those that remained were almost in a state of starvation, and fed on "acorns, malt and grains."

But it was not merely these physical sufferings that they were called upon to encounter. The entire enterprise was one of the

most remarkable recorded on the pages of the early history of this or of any other country.

The community they were to found was wholly independent of, and unconnected with any government in the world. They went beyond the limits of the colony of Massachusetts. They received no charter from any civilized government, and recognized the authority of no foreign power. They left their home at Dorchester in spite of the remonstrances of their minister and spiritual leader. The colony of New Plymouth protested against the occupation of what they declared was their own territory. The Dutch at New Netherlands were indignant at the invasion of a country which they claimed to be within their own jurisdiction, and sent to Holland for a commission to expel the intruders.

In the midst of the three or four thousand warriors which Winthrop estimates as at the command of the Indians on Connecticut river, vindictive, treacherous and bloodthirsty, they not only came themselves, but brought with them their wives and children, numbering in all one hundred persons, and founded the settlement of Windsor.

A common faith and a feeling of common interest and common danger united these settlers with those at Hartford and Weathersfield, and they together formed the independent sovereignty of Connecticut, numbering in all about eight hundred persons.

Almost from the moment of their settlement, this colony, in common with those of Massachusetts and Plymouth, was threatened with extermination by hostile Indians. The most powerful and warlike of these tribes were the Pequots. Their name is said to correspond with our word "destroyer"—such at least was their character. The region which they claimed included most of the coast of Long Island sound within the present limits of this state, and their principal forts and villages were at New London and Mystic. They were the terror of all the other tribes of Indians, against whom they carried on a constant and almost indiscriminate warfare, and from whom they had conquered the territory which they claimed.

The war with the Pequots constitutes one of the most important events in the early history of the colonies, and while all participated in the beneficial results, the success of the undertaking is to be ascribed to the contributions and sacrifices of Connecticut alone,

and most of all to the prudence, energy and indomitable valor of John Mason and the troops under his command.

The causes of this war must be very briefly stated.

Captain John Stone, of Virginia, in an expedition to the Connecticut river, in 1633, had been murdered by the Indians. Repeated efforts were made by the authorities of Massachusetts to obtain from the Pequots the delivery of the murderers, until, on the 4th of May, 1636, governor Vane and lieutenant governor Winthrop addressed a letter and instructions to John Winthrop, jr., with power to negotiate with the Pequots. These two original documents I have before me, with the original signatures of governor Vane and deputy governor Winthrop, and in the handwriting of the latter.

In these instructions, the various outrages of the Pequots are specified, and Mr. Winthrop was required "to take the relation from their own mouths, and to inform us particularly of their several answers, giving them to understand that it is not the manner of the English to take revenge of injuries until parties that are guilty have been called to answer fairly for themselves," and "to let them know that if they shall clear themselves of these matters, we shall not refuse to hearken to any reasonable proposition from them for confirmation of peace betwixt us. But if they shall not give you satisfaction according to these our instructions, or shall be found guilty of any of the said matters, and will not deliver the actors in them into our hands, that then (as before you are directed) you return them the present, and declare to them that we hold ourselves free from any league or peace with them, and shall revenge the blood of our countrymen as occasion shall serve."

This mission of peace having proved wholly unavailing, and the present of the Pequots having been returned to them, the transaction amounted to a declaration of war on the part of Massachusetts, but at the instance of Gardiner and others, hostilities were for the time delayed.

On the 20th of July following, John Oldham, of Massachusetts, was murdered by the Indians.

Captain John Gallup, of Connecticut, the associate and friend of Mason, on his way from Connecticut to Long Island in his boat of 20 tons burthen, with one man and two little boys, discovered, near Block Island, a pinnace which he knew belonged to Mr. Old-

ham, filled with fourteen hostile Indians armed with pikes, guns and swords. He had two guns, two pistols and duck shot. Instead of seeking further help, he immediately attacked the Indians, and after firing upon them, boarded the vessel, and with the exception of one Indian, whom he took prisoner and sent to Boston, he destroyed the whole party. On board the vessel were the remains of Mr. Oldham, recently murdered.

This same John Gallup was the associate of captain Mason in his expedition against the pirates, to which I have already referred; and the numerous descendants of captain Gallup by whom we are surrounded may well be proud of their ancestor.

To revenge this murder, an expedition was fitted out by Massachusetts in the month of August, 1636, under the command of Endicott, with four captains (among whom was John Underhill) and ninety men. The governor of the colony of Plymouth severely censured this expedition as ill devised as it was ill managed, and truly did captain Lion Gardiner, of Saybrook, say to Endicott and his associates—"You came hither to raise these wasps about my ears, and then you will take wings and flee away." Captain Underhill, who was a brave soldier, in his account of the enterprise, says—"Myself received an arrow through my coat sleeve, a second against my helmet on the forehead. So as if God in his providence had not moved the heart of my wife to persuade me to carry it along with me, (which I was unwilling to do,) I had been slain. Give me leave to observe two things from hence: first, when the hour of death is not yet come, you see God useth *weak means* to keep his purpose unviolated; secondly, let no man despise advice and counsel of his wife, though she be a woman."

Soon after this expedition, Sassacus, the chief of the Pequots, devised the plan of exterminating the whites, and sought every occasion of murdering the settlers on Connecticut river. The number so slain amounted to about thirty persons, including women and children.

More than a hundred of the Pequots, uniting themselves with other Indians in the neighborhood, fell upon the settlers in the neighborhood of Weathersfield, killed seven men, two women and one child, and carried away two women as captives. These murders were accompanied with acts of barbarity of the most revolting kind. Two of the men slain were sawn in sunder, and the

head of another was cut off and placed upon a tree. Mr. Mitchell, the brother of the minister at Cambridge, was roasted alive.

In pursuance of this plan for the extermination of the settlement, was the effort on the part of the Pequot chief to bring about a combination to destroy all the colonists by detail. This combination was for the time prevented by Roger Williams, who in a long letter to Mason, whom he describes as his "honored, dear and ancient friend," gives a touching account of his visit to the Indians for that purpose, undertaken at imminent peril of his life.

It became thus with the Connecticut settlers a question whether they or the Pequots were to be exterminated. This little colony must either submit to entire destruction, or must strike a blow which should be decisive, not only as a punishment for past, but a prevention of future barbarities.

They had sought the aid of Massachusetts, but the tardy movements of that colony left them no alternative but to undertake alone the hazardous and bloody enterprise.

At a general court held at Hartford on the 1st day of May, 1637, it was ordered "that there shall be an offensive war against the Pequots, and that there shall be 90 men levied out of the three plantations, Hartford, Weathersfield and Windsor, under the command of captain John Mason, and in case of death or sickness, under the command of Robert Steele, lieutenant, and the oldest sergeant or military officer if both of these miscarry. The court also make provision for the precise amount of provisions, ammunition &c., for the service, to be furnished by the three towns."

Prince, who wrote the preface to Mason's narrative of the expedition, says—"The reverend Mr. Hooker, of Hartford, being desired by the government in their name to deliver the staff into his hands, we may imagine that he did it with that superior piety, spirit and majesty which were peculiar to himself; like an ancient prophet addressing himself to the military officer, delivering to him the principal ensign of martial power, to lead the armies and fight the battles of the Lord and his people."

It is not possible now and here to realize the intense solemnity and sadness of that hour.

What must have been the feelings of Mason when receiving this emblem of authority. They had entrusted their all to him, and under heaven it was upon him that they relied. The whole

of the little colony were doubtless assembled, for none would be absent at that trying moment. Scarcely a person in the colony who had not a father or husband or son or brother in that little company of ninety men who were embarking on this desperate undertaking. So small were the numbers and so inadequate the force, that nothing but the imminence of the danger relieved the enterprise from the charge of the most inexcusable rashness.

Under such auspices, Mason started on his expedition against the Pequots on the 10th day of May, within ten days after it had been determined upon by the general court, and arrived at Saybrook on the 17th, where they remained wind bound until Friday, the 19th. At Saybrook, Mason found Underhill with 19 men from Massachusetts, for the protection of the fort, who were under pay of the Saybrook company. Both he and Gardiner regarded the force as wholly insufficient, and the undertaking as a desperate one.

Gardiner says in his narrative, "But when captain Underhill and I had seen their commission, we both said they were not fitted for such a design, and we said to major Mason, we wondered he would venture himself, being no better fitted, and he said the magistrates could not or would not send better. Then we said that none of our men should go with them, unless we, that were bred soldiers from our youth, could see some likelihood to do better than the Bay men with their strong commission last year."

Finally, however, one of these "bred soldiers," Underhill, with nineteen men, joined the expedition, and twenty of the original ninety returned to aid in protecting their own homes and those of the absent soldiers.

If Mason had followed his instructions, the enterprise would probably have proved one of disaster and defeat. Those were, that he should proceed to the Pequot river, (the Thames,) in the heart of the enemy's country. This the Pequots expected, and for it were prepared. Mason alone, of all the officers and men, proposed to pass by the Thames and to proceed to the Narragansett country; form, if possible, an alliance with the Narragansetts, and in conjunction with the Mohegans, surprise the Pequots and attack them in the rear. Suspending a decision of the question, the chaplain of the expedition, Mr. Stone, having spent a portion of the night in prayer for counsel from on high, joined with Mason in his plan of attack, in which all then concurred.

The firmness and self-reliance as well as the prudence of Mason is thus departing from positive instructions, is the more remarkable from the rigid notions of discipline which he had imbibed during his foreign service. In his "narrative" he says:—"There was a great commander in Belgia who did the state great service in taking a city, but by going beyond his commission, he lost his life. His name was Grublendunk."

On Friday, the 19th, they left Saybrook, and on the evening of Saturday, the 20th, they arrived at their destined port, near point Judith, a distance of about fifty miles.

The Sabbath was religiously observed on board their vessels. A severe wind prevented their landing until the evening of Tuesday, the 23d. After a visit to the chief of the Narragansetts, who regarded their force as wholly inadequate, but who furnished a company of about two hundred warriors, on the morning of Wednesday, the 24th, the little army, consisting of seventy-seven men, (the residue of the original ninety being left on board the vessels,) together with about sixty Mohegans, and the two hundred Narragansetts, proceeded, and after a march of about 18 miles, reached at night a fort of the Niantics, an unfriendly tribe at the time in alliance with the Pequots. This fort they surrounded and watched during the night, to prevent the transmission of intelligence to the Pequots.

On Thursday, the 25th, they were joined by other Indians, making in all about 500. Under the faithful guidance of Uncas and another chief, they approached the two forts of the Pequots, and at first determined to attack them simultaneously; but their courage was greater than their strength, which had been weakened by fatigue, watching, and insufficient food, and they decided to attack one fort alone. Their allies, the Indians, manifested such timidity, and such unmanly fear of the Pequots and their chief, that Mason determined to rely solely on his own troops in making the attack. Uncas alone showed both faithfulness and courage, as well as a knowledge of Indian character. Mason, in his narrative, says:—"I then enquired of Onkos what he thought the Indians would do; who said the Narragansetts will all leave us, but for himself he would never leave us—and so it proved. For which expressions, and some other speeches of his, I shall never forget him. Indeed he was a great friend and did great service."

It was on the morning of Friday, the 26th May, about two hours before day, by the light of the moon, that the little party of seventy-seven men made their attack upon the fort containing about seven hundred of the dreaded Pequots, principally fighting men, as the old men, the women and children, had most of them been previously removed.

Before making the attack they sought the aid of a power higher than themselves. They invoked, those stern and resolute men, invoked the protection of that Almighty arm which had guided and upheld them across the ocean, and had protected and sustained them amid the incredible labors and unexampled hardships of their enterprise.

The fort was stormed. The Pequots were taken by surprise. So simultaneous was the attack, that Underhill, in his history, says: "We could not but admire at the providence of God in it, that soldiers so unexpert in the use of their arms, should give so complete a volley, as though the finger of God had touched both match and flint."

Scattered and concealed as the Pequots were in their huts, the danger which threatened Mason and his men, when the Indians should recover from their panic and see the meager force by which they were attacked, was imminent. With characteristic promptness and energy, Mason exclaimed, "We must burn them," and with a blazing brand set fire to the wigwams of the savages. The flames soon forced them from their hiding places. Some threw themselves into the fire, a great number were slaughtered by the troops, and the rest were pierced by the arrows of the Mohegans and Narragansetts who had been stationed around the fort, at a safe distance from the scene of the attack.

The destruction was complete. Between six and seven hundred of the Pequots were killed, seven escaped, and seven were captured. Two of Mason's party were slain, and about twenty wounded.

Resolute and bold as was this attack, the dangers of the succeeding day were even greater. They were in the country of an enemy exasperated to madness by the slaughter of their comrades, themselves exhausted and worn out by marching, and watching, and fighting. A portion of their number were wounded, and twenty were employed in carrying them. They defended their Indian allies, who gave them little aid; attacked a band of three hundred

Pequots, who, furious with rage, assailed them on their way; and thus, on that dreadful day, step by step, fought their way to the Pequot river. Here their eyes were greeted with the sight of their own boats, that had been taken possession of soon after they left them, by captain Patrick, with a party of forty men, from Massachusetts.

Mason in his narrative mentions "special providences." Among these he says:—"Lieutenant Bull had an arrow shot into a hard piece of cheese, having no other defense, which may verify the old saying—'A little armor would serve if a man knew where to place it.' Many such providences happened. Some respecting myself; but since there is none to witness to them, I shall forbear to mention them."

Mason also makes honorable mention of sergeant William Heydon, who, instead of sergeant Davis, it is claimed, cut the bow string of an Indian as he was aiming an arrow at the head of captain Mason. That very sword I hold in my hand, as I am assured by a respected lineal descendant of the brave sergeant; and this is said to be the sword of captain John Mason himself, and the one used by him in this battle.

Before leaving his boats, Mason had been notified by Roger Williams that captain Patrick and his party were at Providence, and would soon be able to join them. Why he had not waited for them Mason does not inform us. That his reasons were sufficient may be inferred from the prudence and sagacity, as well as courage, which marked all the proceedings of that intrepid leader, and the events connected with their meeting, serve to show that the union with captain Patrick would not have added to the harmony, as it could not have increased the success of those engaged in the enterprise.

Mason in his narrative says:—"Captain Patrick being arrived there with our vessels, who, as we were informed, was sent with forty men by the Massachusetts colony, upon some service against the Block Islanders, who coming to the shore in one shallop with all his company, as he said, to rescue us, supposing we were pursued, though there did not appear any the least design of such a thing." It seems, too, that captain Patrick refused to relinquish their own vessels to this victorious and exhausted little army.

Mason continues:—"But we did not prevail with him by any means to put his men ashore, that so we might carry our wounded men aboard, although it was our own boat in which he was." Again—"Shortly after their coming aboard, there fell out a great contest between captain Underhill and captain Patrick," &c.

The result seems to have been that Underhill and his company, with the wounded and prisoners, were taken by water to Saybrook, and that Mason and his weary followers, deprived of their own boat, were obliged to continue on foot to the Connecticut river.

Mason says in his narrative:—"But absolutely necessitated to march by land, we hasted ashore, with our Indians and small number. Captain Patrick, seeing what we intended, came ashore with his men, although in truth we did not desire or delight in his company; and so we plainly told him."

On their way from the Pequot river, they fell in with and dispersed a party of Niantic Indians, and on Saturday night, the 27th, arrived at the Connecticut river, opposite the fort at Saybrook, and as he says, "Being nobly entertained by lieutenant Gardiner, and many great guns." He immediately returned with his men to their homes.

In these four days, from the morning of Wednesday, the 24th, to Saturday night, the 27th of May, this little band of seventy-seven men had marched through an unbroken wilderness, a distance not less than sixty miles, surrounded by warlike and hostile Indians, and achieved, undoubtedly, the most decisive victory, considered in all its bearings and results, to be found on record, in the whole history of the Indian wars with the British colonies.

The war had been declared on the 1st day of May; the power of the enemy, the most warlike of the tribes of New England, had been thoroughly and for ever destroyed, and the war substantially brought to a close by the 27th of the same month. The time occupied in this decisive campaign was just three weeks and three days. The general court at Hartford very liberally called it a month, in paying the officers and men engaged. The soldiers received one shilling and three pence per day, and the captain forty shillings per week, for their services.

Another expedition was sent forth, in conjunction with Massachusetts, to pursue and exterminate the prostrate and flying Pe-

quots. Massachusetts sent one hundred and twenty men on this duty, and under the command of Mason Connecticut sent forty.

What then do we think, and what shall we say of the Pequot war, the events of which our time has required us so briefly to sketch, and what of the actors, and of him who was the leader and soul of the enterprise? Shall we, like some of the descendants of these men, who are enjoying in safety and luxury the fruits of their labors and sufferings, expend all our sympathies upon the "poor Indians," and join in plaudits of the Pequots and their leader, and in lamentations over their untimely fate? If there were any such before me, I would ask what they would have our fathers do? Were they to allow themselves to be exterminated by this savage tribe? The infant colony numbered less than 800 persons, with less than 200 able to bear arms. They settled in their new homes on the invitation of the Indians occupying and claiming the territory. They had been there less than two years. They had done no acts of wrong toward the Indians, and lived remote from the territory of the Pequots, who intermitted their causeless wars with the more powerful tribes only to commence one of extermination against the settlers of Connecticut river. Thirty of their number, including women and children, had been slain under circumstances of the grossest barbarity and insult. Their cries of anguish, and supplications of mercy, had been imitated by the Indians with jeers and scoffs, in the sight and hearing of their families and friends, and their mangled remains had been exhibited with every mark of ignominy and barbarity. Were they to allow these acts to continue, and the whole company to be cut off by piecemeal and in detail? Would you have had them follow the example of Massachusetts in relation to the murder of captain Stone and his companions—negotiate for more than three years, make treaties with those who did not pretend to respect any treaty, and were utterly faithless?

There was no remedy but by a sudden, sharp and terrible vengeance, severely to punish this band of pirates, and destroy them in their den. Any half way measures would have only exasperated this desperate foe. As soon would I sympathize with the Sepoys of India in their barbarities, and deplore the severity of the British, as join in the silly and senseless sentimentalities over the hard fate of the Pequots and their bloody and treacherous leader.

The terror with which Sassacus and his followers had inspired the other tribes of Indians, was transferred to Mason. Prince says that "He soon became the equal dread of the most numerous nations, from Narragansett to Hudson's river."

The result of this war, in connection with the temperate and judicious management of Indian affairs, which were almost entirely committed to the charge of major Mason, was an uninterrupted peace with the Indians for forty years in this and other colonies.

Who, then, shall say that our ancestors did not act wisely and humanely, as they did courageously and vigorously in this brief and bloody contest?

In the several narratives of this war, both cotemporaneous and subsequent, not a word is said to the disparagement of Mason, but those that differed as to the merits and claims of others all concurred in their expression of admiration of the ability and courage of the leader. The cotemporaneous sentiment was also one of approbation of the course pursued.

Gardiner, indeed, in his narrative of the Pequot war, complains that the merits of major Mason had not been sufficiently appreciated elsewhere. He says—"One New England twelve penny chronicle is stuffed with a catalogue of the names of some as if they had deserved immortal fame, but the right New England military worthies are left out for want of room; as major Mason, captain Underhill, lieutenant Seeley, &c., who undertook the desperate way and design of Mystick fort," &c.

Underhill, in his history, says—"Captain Mason and myself entering into the wigwams, he was shot and received many arrows against his head piece. God preserved him from many wounds."

P. Vincent, in a relation of the battle, published in London in 1638, vindicates the severity, and he says—"Mercy mars all sometimes. Severe justice must now and then take place. The long forbearance and too much lenity of the English towards the Virginian savages had like to have been the destruction of the whole plantation."

"Time would fail," says the reverend Samuel Niles, in his summary historical narrative of the wars in New England, "to enumerate the many instances of divine direction, manuduction, successes and salvation granted to this small handful of men in this conflict and enterprise." After speaking of Miles Standish, he

says—"The other renowned commander I aim at was the victorious captain John Mason, of whose heroic conquests we have just been speaking. Though he was bred to arms, as before remarked, yet he did not equip himself with arms and the weapons of war till it was absolutely necessary, and in the defense of a small people, then in their beginnings, who otherwise, according to all rational probability, must quickly have been entirely cut off."

He adds—"I have the rather and indeed longer insisted on the topic relating to these honorable first commanders in the country, with the intent that their memories may be impressed on the minds of posterity, with a grateful sense of the mercy of God shining illustriously in them, and their names and deeds, though they themselves are long since dead, yet they live in the memory of ages yet to come, and with embellished figures in the annals of New England."

Roger Wolcott, in a poem called "a brief account of the agency of the honorable John Winthrop, esq., in the court of king Charles the second, 1662," gives a very full and heroic account of the Pequot war and of major Mason. He says—

> "The army now drawn up. To be their head
> Our valiant Mason was commissioned;
> Whose name is never mentioned by me,
> Without a special note of dignity."

The poem concludes with the answer of the king to the application of Winthrop:—

> "Be it so then, and we ourself decree
> Connecticut shall be a colony,
> Enfranchised with such ample liberties,
> As thou, their friend, shall best for them devise;
> And further know our royal pleasure thus,
> And so it is determined by us,
> Chief in the patent, Winthrop, thou shalt stand,
> And valiant Mason place at thy next hand."

Dr. Dwight, speaking of this Pequot war, says—"Few efforts made by man have been more strongly marked with wisdom in the projection, or with superior courage and conduct in the execution. Every step appears to have been directed by that spirit and prudence which mankind have with one voice regarded with admiration and applause in the statesman and the hero."

And the venerable Roger Williams said to him—"When the Lord drew the bow of the Pequot war against the country," "the Lord made yourself and others a blessed instrument of peace to all New England."

Major Mason indulged in no indiscriminate hostility to the Indians. He was as just and moderate and discriminating, as he was vigorous and firm in his dealings with them.

We have heard what he said of Uncas in his attack of the Pequots. In another place he adds—"All our Indians except Uncas deserted us." This courageous and faithful chief, with all his tribe, remained ever friendly and constant to his engagements. He found in major Mason a warm friend during his whole life. This however did not prevent the major, at a subsequent period, when he apprehended a combination among the Indian tribes, from adopting the course which he thought prudence required. He recommended the disarming of the so called friendly Indians, and commenced with the Mohegans. Owaneco readily complied with his request, and as Mason says, "never stuck at it, but consented at the first motion."

In the same letter he recommends that the suspected Indians be "thoroughly examined, and as matters shall be, thoroughly dealt with; not as if we were afraid of them or of the French." "'T is good to kill such birds in the egg," &c.

Roger Williams, in a letter to John Winthrop, jr., written in 1649, says—"Last night one of the Pequots brought me very privately letters from captain Mason." * * * "The letters are kind to myself, acknowledging loving letters (and tokens upon the burning of his house) he had received from me," * * "but *terrible to all the natives* and especially to the sachems," &c.

Although terrible to the Indians, he was never guilty of acts of cruelty or injustice toward them.

Time will allow us to add in relation to the military services of major Mason but a few words more.

On the 8th of March, 1637, an order was passed by the general court at Hartford that captain Mason should be "a public military officer of the plantations of Connecticut," with a salary of £40 per annum. This position he occupied until within two years of his death, a period of about 35 years. He continued during the whole period the highest military officer in the colony. He had

no high sounding title; at first it was that of captain, and afterward that of major, and so continued; and as he was the only major in the colony, he was often named in the public acts of the court as "the major," no other designation being necessary to distinguish him.

All the male inhabitants above the age of 16, with the exception of the commissioners and church officers, were obliged, by law, to bear arms, and were placed under the orders of Mason, who was authorized to train them ten days in the year. It was thus almost literally true that every man was a soldier, and under the training of so strict a disciplinarian and so competent a leader, there were no better soldiers. But not only had he, under these modest titles, the highest and most ample military authority, but on some occasions the general court, usually slow in granting discretionary powers to any one, conferred upon him almost the authority of a dictator.

As the post of most importance and greatest danger, he removed to Saybrook, and by order of the court his pay was continued. It was also ordered by the general court in June, 1647, "that captain Mason should, for the peace, safety and good assurance of this commonwealth, have the command of all soldiers *and inhabitants* of Saybrook, and in case of alarm or danger by approach of our enemy, to draw forth a part of the said soldiers and inhabitants in such posture for the defense of the place as to him shall seem best."

Similar orders were given in the year 1652, in which they empowered captain Mason, for the defense of Saybrook, "to call forth men and means suitable, and upon refusal, to press such hands and other means as shall be necessary," &c.

Thus substantially and in fact, although not in form, the habeas corpus act was suspended, martial law was declared, and an absolute discretionary dictatorial authority for the time conferred upon captain Mason.

Our time will not permit us to give in detail the numerous and diversified military duties to which he was called during his long period of service.

It may be safely said that there was no man in the colony who could not have been better spared, and whose place could not have been more easily supplied. Nor were the general court

unmindful of these services, or of the importance of major Mason to the infant commonwealth. Application having been made to him by some persons in the New Haven colony, to take charge of an enterprise for forming a colony on the Delaware, the following entry appears on the journal of the general court of the 9th of October, 1651.

"A letter being received from captain Mason, wherein he desires, among other things, the advice of the court, touching a motion propounded by some of New Haven interested in Delaware design, for his assistance of them in that business, with some encouragements for his settling there:"

"The court ordered that answer be returned in reference to the foregoing particular to the following purposes: That it is much in the desires of the whole court, that he would not entertain thoughts of removing his abode out of this colony, whereunto they can not give the least allowance or approbation, yet if his own desire be for the present service of that place, and their importunities continue for his employment there, the court can not wholly deny him or them; the work being that which they are willing to promote; but are content he shall attend the service for three months, provided he will engage himself to return within that time and continue his abode as formerly."

The general respect for him is also shown in a letter from the court to the commissioners of the united colonies, complaining of the Narragansetts having fired eleven bullets into a house, "in hopes, as they boasted, to have slain him whom we have cause to honor, whose safety we can not but take ourselves bound to protect, our deputy governor, major Mason."

It would seem, too, that the major was much less careful of his own safety than the general court. The last of the instructions to him, when sent as the head of an expedition to Long Island, was, "we do not judge it convenient that you should *in your own person* make after any Indians in the woods," &c.

As a further testimony of their appreciation of Mason's services, and gratitude for them, the general court made him, at different times, grants of considerable tracts of land, to two of which only can we refer.

On the 5th of June, 1641, it was ordered "that captain Mason shall have 500 acres of ground for him and his heirs, about Pe-

quot country, and the dispose of 500 more to such soldiers as joined with him in the service when they conquered the Indians there." And on the 11th of September, 1651, the following minute appears:—

"Also the island commonly called Chippachauge (now Mason's island) in Mystic bay, is given to captain John Mason, as also 100 acres of upland and 10 acres near Mystic, where he shall make choice." A portion of this island is still owned and occupied by the descendants of Mason.

But not only were the military affairs and the Indian affairs of the colony almost entirely entrusted to the charge of major Mason, or governed by his counsel. For a series of years he was a magistrate and member of the general court. He was repeatedly elected and served as lieutenant governor, and for two years, during the absence of governor Winthrop in England, he was the acting governor of the colony. He was also one of the commissioners of the united colonies for the years 1647, '54, '55, '56, '57 and '61.

In all the important questions which arose during his long public life affecting the foreign relations of the colony, including its intercourse with its neighbors, as well as its most important internal arrangements, I believe, without an exception, major Mason was called upon to perform an active part.

He was one of a committee to settle the boundary with Massachusetts, also the southern boundary of the colony, and in relation to the earnest controversy which arose with Roger Williams as to the eastern boundary. On the 9th of October, 1662, the general court ordered "that the inhabitants at Mystick and Paukatuck, shall from henceforth forbear to exercise authority by virtue of commissioners from any other colony, and in case of any differences that may arise, they repair to *our worshipful deputy governor for help*, and that they choose a constable for the year ensuing; and the constable to repair to our worshipful deputy governor for his oath."

It is evident that the general court considered "our worshipful deputy" as a host in himself, and with one constable quite adequate to resist the encroachments of all Rhode Island, with the venerable Roger Williams at their head.

The character of this controversy, which was violent and pro-

tracted, may be seen by the correspondence, which is very voluminous, and has been to a great extent preserved.

In 1670, major Mason, in a letter to the commissioners for Connecticut, encloses some writings received from Roger Williams. In one of these letters, dated June 22d, 1670, Mr. Williams reproaches the people and colony of Connecticut for "an unneighborly and unchristian intrusion," to which they were led "by their depraved appetites after the great vanities, dreams and shadows of this vanishing life, great portions of land in the wilderness," &c.

Mason, in his letter, recommends moderation. He says—"I am apt to think the proper right of Narragansett country belongs to Connecticut. But there seems notwithstanding so many twistings in the matter, and how they may be interpreted is doubtful and uncertain, besides the many hazzards that may attend the management of this affair to a full issue, possibly to the effusion of blood, if not so already; besides many other disasters which are not yet discovered. 'T is also possible the toll may prove to be more than the grist. A wise man reckons the cost before he builds his house. Truly I am of that mind that the charge in recovering what is aimed at, if it should be gained, will amount in reason to more than the whole country, as it is now stated, will be worth, for it is barren in the general," &c.

He seems to think also no better of the people than of the land. He proceeds—"We must erect a government over a people that will come under no government, neither civil nor ecclesiastic, they being already in dispersed corners like the Swedes, so that there is no likelihood of any tolerable christianlike society to be settled amongst them." "And therefore for us to take so much pains, to run so great hazzard, and to be at so much trouble and charge upon so great uncertainty, to procure a nothing, nay, truly, that which is worse than nothing, in my conception," &c. "I speak not this that we may be dastardly cheated and befooled out of our rights, but that there may be a due and provident care so to demean ourselves that we may prevent after inconveniences." * * "I shall only commend this at present to your serious consideration, for matters of moment, you know, should be handled with ripe advice, poised consultation, and solid conclusions."

On the 5th of December, 1644, George Fenwick, esq., executed an agreement to transfer to the colony of Connecticut, the fort at

Saybrook with its appurtenances. Major Mason was one of the parties to this important arrangement, acting as one of a committee for the commonwealth; and subsequently the guns and other property at the fort were placed under his charge by the general court.

During the important and delicate negotiations connected with the union with the New Haven colony, major Mason was deputy governor, and on the 11th March, 1662, was appointed the chairman of a committee, who were instructed "to go down to New Haven to treat with our honored and loving friends about settling their union and incorporation with this colony of Connecticut," &c. And at a general assembly on the 19th August, 1663, another committee was appointed, of which major Mason was the chairman, by a resolution which assumed a higher tone, and conferred ampler authority upon the committee. The result of the wise and prudent arrangements thus made was the cordial union of the two colonies.

A letter having been received from Oliver Cromwell in relation to the formation of a martial force to conduct an expedition against the Dutch at New Netherlands, and major Robert Sedgwick and captain John Sewitt having come to America with a commission from the lord protector to carry the enterprise into effect, the officers of the colony with the utmost alacrity promised their concurrence. A commission was issued to major Mason and captain John Cullick, and full instructions given them under date of 13th June, 1654. They were instructed—"If you find the Massachusetts colony shall join with their due proportions of men with the other colonies, you may engage our meet proportion with them of men as near as you can, in order to the design according to the articles of confederation, provided the whole number from England and all the colonies exceed not 1,500. If the Massachusetts colony shall refuse to join in proportion in the aforesaid service, and upon debate it appears the other colonies, or those of them that shall join, may or are able to carry on the design with hopeful fruit of success, without the Massachusetts, you may engage this colony to join therein, provided the number of men to go out from us exceed not 200, wherein you are to avoid volunteers what you may, but rather than the design shall fail, you may admit 400 or 500, provided they all engage to be under the command and at the dispose of such commanders as you shall appoint," &c.

The result of this effort was that Massachusetts granted leave to raise 500 volunteers within its jurisdiction, and the Plymouth commissioners returned home for further instructions. "Under these circumstances the two commissioners for Cromwell, major John Mason and captain John Cullick for Connecticut, Mr. Lute and Mr. Jordan for New Haven, 'considering the necessity of expedition in that undertaking, did agree to sit as a council, and proceeded to treaty.' They found on inquiry that not more than 300 men could be relied on from Massachusetts, and considering that as yet it was uncertain how many Plymouth would supply, the commissioners from Connecticut and New Haven agreed with the rest to undertake the work with such force by sea and land as were in view, if no more could be procured; hoping that (although the number should not rise to such a full or competent fitness for such an expedition as were to be desired, yet) we may rest upon the Lord for the blessing of success, whereas he now calls to the work and doth deny further means of help."*

By the time the expedition was in readiness, peace was made between England and the United Provinces, and it was of course abandoned.

The courage and self-reliance manifested by the commissioners of the two Connecticut colonies are quite characteristic of major Mason and his associates, and were fully appreciated and sustained by those whom they represented.

It must be acknowledged, however, that this bold and warlike policy toward the Dutch was not unaccompanied at an earlier period by one of a more powerful character, and more in accordance with the recommendations in a letter of sir William Boswell, English embassador to the states general, dated Jan. 22, 1641-2, in which he advises—"That in the mean time the English there do not forbear to put forward their plantations and *crowd on, crowding the Dutch out of those places* where they have occupied, but without hostility or any act of violence."

Our worthy neighbors at New Netherlands have not ceased to complain not only that our forefathers *crowded* them out of their possessions on Connecticut river, but that this process of *crowding* has been continued to the present time, and has been manifested in

every part of their acknowledged territory, and most of all in the great city of New York.

There was one subject, however, upon which major Mason did not seem to be informed, and so far as we see from the colonial records, the only one in the management of which he seems to have called for assistance, and that was the subject of witchcraft.

On the 15th of June, 1659, is the following entry on the records of the general court:—"Mr. Willis is requested to go down to Saybrook to assist the major in examining the suspicion about witchery, and to act therein as may be requested."

As we hear nothing more of the matter, and as the course pursued with the witches was usually more mild and less bloody than in the neighboring colony, we may infer that the major manifested his usual moderation and good sense.

He also kept clear of all those heated ecclesiastical controversies which so much abounded in the colonies, and from which Connecticut did not escape. It was in relation to these controversies, doubtless, that in one of the letters above referred to, he says:—"I have only one word or two to present: first that we look up to God to help us to see our evil and great folly in our needless strife and contention, and that we unfeignedly and heartily repent and speedily reform."

In relation to the connection of major Mason with the town of Norwich, I shall be very brief.

In 1645, while captain Mason was in command of the fort at Saybrook, the Mohegans were attacked by a large force of the Narragansetts, who surrounded them in their fort at Shawtok point, on the Thames, in order to reduce them by famine. It was then that Thomas Leffingwell, of Saybrook, devised and executed, doubtless under the sanction of captain Mason, the plan for the relief of the Mohegans, so well known, and so well described by Miss Caulkins in her history of Norwich.

It has been often stated that as a reward for this service, a deed was executed by Uncas to Leffingwell, of "a great part, if not the whole, of the town of Norwich." That this statement is not correct is manifest from various considerations, and among others from the statements made by Mr. Leffingwell, in a petition to the general court, in May, 1667, seven years after the settlement of Norwich, in which, after referring to the hazard of his "outward comforts,"

and the damage in his "outward estate," by the aid which he had furnished to Uncas, he says—"Upon these, and such like reasons, Uncas hath several times offered me some land for my recompense and just satisfaction, and hath expressed the same to the major, who is acquainted with the truth of these things," &c.

This petition was allowed, and 400 acres of land in Preston was granted to Mr. Leffingwell.

Captain Mason, as is well known, was by far the most prominent person in the company that removed from Saybrook and formed the town of Norwich. Since the Pequot war, he had, for most of the time, had the charge of the Mohegans, and was the friend and adviser of Uncas.

The deed of the town, which was executed on the 6th of June, 1659, by Uncas, Owaneco and Attawanhood, and of which a duplicate original, with slight variations, was recorded by the secretary of the commonwealth, on the 20th of August, 1663, was executed in the presence of John Mason and Thomas Tracy.

This was the third town in Connecticut of which major Mason had been the founder. The other two were Windsor and Saybrook. And he was also one of the early and influential settlers of Dorchester, in Massachusetts.

During his residence in Norwich he filled the most important public offices in the colony. He was deputy governor and acting governor, one of the commissioners of the united colonies, the leading military officer of the colony, and discharged the numerous other important trusts to which we have had occasion to refer. The local affairs and offices of the town do not seem much to have engaged his attention, and so far as his acts are interwoven with the history of the town, they pertain to a province which has been assigned to the more ardent research and the more accurate investigations of another.

You will, I think, all agree with me, that even in the brief and imperfect sketch which I have given of major Mason, I have described a hero and a statesman; a great man and a fit founder of a great nation; a leader in that class of men who impress their characters on future generations.

He possessed all the elements of greatness. His purposes were high and noble; his will was strong and determined. He was possessed of remarkable firmness and promptitude, a courage which

was absolutely fearless, united with a prudence and moderation the most considerate and reflecting. There was a sternness and almost terrible rigor in his character, and yet he was as modest and simple as a child. Never do you hear from him one word of boastfulness or vanity.

Fierce and unrelenting as he showed himself in the bloody battle with the Pequots, he was yet a man of moderation and a friend of peace; and by his firm, cautious and resolute, and yet pacific course, he prevented, or checked in the outset, every tendency to disorder or violence.

These high qualities made him not only a great soldier, but an admirable legislator and magistrate, and caused him, as we have seen, to be selected as the master mind in all the important measures undertaken by the colony for a long series of years.

Never in his life do we find recorded a single manifestation of an intolerant or persecuting spirit. Envy, hatred and malice, seemed to find no place in his heart. He was virtuous in his life and habits, and in the relations of husband and father he was without reproach. His form was suited to the noble and devoted character of the man. He is described as large in size, lofty in stature, and of a commanding presence.

There was certainly nothing feeble or effeminate in his composition; and whatever excess of sternness, or harshness, or impetuosity, there may have been in his character, there was never anything bordering on tyranny or injustice; and those rougher and harsher features were moderated and tempered by the sincere faith and humble life of the Christian.

He suffered during the last years of his life with one of the most painful of diseases, and died on the 30th day of January, 1672, in the seventy-second or seventy-third year of his age.

The closing paragraph of the last letter which he wrote to the general assembly of the colony is in the spirit, as it is in the language, of an apostle. Entreating their remembrance at the throne of Grace, he adds—" Beseeching the God of Peace, who brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus, the great shepherd of His sheep, to make us perfect in every good word and work to do his will, into whose hands I commend you and your mighty affairs, who am your afflicted, yet real servant,

JOHN MASON."

There are other men in the early history of the colonies who are better known to fame, and have filled a larger space on the page of the historian and the poet, but, unless I deceive myself, there is none, of all those bold and fearless men, who deserve so high a place as John Mason. In the number, variety and magnitude of the services performed, if he has any equal, he certainly has no superior.

To none could we with more perfect truth in every respect, apply the beautiful language of one of our own poets:—

> "With manly heart, in piety sincere,
> Faithful in love, in friendship warm and true,
> In honor stern and chaste, in danger brave;
> Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave."

NOTE.

I am unwilling to omit a formal acknowledgment of the aid which I have received in preparing the foregoing address, although in so unimportant and ephemeral a production it scarcely seems necessary.

The reverend Mr. Ellis, in his biography of Mason, contained in Sparks's Biographical Series, so thoroughly explored the sources of information in relation to his life and character, as to leave little to be added by any one who should follow. In preparing the address, I have, as far as possible, had recourse to the original documents and authorities; but my researches have only tended to confirm the opinion which I had formed of the faithfulness and accuracy of Mr. Ellis's narration. I need not add that I have been much indebted to him for the large amount of material thus prepared to my hand.

I have drawn freely from the Connecticut Colonial Records, compiled by J. Hammond Trumbull, esq., and those of the New Haven colony, by C. J. Hoadly, esq., and have availed myself not only of their valuable notes to those compilations, but of many useful suggestions which they so kindly made, and which their familiar and accurate knowledge of the early history of the state enabled them to furnish.

To Learned Hebard, of Lebanon, I am also indebted for valuable original papers.

At the conclusion of this address, the masonic fraternity formed in procession and left the tent.

The following ode, composed by Miss Josephine Tyler, was then sung.

TO THE FUTURE INHABITANTS OF OUR NORWICH HOME.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY H. W. AMADEUS BEALE, OF NORWICH.

Andante.

Soprano. Sons of home, who, far in distance 'Mid the future's dark mists wait, A re -

Alto. *Pia.* *Cres.* *For.* *pp*

Tenor. Sons of home, who, far in distance 'Mid the future's dark mists wait, A re -

Bass.

veil - le to existence At the sure decree of fate, Forward bending, thoughts extending, We the

For. *pp*

veil - le to existence At the sure decree of fate, Forward bending, thoughts extending, We the

ear - ly greet the late; Forward bending, thoughts extending, We the early greet the late.

ff *pp*

ear - ly greet the late; Forward bending, thoughts extending, We the early greet the late.

When beside these lovely rivers,
We, no more, as now, shall tread,
When our native sunlight quivers
O'er us, resting with the dead,
Backward turn ye, and discern ye
How the seasons with us sped.

Guard the treasures we transmit you—
  Virtue cherished; knowledge free;
Well of friendship's claims acquit you;
  Better act your part than we;
Chide us gently, reverently,
  Let our ashes honored be.

Coming years may ope before you
  Visions new, to us unseen,
Yet, of grandest, proudest glory,
  Wisdom shall not change her mien;
All who love her, one shall prove her,
  She shall be what she hath been.

Ere yon hills their stern crests lifted,
  Wisdom high in light abode—
And should each firm base be rifted,
  At the august Maker's nod,
All the ages, she engages,
  Shall yield up her sons to God!

The president then introduced Donald G. Mitchell, esq., who proceeded to deliver the following

ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I shall not detain you long: indeed, after the absorption of all the salient topics of the day by the gentlemen who have already so ably addressed you, I should be at a loss to fill up even the half hour which is allotted me, did I not feel that the occasion itself is the real speaker, and we only the interpreters; every successive oration or poem, being only the passing of a new set of fingers over the keys of the great centennial organ whose music is swelling and surging on our ears to-day.

And what is the occasion that has drawn together such a vast crowd of young and old, of citizens and strangers, as Norwich never welcomed before? Only a birthday; or rather let me say, a great golden wedding. Two hundred years ago this month, since the masculine energy and vigor of the puritan was married, under God, to that little mountain bride, which from the beginning lay waiting here, between the rivers and the plains. Yet what is there in the beginning of a town that should warrant such festivities? Do not all towns have their beginnings, either near by, or remote?

Is it wonderful that a company of sturdy settlers, having bargained for lands hereabouts, some two centuries since, should have defended their own, and dug, and planted, and built, and worshiped, and left a posterity to dig, and plant, and build, and worship after them? Is not now the story repeating itself all over the world? Long before the days of Mason, or of Fitch, the Mohegans or the Pequots delved, and planted, and worshiped in their way, and after them other Pequots, or other Mohegans. To-day one shape of shadow which the drifting clouds of centuries cast upon the hills, and to-morrow another shape of shadow.

The mere fact of settlement is nothing; there is no distinction in being born; the question is, what growth, what development, what fulfillment of promise? And all anniversaries have their force and their joy in this—that they are the registers of growth, and not the registers of decay. The seed you throw into the ground must germinate by a law of nature, and must stretch up a little bundle of leaves to the light and air; no thanks to you for this. But if you feed and nourish and protect, so that it comes to a great wealth of leaf and stem, and finally from a fully compacted maturity throws down showers of golden fruitage, then your pride and your joy have cause. So to-day we rejoice in the beginning of white homes on these plains and river banks, because energy and toil, and faith and courage, have assured constant and teeming growth; and the tree whose rootlets are in the dim and shadowy past—lo, on all your hills, the golden fruitage!

I say that we have cause for this festive rejoicing of ours, in our growth; and yet if you do not feel to-day, looking on this sea of glad faces, or walking these streets filled with almost princely houses, that the town of Norwich has made growth enough, and set up trophies enough, and nurtured rare children enough, to make her birthday a festival, why, I shall not try to prove it to you. If you can stand in the full rays of the sun and yet deny their warmth, I am not prepared to prove that there is any warmth in them. I address myself rather to those who are hearty believers in the propriety and justice of this commemorative fete, and shall ask them to go back with me for a few moments to that old rallying date of 1659; appearing to many, I dare say, a kind of mythical epoch; toward which on such commemorative days we strain back our imaginations, and seem to see, as it were in some mental kaleidoscope, the swart faces of savages, steel head-pieces,

black coats of puritans, tomahawks, beads, black letter Bibles, hard work, and faith in God.

Now I shall not attempt to clear up this delicious confusion by any speciality of detail, but hope only to fasten on your minds, by one or two broad historic marks, the actual limitations and relations of that old date of 1659.

We weigh dates by the great facts that belong to them; and what was the rest of the world doing at the time our sturdy settlers paddled up the Mohegan river, and planted Norwich?

In the old country, of which at that time the colonists were all loving children, the truculent Oliver Cromwell had just closed his great career; Richard, the son, was too feeble to wear the mantle of such a father, and had given over the attempt. The shrewd general Monk commanded the British army, and the army held the fate of the country in its hands. There were plottings and counter plottings; Algernon Sidney and John Milton working vainly for a republic are thrust aside; the line of kings is restored; and perhaps at the very time that the Norwich settlers are marking out their home fields, crowding through alder bushes and swamps, the vain, irresolute, amiable, good-for-nothing Charles II is journeying from Dover to London, amid all manner of rejoicing—guns and drums, and the waving of banners. In France the weak Louis XIII, who ruled by the brain of Richelieu, has gone by, and the great Louis Quatorze has just come upon the stage; still under the tutelage of Cardinal Mazarin; but yet he has fairly inaugurated that great reign, which is to carry France to the highest splendor through the extremest lusts of civilization. But in justice to France it must not be forgotten that while our puritan settlers were building their first meeting house upon the green, men of French birth and lineage, such as Le Moyne and Mensard, were toiling through the silent forests of the West, far as the shores of Michigan, carrying knowledge of the Christian faith, and exploring and mapping out the resources of the continent. Poor Spain, which in times past had sent over the ocean, a Columbus and Pizarro and Ponce de Leon, and which had illustrated our colonial annals the century before by that barbaric and daring march of De Soto through the everglades of Florida, far as the Mississippi—the golden crosses and the iron spear-heads clashing together in the cane-brakes—which had founded the oldest town on our Atlantic

border, St. Augustine—was now being disabused of her golden dreams; she was wearied by long wars with France and England, in the course of which she had lost her island of Jamaica, and was feeling the approaches of that insidious decay which is feeding upon her still. The little Netherlands, near to Dover and to the French coast, had grown bravely from that beginning of independence wrought out by William the Silent, a century before, and was now almost a match for England on the sea. It was the day of the Van Tromps, and the Ruyters, and the Dewitts; and the Dutch flag was flying on Batavia and Java in the east, and from the heights of Good Hope, and from that little promontory of land which we now call the battery of New York; indeed, there were Dutch houses at this time in New Amsterdam, built by Dutch artisans and defended by Dutch valor, which would rival the best houses of the Massachusetts colony. As for the two states, with which, as colonists, we were to be brought more immediately in contact, (I speak of France and England,) I do not know how I can better epitomize and illustrate their respective stages of civilization at the date of 1659, than by saying that just at the time when the first psalms of thanksgiving were rising in the first Norwich church, the great dramatist of France, Moliere, was wandering through the provinces, playing his own comedies to crowded and delighted houses. And, across the channel, the great British poet, John Milton—quite another style of man—was living in a back street of London, and sitting in his doorway, clad in a sober suit of gray—the very type and image of puritan simplicity, and of puritan faith—was turning his sightless eyes to Heaven, and revolving in the recesses of his mind, those solemn thoughts and that splendid imagery, which in due course of time were to be embroidered—as it were by angel fingers—upon that noblest of Christian poems, the immortal epic, Paradise Lost.

Meantime there is growing up between the Yantic and Shetucket, the material for a homelier epic. Sixty, seventy and eighty days only bring news of what is happening across the water; and it matters little to our sturdy colonists if Charles the II, or if Richard Cromwell is wearing the purple, if only goodman Elderkin has built his mill according to contract, and the town surveyors keep the cart path in good order, from the cove below, along the plain to the meeting house above, and to the

store. The clergyman is giving good, honest doctrine; Uncas, below upon the river, is a good friend, and keeps a sharp look out for intruders. The swamps are yielding gradually to cultivation. The worshipful Mr. Winthrop has secured a charter from the king, which gives all needed independence, and, with slip-shod indulgence, extends the boundaries of the Connecticut colony from the Narragansett river to the shores of the Pacific—rather too liberal to be lasting, but forming the basis of that claim which in after years secured to the state its admirable school fund. And the same worshipful Mr. Winthrop, being governor, is occasionally waited upon by the active men of our little township—deacon Simon Huntington, or lieutenant Thomas Leffingwell, or perhaps the grand major Mason, who report progress to the governor, and listen to his after dinner discourses about my lord Clarendon, or sir Isaac Newton, or John Milton, or Robert Boyle, all of whom he has personally known, and with some of whom he still corresponds.

The quieter men at home, who do not dine with the governor, are laying out new highways, or pushing a little trade down the river and along the coasts. There are no savage onslaughts; the worst enemies the town knows, for a long succession of years, are a short crop, or an occasional wolf, or a rattlesnake, or some drunken friend of an Indian, or some new clergyman who does not hold precisely the right views in regard to the Saybrook platform. Bating these little diversons, life seems almost Arcadian here as we look back upon it. The cattle are feeding and lowing in the new pasture grounds; the red blush of the English fruit trees is beginning to show itself in all the gardens; the virgin meadows along the Yantic are filled with flowers that perfume the air; the brooks, fuller and more numerous before the forests are cut off, frolic down all the hill sides; and of a Sabbath morning, while the dew is still sparkling on the grass and on the tree tops, the church bell from the rocky height yonder—tone after tone—tone after tone—spends its sweet gushes of sound over the roof of the farthest settler.

Thus a hundred years or more pass on; the king Philip battles, and the long stretch of the old French and Indian war, bring their train of mourners; but Haverhill, and Deerfield, and Fort Edward are very far away from the homes of Norwich; as far on the score of news as Pike's Peak or the California trail are now. The

growth of the town is not seriously interrupted. The original settlers have multiplied; new people have come in from year to year by vote. Death has, indeed, drawn a little array of recruits to one side, but courage and faith and work and hope are still the masters of the situation. And in this hundred years or more there have been changes in England. Sidney and Milton (whom we saw sitting on his door step) have both gone long ago to their reward. Charles II, and Clarendon, and Buckingham, and Nell Gwynne and the rest are sleeping a long sleep in the pages of the biographical dictionaries. It is the time of the Georges and of the elder Pitt, and of that dogmatic Dr. Johnson, who thought the king could screw down the colonies by as many taxes as he chose, and of a greater man than Dr. Johnson—I mean Edmund Burke—who thought the king could *not* screw down the colonies just as he chose. Over in France, the reign of Louis XIV is ended, and the king that the courtiers fancied too grand to die, is as dead as any pauper in a Norwich grave. There has come after him a weaker and a worse king, Louis XV, who is ruling jointly with the madame Pompadour, while Voltaire, with his sardonic smile and his witty flings at Providence and simple faith, is not only a writer, but a power in France, and he is leading on very swiftly with the rythmical cadence of his artful and sonorous periods toward the bloody gulf of revolution. In the scientific coteries of Paris there is just now an American name well known—that of Benjamin Franklin. And there are other names well known at home, such as Israel Putnam and Patrick Henry, who has made a speech before the burgesses of Virginia which has found echo in every valley of New England. There is living somewhere in his neighborhood a tall, quiet, sedate country gentleman, looking after his estates just now, whose name is colonel George Washington, and who, not very well known as yet to Norwich people, will presently make himself known and make himself felt all through the country, like a great rain in time of drought. And there is a certain boy born in Norwich a little before this, (I have a sad story to tell here) whose father had come from Rhode Island, and who was of a somewhat doubtful character, falling eventually into dissolute habits and poverty; but he had married a worthy woman; and the boy, as such things will happen, had inherited all of the mother's energy and none of her goodness, and all of the father's

deviltry with none of his weakness; the boy's name was Benedict Arnold. I dislike to name it; but truth is truth, and history is history. He can not stay in the drug store of the Messrs. Lathrop, where he has been placed—too bad for that. He runs away and enlists for the French war. Ah! if some friendly bullet had slain him there! But no; Providence has kept him for a warning to all men everywhere, that courage and ambition and energy are nothing, and worse than nothing, except they be governed by an honest purpose, and tempered by a sterling humanity.

More honor to-day from us who are gathered here, to goodman John Elderkin, who built his mill according to contract, and faithfully ground his grist, than to the great major general Arnold, in British short clothes, crowned with infamy. These memorial days are not the glorifiers only, they are also the avengers. If Norwich, in an awkward monent, has given birth to a villain, let us not be silent in this the day of her rejoicing, but let the world know that we are second to none in giving him our scorn.

Shall we take a glance at the town in those times? Anywhere from 1750 to 1770.

The little sloop Defiance is making her trips with credit and dispatch. There is a thriving ship trade at the landing; occasionally a fleet of twenty or thirty sail; or a stout packet—Ebenezer Fitch, commander—is up for London. There is a flourishing business with the West Indies; long teams come in from the adjoining towns, blocking up the roads in the neighborhood of the town green, bartering their produce for West India molasses, or possibly some tight little jug of West India rum. Houses are scattered up and down, from the landing to the up town plain. The generous old fire places are not all gone by, and sitting in some corner of one of these, on a winter night, it may happen that some traveler or sailor man just arrived by London packet, entertains an earnest, curious company, with a story of a trip to Paris, and of the shady avenues of Versailles, and the carriages of the great king covered with gold, and fountains that throw water a hundred feet in the air! I say the fire places are not all gone, though a certain Dr. Franklin has latterly contrived stoves, which are said to make a wonderful economy of heat. And the same gentleman, it is whispered, in well read circles, has learned to catch the lightning and to bottle it.

Some adventurous young fellow, disposed to make a dash, is fined heavily for riding to church in a gig, and disturbing the sobriety of the congregation. The women go to church in plain homespun—good, innocent creatures, never having thought of making a personal exhibition of themselves. Ah, if good old Dr. Lord, who was preaching in that day, though he was past seventy; if good old Dr. Lord, I say, could have seen some fine woman of our day, sailing up the center aisle, swaying along under a great breadth of silken canvas, I think he would have urged with new unction, "straight is the gate and narrow is the way,"—that the good people follow. [This hit at the prevailing fashion was received with the most boisterous relish, and considerable time had to be allowed to let the general laughter subside.] But Dr. Lord's is not the only church in these times; there has grown up below the hill a thriving little village, called Chelsea, which has its own meeting house, and church members, not very harmonious as yet, a certain Mr. Whitaker being the bone of a rather sharp theological contention; but who knows but the little parish may come in time to rival the mother church upon the green?

And on the heights of Franklin, which was then but a corner of the nine miles square, there is another orthodox place of worship, whose quaint architecture withstood the bleak northwesters down to our own time; and I can well remember, though my memory does not run so far back as that of a good many I see about me; I can well remember, I say, treading very awe stricken over the broad stone boulder which formed the stepping stone, and peering through the bobbin balustrade that ran round the tops of the square pews, at the huge sounding board, with its wonderful carving, and the gray velvet cushions of the desk; and listening to the quavering falsetto tones of the little white haired old gentleman, in black knee-breeches, who maintained, there upon his mountain altar, to the very last, all the fire and energy of the puritan spirit.

There were two good taverns in those days upon the town green; and there was a paper mill in the valley of the Yantic, with Christopher Leffingwell, esq., for proprietor; there was a stage coach running to Providence; there was a bridge built after long altercation over the foot of the cove. And though it sounds like an Arabian story, I must relate to the young people of Norwich that

before this period a wide expanse of water, over which an occasional ferry boat plied, lay between John Breed's corner and the station of the New London railway. Good revolutionary feeling prevailed; the ladies giving last and sternest proof of it in abandoning their tea drinking; and the stamp act was anathematized in good set terms in open town meeting. Old governor Trumbull used to come down, in a square topped gig, perhaps, to see his son Joseph, who lived hereabout, and to look out for his West Indian business; or, as times grew threatening, to collect ammunition, or beef or mutton for the army, all the while writing his messages regularly, giving good advice to his son regularly, paying his debts regularly, collecting his bills regularly, attending church regularly; in short, a most capital type of the shrewdness, and energy, and piety of the old Connecticut character. A little later he entertains there upon the Lebanon green the gay marquis of Lauzun, who has come over, with a generosity that is more chivalric than earnest, to help us fight out the great fight of the century.

And what a contrast it is, this gay nobleman, carved out, as it were, from the dissolute age of Louis XV, who had sauntered under the colonnades of the Trianon, and had kissed the hand of the Pompadour, now strutting among the staid dames of Norwich and of Lebanon! How they must have looked at him and his fine troopers, from under their knitted hoods! You know, I suppose, his after history; how he went back to Paris, and among the wits there was wont to mimic the way in which the stiff old Connecticut governor had said grace at his table. Ah, he did not know that in governor Trumbull, and all such men, is the material to found an enduring state; and in himself, and all such men, only the inflammable material to burn one down. There is a life written of governor Trumbull, and there is a life written of the marquis of Lauzun. The first is full of deeds of quiet heroism, ending with a tranquil and triumphant death; the other is full of rankest gallantries, and ends with a little spurt of blood under the knife of the guillotine upon the gay Place de la Concorde.

I shall not linger upon the revolutionary period, nor seek to prove that our fathers were good patriots, and, therefore, good revolutionists. I think we feel that truth sufficiently in the tingling blood which they have bequeathed to us. I go on, therefore, to glance for a moment at times which white haired men here—and

I see many—remember. When trade had revived after the war; when turnpike roads were laid out with wonderful engineering skill straight over the tallest hills; when wagons with elliptic springs had been contrived to carry four persons with ease; when the weekly newspaper gave startling intelligence from New York not more than three days old; when the slow sailing Defiance has given place to a rakish looking, two masted craft; and when in well informed, though somewhat speculative circles, there was talk of eventually putting upon the route a vessel that should go by steam. Of course, there were prodigious shakings of the head at this, just as we shake our heads now at the talk of Mr. La Mountain or of Mr. Wise (of course I speak of the Wise who puts his gas in balloons.) But the steamboats come in their time; and I am sure that I address a large crowd of sympathizing auditors, now that I come to speak of the magnificent old Fanny, spluttering and paddling, and splurging up to the little wharf under the lea of Pepper's Hill, where the pine wood lay piled in fabulous quantities. It was a rare treat in those days to drive down in a gig to Swallow-all or Chelsea, and look over at the marine monster, with her smoke pipe, and her balustrade of netted ropes, and her engine of twenty horse power more or less, and capable of driving through the United States mail in twenty-four hours. Ah, those wonders, and lifts, and joys of boyhood! There are those here, I am sure, who will pardon me the expression of them; for there are those here who have kindred memories—joys that are past; houses they knew, that are demolished; trees that sheltered them, cut down; brooks, whose murmur they loved, filled in, banked over, lost. Graves, too, which you and I remember, fresh rounded, that are sunken now; and voices low and tender, and loving voices which, for these many a weary year, have been silent—silent! I do not envy the man who has not such memories to-day; they make hearts touch each other as nothing else could do; and we, who come here under the cold tie of township, find suddenly breaking into life and power that nobler bond of brotherhood!

But this is a festal day; we are crowning the good year '59 with rejoicing; and in this time, is our town of Norwich doing nothing? Are the good things, and the brave things, all past things? Is it nothing, the hum of a myriad spindles along all your water courses, singing of industry and enterprise? Is it nothing to inaugurate the

century with such temples of learning as stand yonder, the monument of your private munificence? Is it nothing to show such phalanx of men as I see about me, all of whom by nativity, or citizenship, or near ties of blood, give honor to your town, and take honor? Is it nothing to have given a half score of the best, and worthiest, and weightiest names to the commercial exchange of our metropolis? Is it nothing to have furnished the empire state a presiding head for her great central thoroughfare; nothing to have provided them in the person of our venerable friend, with a man who honored their high office of chancellor? Is it nothing to be represented in our national senate by a man whom you delight to honor at home? Is it nothing to have given to the world a songstress, whose melody charms, and whose virtues allure and instruct the growing mind of the whole country? Is it nothing to have loaned our little commonwealth of Connecticut—what is so rare in politics—a thoroughly upright man for governor?

But while we boast and glorify ourselves to-day, let us remember that nine miles square do not bound the world, and never did. Year by year, the iron roads, and the journals, and the leashes of electric wire are binding us in the bond of a common humanity. Year by year, and century by century, special titles and special states, and special privileges, and special nationalities, are going down under the horizon, as we rise to the level of a higher, a nobler, and juster civilization. Year by year, the good, and the strong, and the true, and the hopeful, are forming more and more one great parish, whose high priest is the God of Love. Not an oppressor can lift his arm to strike, the wide world over, but the knowledge and the shame of it, riding upon the wing of lightning, shall kindle indignation in honest hearts everywhere. Only yesterday, how our bosom thrilled with the struggles, and toils, and broken hopes of those poor children of Italy, not farther from us than the victims of Frontignac from our fathers; and to-day, if we be men, we feel here the withering blight of that dismal papal hierarchy. I would not speak at such a time against creeds, and I can readily believe that good men and true have climbed their way upon the rich symbolism of the Romish church to an inheritance of glory and of honor; but I feel sure of your sympathy in declaring against a hierarchy which, under cover of religion, makes itself the political conservator of the conscience.

Ah, pope of Rome—pope of Rome—gathering your scattered flock upon the sunny hill sides of Perugia, with the bayonets of hireling soldiers—there must come a day of reckoning! *Pax vobis, pax vobis*, indeed; but all the while under the sacerdotal robe, the gauntleted hand is crushing out every germ of liberty!

And now, one last word to you who live in Norwich! You have a great trust to fill; and we, who are natives or descendants, commit it this day solemnly to your charge. There are memories here that are ours as well as yours; cherish them faithfully. There are graves here that are ours *more* than they are yours. Oh, guard them tenderly! We have hopes here, too; build them up—build them up bravely. We have a pride here. See to it, men of Norwich, that our pride and your pride—just pride—have no fall, until the Great Hand shall gather up again the rocks, and the rivers, and the plains, which He has spread out here for your abode and for your delight.

The poem by Anson G. Chester came next in order, but owing to the sudden and severe illness of the poet, it was impossible for him to deliver it. We here insert it, however, in its proper place:—

I.

Why bespeak the poet's numbers when your breasts are full of rhymes?
When your ears are thrilled with music—mem'ry's clear and golden chimes?
When your thoughts, like birds, are flitting o'er the prairies of the past,
Gathering fragrance, gathering sweetness, from those acres broad and vast?
Better far your earnest heart-beats than his measures and his bars—
Who would fix his eyes on cowslips, when he might behold the stars?

II.

Oh! the thoughts and the emotions that are trooping up to-day,
While in memory's pleasant meadow, with our hearts aglow, we stray!

'T is a broad and varied meadow—on its velvet bosom rest
Countless fair and odorous blossoms—babes upon a mother's breast.

Streams are faintly rippling through it, blue as veins upon thy hand,
Making music as they wander o'er the pebbles and the sand.

There are shrubs whose silken foliage is trembling in the breeze,
Like a child that is affrighted by some terror which it sees.

Hedges, like the English hedges, of the hawthorn, box and briar,
And the zephyr, passing over, maketh music like a lyre.

Trees that droop beneath their fruitage—fruitage crimson, green and gold—
Such as once invited Adam in the paradise of old.

Grass as long as on the prairies, and as soft as woman's hair,
And the violets are looking through the vistas, in the air.

Gentle knolls of fair proportions, by their emerald crowns increased—
Like the bosom of a virgin that had heaved and straightway ceased.

Bowers where sunshine never enters, secret corners, quiet nooks,
Where the pallid students ponder over parchments, maps and books.

Banks all golden with ranunculus and odorous with thyme,
Where the blooming maidens wander, reading romance, reading rhyme.

There are ruddy children playing on the margins of the streams;
Poor, misguided little darlings! they are revelling in dreams.

There are aged men and women, with their hair so thin and hoary—
Like the frost announcing winter—and it is their "crown of glory."

There are many lovers walking, they were smiling as they passed;
Let them have their little rapture—it is too intense to last.

But, alas! not all is beautiful, not all is bright and fair;
There are thorns amid the blossoms, there are clouds upon the air.

Withered flowers and stagnant waters, like a living execration,
They are signs of olden sorrows, they are tokens of mutation.

Oh! the thoughts and the emotions that are trooping up to-day,
While in memory's pleasant meadow, with our hearts aglow, we stray!

III.

Raise your voices in thanksgiving, 't is a mother's natal day!
Not a wrinkle mars her forehead, not a single lock is gray,
Though two hundred years have flitted, with their glory and their shame,
Since our good old English fathers gave her "NORWICH" for her name!

Ye have come from hill and valley; ye have come from dell and glen;
At the pleasant hearths of childhood ye are children once again;
Ye are living over moments that were golden in their bliss.
Life hath many hours of rapture; has it one to match with this?

IV.

Good old Norwich! how I love thee—love thy strong and massive hills;
Love the rushing of thy rivers and the babbling of thy rills;
Love thy rocks that rise like bastions, and the vales that stretch below;
Love thy summers with their sunshine, and thy winters with their snow;
Love thy cedars, such as furnished unto Lebanon its fame;
Love the glories of thy landscapes, and the glory of thy name;
As a mother loves her darlings, as a sailor loves the sea,
And as woman loves her idols, so, dear Norwich, love I thee.

It was here my eyes first opened to the sweet and pleasant light;
It was here I learned the poems of the morning and the night;
It was here baptismal waters on my infant forehead fell,
And I heard the holy precepts I remember now so well;
It was here my blessed mother on my boyish efforts smiled;
It was here my father left me, orphaned half, and but a child!

Years have passed and wrought their changes; in the grave-yard on the hill
Sleep the loved ones of my bosom; sleep, but are my loved ones still!

V.

Where the red Mohegan's wigwam stood beneath the friendly shade,
Where, with tomahawk and arrow, through the wilderness he strayed,

Where he skimmed the sparkling river, where his dusky children
grew,
'Mid the music of the robin, and the incense of the dew,
Where he smoked the fragrant calumet and lit the council-fires,
Standeth now the crowded city, with its many roofs and spires.

There were homes upon these acres long before you reared your
own;
There were flowers where yours are planted, in the summers that
are gone;
By the blue and broad Shetucket earnest lovers fondly stray—
Lovers wandered there before them in the twilights passed away;
Where your songs are heard, was singing, where your churches
are, were shrines,
And the winds and streams and blossoms were the prophets and
divines.

Are ye better in your finery than the red man in his paint?
Silks and velvets are not virtue—nor can gold create a saint;
What are progress and refinement, save as goodness is their twin?
Ye are civilized for nothing if ye still are leagued with sin!

VI.

How the stately years march onward! how the centuries increase!
How the cycles roll and gather! how the lives of mortals cease!

Build we splendid mausoleums to the great ones who have gone—
Time, it asks no favors from us, for it rears and decks its own.

Life is but a repetition—for the man who lives to-day
Loves and hopes like countless millions who before have passed
away.

There were violets and daisies in the springs that Adam knew,
And beneath the eyes of Noah, Autumn's golden harvest grew.

There was wine in Pharaoh's cellars that was worthy of his fame—
On the fingers of his daughter burned the diamond's radiant flame.

What is past is but the mirror of what is and is to be,
As the lily sees its reflex in the mirror of the sea!

The following ode, by George Canning Hill, was then sung:—

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—A BI-CENTENNIAL ODE.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY H. W. AMADEUS BEALE, OF NORWICH.

Andante. Con Moto.

Soprano. The spi - rits of our fa - thers are gathered on this plain, And like a cloud of

Alto. *p* > *Cres.* > *f*

Tenor. The spi - rits of our fa - thers are gathered on this plain, And like a cloud of

Bass.

witnesses are with us here again; With thoughtful mien in quaint attire, in measured step and slow, From the

pp *p* *sf* > *sf* > *sf* *Cres.* *ff* *Dim.*

witnesses are with us here again; With thoughtful mien in quaint attire, in measured step and slow, From the

With thoughtful mien,

deep and silent sleep of two hundred years ago, How they start to life the memories of two hundred years ago.

p *pp* *ff* *Dim.* *pp*

deep and silent sleep of two hundred years ago, How they start to life the memories of two hundred years ago.

A worthy generation—so simple, brave and true—
They builded in these solitudes, far wiser than they knew.
With hearts of oak they held their way, nor feared a mortal foe,
For their name had a fame, full two hundred years ago,
That increases as the tale is told of two hundred years ago.

They came among the red men who called these plains their own,
And reared their little families with trust in God alone.
Here in these dells, here by these streams that through the valleys flow,
For their name had a fame, full two hundred years ago—
And we even shall the deeds rehearse, of two hundred years ago.

Here stretched the little clearings that laughed with yellow corn;
Here piled the snows on lowly roofs, where helpless babes were born.
Theirs was a pregnant pilgrimage—they could not see the flow
Of the stream within the dream of two hundred years ago—
Of that wide and ever wider stream of two hundred years ago.

We honor and we love them—our ancestry of old—
Whose virtues rare the brighter wear, like the face of virgin gold.
Oh, that their blood full worthily within our veins may flow!
In a tide of honest pride for two hundred years ago—
In a rising tide of honest pride for two hundred years ago!

The assembly now adjourned to the dinner tent.

THE HEAD STONE AT THE GRAVE OF SAMUEL UNCAS,

IN THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND, SACHEM STREET, NORWICH, CONN.

This is an exact representation of the stone as it appears at this time, September, 1859. It is in a very poor state of preservation, and unless speedily rescued from vandal hands, the last vestige of it will soon disappear.

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Lith. of J. A. H. Hasbrouck, Norwich Conn.

THE DINNER TENT IN FRONT OF THE FREE ACADEMY.

THE DINNER.

The scene at the dinner tent was one of great interest. More than two thousand people were seated at the tables. The following bill of fare was prepared for the occasion:—

BILL OF FARE.

JOHN T. RAYMOND, CATERER.

MEATS.

BEEF ALAMODE,
ROAST LAMB,
ROAST VEAL,
ROAST CHICKEN,
LEG OF MUTTON, (dressed,)
BROWNED HAM,
ROAST TURKEY,
BOILED TONGUE,
ROAST BEEF,
ROAST MUTTON,
VEAL FILLET,
PRESSED BEEF,
CORNED BEEF ROUND,
BOILED HAM,
ROAST PIG,
TONGUES JELLIED.

SIDE DISHES.

CHICKEN CURRY,
PICKLED BEETS,
PICKLES,
SUCCOTASH,
TOMATO,
RICE CURRY, (veal,)
CHICKEN SALAD,
LOBSTERS,
FRIED OYSTERS,
PORK AND BEANS.

DESSERTS.

PEACH PIE,
CUSTARD PIE,
BLANCH PUDDING,
CONNECTICUT PUDDING,
PUMPKIN PIE,
APPLE PIE,
BERRY PIE,
RICE PUDDING,
INDIAN PUDDING,
ICE CREAM.

FRUITS.

PEACHES,
APPLES,
WATERMELONS,
ALMONDS,
PEARS,
ORANGES,
CANTELOPES,
RAISINS.

BREAD ROLLS, BROWN BREAD, TONGUE SANDWICHES.

FANCY CAKE.

After the company were seated, Rev. Alvan Bond offered prayer. He said:—

We render our gratitude to Thee, O God, for all the blessings in which it has been our privilege to participate; we thank Thee for the gathering and the greetings of so many of the sons and daughters of our beloved town; we render Thee thanks for the refreshments which Thy kind providence has now spread before us. Bless us in receiving them; and bless us in all the sentiments and expressions that shall be had upon this occasion. Prepare us for our duties hereafter, and for the privilege of sitting together in that temple not made with hands, to eat bread in Thy kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

During the progress of the dinner, the president produced a wooden bowl containing a quantity of Indian corn, which he said was presented in the year 1673, by UNCAS, as a token of friendship, to MR. CHARLES GARDNER, of New London. It was full of Indian corn, or yoakum, roasted and pounded, which was prepared for this occasion by a full blooded Indian.

Dinner being concluded, the president said:—I should say that we propose now to give you additional entertainment—something, perhaps, more exciting than anything the committee have furnished you with up to the present time. I will, in the first place, give you one or two sentiments, which will be responded to merely by the band:—

"*The President of the United States.*" Music—"Hail to the Chief."

"*To Old Colony Times.* God save Queen Victoria."
Music—"God save the Queen."

"*Our Guests:*—Whether from the north or south, or east or west, we welcome them. May old friendships be renewed and new ones formed."
Music—"Auld Lang Syne."

To this sentiment John T. Wait responded, and began by addressing those of the guests who were sons and daughters of Norwich, and had come from the north, the south, the east and the west, to be present at this jubilee, welcoming them back to the homes of their childhood.

You left your native town, said the speaker, in early life, actuated by a laudable ambition to gain wealth, win renown, and obtain distinction in other sections of our state, in other states of our union, or in foreign lands. Many of you, leaving humble

homes, with no capital to start with but energy, integrity, intelligence, and unsullied names—the legacy of New England parents—have won the highest honors in the walks of literature and science, obtained the most distinguished positions in the field of politics, reached the highest ranks in some of the professions, or in other business pursuits gained reputation and borne prominent parts.

And I assure you, sons and daughters of Norwich, that your friends and your kindred, who have remained at home, have rejoiced at your prosperity, and been proud of your success.

And, continued the speaker, if you go north, south, east or west, visit almost any state in the union, and ask to have the prominent, respected, and influential citizens pointed out to you, *I guess*, Mr. President, (and Yankees, we all know, have the right of guessing,) you will find in the very front rank a Norwich born boy. You meet a governor, a member of congress, a judge, a skillful mechanic, an enterprising merchant, a farmer, the owner of broad and fertile fields, and ask any one of them to name the place of his nativity, and designate the spot where he in childhood dwelt, and not unfrequently he will point out some pleasant home lot, where years ago there stood an antique dwelling, on some one of the many streets that wind between Bean Hill and Swallowall, in old Norwich.

Here the speaker scanned the histories of many of the distinguished men of other states, who were natives of Norwich—remarking, that when the great central state of the union, Ohio, had organized as a state, and wanted a chief magistrate, Norwich furnished her one, in the person of Samuel Huntington. And that Michigan, at an early period of her history as a member of the union, elected a native of Norwich, William Woodbridge, first as her governor, and subsequently as her representative in the senate of the United States. That Charles Miner, a native of Norwich, represented the state of Pennsylvania in congress, and that every one familiar with the political history of the state of New York, knew that within the limits of the ancient town of Norwich, were born eight gentlemen who have represented that state in the halls of congress; and that another, John Tracy, of Franklin, was for several years lieutenant governor of that state.

These men, said the speaker, that I have named, were men of

cultivated minds, of noble character, and distinguished themselves in the discharge of their official duties, whether executive or legislative, and the citizens of Norwich have watched their successful career with pleasure and with pride.

There is another gentleman, said the speaker—a guest on this occasion—one eminently distinguished in the history of the judiciary of the state of New York, whose opinions, in their reports of law and equity, give ample evidence of his superior intellectual and legal attainments, and his peculiar fitness to discharge the duties of the high office that he for many years filled. We all know, respect, and esteem our distinguished guest and *our cousin*, chancellor Walworth.

There is still another gentleman with us this day, said the speaker, whose ancestry lived within the limits of the old town of Norwich. They tilled the soil and breathed the air of freedom on the rugged hills of Franklin. In the common schools of our old town they were taught that love of country and liberty, that reverential regard for the union, the prominent characteristics of one of their descendants, the man who retired from the highest office in the gift of the American people, with the reputation of a sagacious statesman, a pure patriot, and an honest man,—need I name Millard Fillmore?

The speaker then remarked that the people of Norwich well knew that those of their guests who were natives of the town, however long they had been absent, and however far they had wandered, were bound to the ancient, historic, and beautiful place of their birth, by the strongest ties of local attachment, of early associations, of pleasant memories, of blood and of affection. We know, he said, that you rejoice, to again visit your ancestral homes, to gather once more around the old hearthstones, to grasp hands and exchange kind greetings with relatives and early friends, to wander over the rocks and hills and plains, and along the river banks of old Norwich, the play grounds of your childhood, and to visit

> "The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
> And every loved spot which our infancy knew."

The speaker then alluded to the fact that we were favored on this joyous occasion by the presence of many who were not natives of Norwich, who made no claim to Norwich parentage, no boast

of Norwich blood. They come, he continued, from other states and foreign lands, to see our fair town, to participate in our festivities, and form new acquaintances and friendships. I say to them, in behalf of the citizens of Norwich, that we bid you welcome. We say, too, that however attractive may be the place of your residence, however beautiful or rich in its resources may be the locality from which you come, whether north, south, east or west, we are proud to show you old Norwich, to point out to you her many attractions, her vigorous and comely growth. Her population and wealth, within the last few years, have rapidly and largely increased, and are still rapidly and largely increasing; new branches of industry have been introduced, and new avenues of business opened. Her broad and shaded streets, her palatial residences, many of them the homes of her children by birth or adoption, who have been the architects of their fortunes, and acquired wealth and honor by their industry and indomitable energy, (the poor boy of yesterday being the rich man of to-day,) the less pretending but neat and attractive homes of her mechanics and working men, her magnificent school houses, so appropriately baptized on this occasion "Temples of Freedom," her factories, her various and extensive mechanical establishments, her stores and warehouses, are all tokens of her prosperous advancement.

Many of you, said the speaker, who are descendants of Norwich, come from the north, south, east and west, to renew old associations and brighten the links in the chain of early friendships. Your relatives, your friends, the companions of your childhood, give you a cordial welcome back to your early home, for they know that wherever you have wandered, under all the vicissitudes of life, whether successful or adverse, that *early home* has been the green spot in your memories.

Others of you come to visit scenes hallowed by the experiences of your fathers, and where their ashes repose. You come to form new friendships. The generation that knew your fathers has passed away, but we their children have so high an opinion of our own good quilities, that we are not ashamed to introduce ourselves to you. We flatter ourselves that we have received a tithe at least of that moral, intellectual and physical training which preeminently distinguished our fathers and yours, and to which you all to some extent owe the success that has attended your

efforts and the prosperity that you enjoy. And of our sisters and daughters let me especially say, that while they have received high mental culture, and possess the various accomplishments that adorn woman, their mothers have not forgotten to teach them to mend a coat, darn a stocking, make a johnny cake, and to cook that most delectable dish, at the bare mention of which the mouth of every Norwich boy waters, baked pork and beans.

[At this point the president interrupted the speaker, stating that, owing to the length of the list of toasts, and the lateness of the hour, it would be necessary to confine speakers to ten minutes each. Having already exceeded this time, Mr. Wait took his seat.]

"*The first settlers of Norwich.*—It was their distinguished lot to plant civilization and Christianity in a savage land. To them belong the honor and praise of laying the foundations of whatever prosperity we enjoy. Let them be gratefully remembered."

Responded to by Dr. William P. Eaton.

"*Connecticut.*—'T is a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave;
Where thoughts, and tongues and hands are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel save when to Heaven they pray—
Nor even then, unless in their own way.'"

Music—"Columbia, the gem of the ocean."

"*The first child born in Norwich*, viz: in August, 1660, Elizabeth, whose parents were Samuel Hide and Jane Lee. In that little child, lying on its mother's breast, behold in a figure the infant settlement of Norwich in the arms of a loving Providence; and to the *first male child of Norwich*, born three months after Elizabeth Hide, Christopher, whose parents were Christopher and Ruth Huntington. Boys naturally follow the girls"

Chancellor Walworth was called upon to respond, and spoke as follows:—

Mr. President, and my Friends and Relatives:

It is sixty-six years since I left the place of my nativity, a part of the old nine miles square, then Bozrah, for an adjoining state, in which I have spent the residue of my life. My adopted state has heaped upon me many honors, and has given to me many highly valued friends. I love her, and I love her people and her institutions. Still "this is my own, my native land." And it is with

feelings of unmingled pleasure that I come back to it at this time, to meet and to greet my kith and kin, congregated here from every part of this blessed union.

I have a right to be here as a native of the good old town, which in the war of our independence, as you have already heard from another, was behind no other place in devotion to the cause of freedom; and, also, because few of my age are descended from so many of the first settlers of Norwich as I am. For I have in my veins the blood of lieutenant Thomas Tracy, of John Tracy, his eldest son, of goodman William Hyde, of Samuel Hyde and Jane Lee, of John Post and Hester Hyde, of Margaret Post, their daughter, of deacon Thomas Adgate and Mary (Marvin) Bushnell, and of captain Richard Bushnell, and Elizabeth Adgate; twelve persons who were here the first year of the settlement of the town. And I claim all of you who are descended from either of those persons as my blood relatives and cousins.

I may also add, that in the veins of six of my grandchildren the blood of those twelve ancestors is mingled with the blood of the Rev. James Fitch, of lieutenant William Backus and Elizabeth Pratt, his wife, and of deacon Simon Huntington and Sarah Clark, his wife, five others of the first settlers of Norwich. And in the veins of five others of my grandchildren the blood of my own twelve Norwich ancestors, first named, mingles with the blood of the most distinguished of the thirty-five original proprietors, the corner stone of whose monument we have this day seen laid, and one of them bears the honored name of *John Mason.*

As this bi-centennial anniversary of the birth of Norwich is a proper occasion for ascertaining the descendants of her sons and of her daughters, of whom she may justly be proud, I will mention a few of those who were and are descendants from my first named twelve Norwich ancestors, before I proceed to speak of her two first born children, who appear to have been specially committed to my care and guardianship by your worthy president, or by the committee on sentiments and speeches. And as I have always had a preference for the ladies, I will, in this connection, speak only of the descendants of some of the daughters of Norwich, and of some distinguished men who have shown their good taste, and their good judgment also, in selecting daughters of Norwich, or the descendants of her daughters, for wives.

1. *Miriam Tracy*, only daughter of Thomas Tracy the first, of Norwich, married in 1668, ensign Thomas Waterman, one of the thirty-five proprietors. She was ancestress of Martha Waterman, second wife of Lyme's famed captain, Reynold Marvin; of Susannah Hyde, wife of John Tracy, of Oxford, state senator and lieutenant governor of New York; of the Rev. Elijah Waterman, minister of Windham; of colonel Archibald W. Hyde, of Burlington, Vermont, collector of the customs; of Dudley Marvin, of Canandaigua, member of congress; of judge William Marvin, of Lyme; of captain Asa Waterman, of Norwich, commissary of United States in the revolutionary war, son-in-law of governor Nicholas Cook, of Rhode Island; of Oliver M. Hyde, mayor of the city of Detroit; of general Elihu Marvin, of Norwich, a distinguished merchant; and of Jedediah Hyde, of Grand Isle, three times elected censor of the state.

She was also the ancestress of numerous families of Watermans, Lathrops, Averys, Posts, Hydes, Tracys, Huntingtons, &c.

2. *Elizabeth Adgate*, eldest daughter of deacon Thomas Adgate, married in 1672, captain Richard Bushnell, her step-brother, one of the early magistrates of Norwich. She was ancestress of doctor Ashbel Woodward, of Franklin, an eminent physician; of Jedediah Hyde, of Hyde Park, Vermont, a captain in the army of the revolution, whose first wife was a descendant of Thomas Tracy the first, and his last wife was a descendant of major Mason, of Norwich; of Elisha Hyde, of Norwich, a distinguished lawyer, who was mayor of this city about fifteen years; of doctor Phinehas Hyde, of Mystic, surgeon in the navy of the United States in the revolution; of Elizabeth Backus, wife of Othniel Gager, town clerk of Norwich, and city treasurer; of judge Elias Perkins, of New London, member of congress; of doctor Joseph Perkins, the father-in-law of John A. Rockwell, M. C., one of your most distinguished citizens, who has this day delighted us all by his appropriate eulogy upon one of Norwich's greatest men; and of that talented and accomplished daughter of Norwich, Nancy Maria Hyde, whose epitaph of fourteen stanzas, which she wrote for her own early grave, will compare favorably with "Gray's Elegy." To the memory of this young lady justice has long since been done by her early friend, one of Norwich's most talented and honored daughters, whose name is known and revered by the whole civilized world.

Elizabeth Adgate was also the ancestress of numerous families of Bushnells, Hydes, Perkinses, Tracys, Leffingwells, Watermans, &c.

3. *Hannah Adgate*, second daughter of deacon Thomas Adgate, married in 1675, Samuel Lathrop the second, of Norwich, grandson of the Rev. John Lathrop, of Scituate and Barnstable, minister of the first independent or congregational church in London, whose puritan blood warms the pious hearts of many who are now present, and of one, Mr. President, who is near and dear to you.

Several of the honored descendants of Hannah Adgate are present. And in one of them, a son of Norwich, Daniel Coit Gilman, of New Haven, librarian of Yale college, who has delighted us with the history of this good old town from its first settlement, you have another specimen of the descendants, in the female lines, of the pious and revered Thomas Adgate, one of the first deacons of the church in Norwich. His descendants in those lines are almost innumerable, although his descendants in the male lines are very few. Two of his honored male descendants I well know; judge Mathew Adgate, of Canaan, New York, afterwards of Adgate's Falls, and judge Asa Adgate, of Chesterfield. The first was one of the leading patriots of the revolution, and was a member of the convention which formed the constitution of New York, in April, 1777. The last was a member of congress from the northern district of New York, and judge of the Essex county court.

Hannah Adgate was the ancestress of numerous families of Lathrops, Perkinses, Watermans, Coits, Austins, &c.

4. *Abigail Adgate*, eldest daughter of deacon Thomas Adgate, by his second wife, married, in 1682, Daniel Tracy the first, of Norwich, who was killed in 1728 by the falling of a bridge which they were raising across the Shetucket. She was the great grandmother of Sybil Tracy, who married Wheeler Coit; of Lydia Tracy, who married Thomas Fanning; of Abigail Tracy, who married John Fanning; of Daniel Tracy, who graduated at Yale in 1779; of Thomas Tracy, who graduated at Yale in 1795; and of doctor Ebenezer Tracy, a distinguished physician of Middletown.

5. *Rebecca Adgate*, third daughter of deacon Thomas Adgate, by his second wife, married, in 1687, Joseph Huntington, second son of Simeon Huntington, one of the first deacons of the Norwich church. She was the honored ancestress of Samuel Huntington, chief justice and governor of Connecticut, and one of the signers of

the declaration of independence; of the Rev. Joseph Huntington, D. D., minister of Coventry; of Samuel Huntington, of Painesville, chief justice and governor of Ohio; of Rev. Joseph Huntington, minister of Middletown; of judge Samuel G. Huntington, of Troy, N. Y.; of Enoch H. Rosekrans, one of the justices of the supreme court of the state of New York; of the Rev. Jonathan Huntington, of Worthington, Massachusetts; of Frances Huntington, wife of the Rev. Edward Dorr Griffin, D. D., Bartlet professor in the theological seminary at Andover, and president of Williams college; of the Rev. Joseph Huntington Jones and judge Joel Jones, of Philadelphia.

She was also the ancestress of several families of Huntingtons, Griffins, Smiths, &c.

6. *Mary Bushnell*, eldest daughter of Mary Marvin, (deacon Thomas Adgate's second wife,) by her first husband, Richard Bushnell, of Saybrook, married, in 1672, Thomas Leffingwell, eldest son of lieutenant Thomas Leffingwell, the first, of Norwich. She was the ancestress of Hannah Tracy, wife of the Rev. John Tyler, first rector of Christ church, at Norwich landing; of Anne Tracy, wife of Richard Hyde, esq., of Bean Hill, one of the early magistrates of Norwich; of deacon Isaac Tracy, of Norwich, one of the leading patriots of the revolution; of major Elijah Hyde, of Lebanon, another patriot of the revolution, who was the friend and the confidant of the first governor Trumbull; of Eliphalet Hyde, of Pittstown, New York, a captain in the army of the revolution; of general Caleb Hyde, sheriff of Berkshire county, and afterwards state senator, and a member of the council of appointment in the state of New York; of Thomas J. Patterson, of Rochester, M. C.; of Uri Tracy, of Oxford, New York, M. C.; of judge Thomas Howard Ray Tracy, of Honesdale, Pennsylvania; of John Tracy, of Oxford, New York, lieutenant governor and state senator, and president of the constitutional convention of 1847; of judge Josiah Tracy, of Painesville, Ohio; of colonel Christopher Leffingwell, of Norwich, chairman of the committee of correspondence, whose patriotic services in the revolution were mentioned by my young friend, Mr. Gilman, yesterday; and of the Rev. Thomas Leffingwell Shipman, of Jewett City, who has shown you the cane carried by his distinguished ancestor, the first captain Thomas Leffingwell.

Mary Bushnell was also the ancestress of numerous families of Leffingwells, Tracys, Bushnells, Huntingtons, Lathrops, Abels, Hydes, Backuses, Tylers, Edgertons, Bentleys, Perkinses, Chesters, &c.

7. *Elizabeth Hyde*, granddaughter of Elizabeth Adgate and Richard Bushnell, esq., of Norwich, married, in 1720, doctor Theophilus Rogers the first, of Norwich, who was the fifth in descent from one of the ten children of the Rev. John Rogers, the martyr, who, as you all know, was burned at Smithfield during the short and bloody reign of Mary I, of England. And as I have been called upon to explain how I know that the martyr had ten children instead of nine, for which many who have counted their heads in the "New England Primer" have long contended, I can only say I have it from his own mouth.

After he had been condemned, he said to the lord chancellor, Stephen Gardner, bishop of Winchester, who was one of his ecclesiastical judges, "My lord, I pray you to grant me one thing, that my poor wife, being a stranger (he had married her in Antwerp) may come and speak with me so long as I live; for she hath ten children, which are hers and mine, and somewhat would I counsel her what it were best for her to do."

This Elizabeth Hyde was the mother of colonel Zabdial Rogers, of Norwich, the number of whose children only wanted one to double the number of the children of his martyred ancestor. She was also the ancestress of Fanny Rogers, wife of Roger Griswold, of Lyme, M. C., and governor of Connecticut; of Lyman Trumbull, of Alton, Illinois, United States senator; of Henry Rogers Selden, lieutenant governor, and Samuel L. Selden, judge of the court of appeals of my adopted state; of the Rev. Thomas Hubbard Vail, D. D., rector of St. Thomas' church in Taunton; of the Rev. Zabdial Rogers, of Charleston, S. C.; of the Rev. George Alfred Woodbridge, of Ross Station, Indiana; of the Rev. George A. R. Rossiter, professor of mathematics in Marietta college; of the Rev. Zabdial Rogers Ely, of Deep River; of the Rev. William Dudley Rossiter, of Rockville, Indiana, district secretary of the American Christian Union; of the Rev. Charles Chester, of Geneva; of the Rev. Albert Tracy Chester, D. D., of Buffalo, New York; and of my young friend, Carlos Tracy, of Walterboro', South Carolina, a member of the state legislature, who was with us here yesterday.

In his veins the blood of John Rogers, the martyr, is mingled with that of each of my twelve Norwich ancestors, who were here at the settlement of the town, and with the blood of several of the revolutionary patriots of South Carolina.

This Elizabeth Hyde was also the ancestress of numerous families of Rogerses, Seldens, Jewitts, Marvins, Hydes, Lathrops, Tracys, Birchards, Griswolds, Tylers, Mathers, &c.

8. *Margaret Post*, eldest daughter of Hester Hyde and John Post the first, of Norwich, married, in 1669, the first Caleb Abel, of Norwich. She was the ancestress of Lucy Tracy, wife of doctor Philip Turner, of Norwich, surgeon in the army during three wars, of whose services in the war of the revolution you heard yesterday; of major John Walworth, of the army of the United States in the war of 1812, afterwards clerk of Clinton county, and one of the registrars of the court of chancery of New York; of Sarah Walworth, assistant missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. at Canton, and wife of Samuel Wells Williams, LL. D., the distinguished author of "The Middle Kingdom," and secretary of legation of of the United States at Pekin; of the Rev. Alvan Hyde, D. D., of Lee, Massachusetts, vice president of Williams college; of the Rev. Lavius Hyde, minister of Bolton; of Joseph Hyde, of Sheffield, Massachusetts, for many years acting treasurer of the American Bible society at New York; of judge John Hyde, postmaster at Norwich Town; of judge Jabez Hyde, of Rush, Pennsylvania; of judge Austin Hyde, of Norwich, New York; of colonel Ezekiel Hyde, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania; of general Elijah Abel, of Fairfield, sheriff of Fairfield county, a patriot of the revolution; of doctor Elisha Tracy, and doctor Philemon Tracy, his son, distinguished physicians of Norwich; of Alfred P. Edgerton, of Hicksville, Ohio, state senator and M. C.; of Oliver Lorenzo Barbour, LL. D., of Saratoga Springs, reporter of the court of chancery and of the supreme court; of judge James Hyde, of Richfield Springs, New York; of James Hyde, of Bean Hill, a captain in the army of the revolution; of Joseph Estabrook, professor in Amherst college, and president of the university of Eastern Tennessee; of judge James Clinton Walworth, of Burlington, New York; of judge Clinton Walworth, of Milwaukee; of the Rev. Ezra Abel Huntington, D. D., professor in the theological seminary at Auburn, New York; of doctor Benjamin Walworth, of Fredonia, New

York, judge of the county court; of the Rev. William Albert Hyde, of Greenwich, Connecticut; of the Rev. Charles Cleveland, of Boston; of the Rev. Simeon Hyde, of Deerfield, New Jersey; of the Rev. Charles Hyde, of Ellington; of the Rev. James Thomas Hyde, of Middlebury, Vermont; of Mariette Cleveland, wife of the Rev. Reuel Keith, D. D., professor in the theological seminary at Alexandria; of Lucy Cleveland, wife of the Rev. John A. Hicks, D. D., rector of Trinity church, Rutland; of the Rev. William Neale Cleveland, of Broomville, New York; of William Earl Dodge, a distinguished merchant and philanthropist, of New York; of Elizabeth Clement Dodge, wife of William B. Kinney, *charge des affaires* of the United States at Sardinia; of doctor Allyn Hyde, a distinguished physician of Ellinton; of the Rev. Jabez Backus Hyde, missionary to the Indians in Western New York; of Mary S. Hyde, wife of doctor William H. Rice, missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. at the Sandwich Islands; of the Rev. Azariah Hyde, principal of the seminary at Castleton, Vermont; of the Rev. Eli Hyde, minister of Oxford, New York, son-in-law of Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., of Franklin; of Mary Ingraham Rogers, wife of Stephen Fitch, esq., of Norwich; and of John Turner Wait, esq., of Norwich, who has, in such flattering terms, welcomed some of us back to the home of our ancestors.

Margaret Post was also the ancestress of numerous families of Abels, Hydes, Tracys, Lathrops, Huntingtons, Griswolds, Edgertons, Metcalfs, Wests, Watermans, Rogerses, Clevelands, Woods, Leffingwells, &c.

9. *Sarah Post*, third daughter of Hester Hyde and John Post the first, of Norwich, married, in 1680, captain John Hough, of Norwich, and afterwards of New London. She was the ancestress of the venerable deacon Guy Hough, of Bozrah; of David Hough, esq., of Lebanon, N. H., member of congress; of Martha Manwaring Coit, second wife of Thomas Scott Williams, LL. D., of Hartford, member of Congress, chief justice of Connecticut, vice president of the A. B. C. F. M., and president of the American Tract society; of Mary Anne (Coit) Blatchford, second wife of Samuel Hubbard, of Boston, judge of the supreme court of Massachusetts; and of William J. Hubbard, esq., of Boston, chairman of the prudential committee of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions.

Sarah Post was also the ancestress of numerous families of Houghs, Richardses, Marshalls, Manwarings, Woods, Abels, Coits, &c.

10. *Mary Post*, fourth daughter of Hester Hyde and John Post, of Norwich, married, in 1685, Nathaniel Rudd, son of Jonathan Rudd the first, of Norwich. Her descendants are not numerous, as she died early. Othniel Gager, the present worthy town clerk of Norwich and treasurer of the city, is a specimen of them. She was the ancestress of some families of Rudds, Woods, Gagers, Huntingtons, Tracys, &c.

11. *Ruth Post*, granddaughter of Hester Hyde and John Post the first, of Norwich, married, in 1731, Joseph Bingham, youngest son of Thomas Bingham the second, of Norwich, and Hannah Backus. She was the ancestress of the Rev. Joel Smith Bingham, of Westfield, Massachusetts; of the Rev. Hiram Bingham, of New Haven, first missionary to the Sandwich Islands; of Kinsley Scott Bingham, governor of the state of Michigan, and United States senator; and of several families of Binghams, and of some families of Tenneys, Failes, Kingsleys, Hutchins, Whites, &c.

12. *Phebe Hyde*, second daughter of Samuel Hyde the first, of Norwich, and Jane Lee, married in 1683, Matthew Griswold, of Lyme, eldest son of Matthew Griswold and Anne Wolcott. She was the ancestress of Matthew Griswold, LL. D., of Lyme, chief justice and governor of Connecticut; of Roger Griswold, of Lyme, member of congress and governor of Connecticut; of the Rev. Edward Dorr, minister of Hartford; of major general Samuel Holden Parsons, of the army of the revolution, and first chief justice of the northwestern territory; of Lucia Parsons, wife of Stephen Titus Hosmer, LL. D., of Middletown, chief justice of Connecticut; of Oliver H. Prince, of Savannah, United States senator, who, with his wife, was lost by the wrecking of the "Home," in 1837; of William Woodbridge, of Detroit, governor of Michigan, and United States senator; of the Rev. Elisha Pope Swift, D. D., of Alleghany City, corresponding secretary of the foreign missionary society of the presbyterian church; of Ebenezer Lane, of Chicago, chief justice of Ohio; of Mary Ann Chandler, wife of James Lanman, of Norwich, judge of the superior court of Connecticut, and United States senator; of Edward D. Tracy, of Macon, judge of one of the superior courts of Georgia; of Albert H. Tracy, of

Buffalo, state senator and member of congress; of Phinehas L. Tracy, of Batavia, N. Y., member of congress; of the Rev. Edward Dorr Griffin, D. D., professor in the theological seminary at Andover, and president of Williams college; of George Griffin, LL. D., of New York; of Simon Greenleaf, LL. D., Dane professor of law at Harvard university; of Phebe Griswold, wife of the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, minister of Lyme, and of Newburyport; of the Rev. Sylvanus Griswold, minister of Springfield, Mass.; of Lucretia Backus, wife of Nathaniel Pope, of Kaskaskias, delegate to congress, and judge of the U. S. court for the district of Ill.; of the Rev. Dudley Woodbridge, of Marietta; and of Sarah Griswold, wife of William Hillhouse, of Montville, a member of the congress of the confederation, and chief judge of New London county.

In the veins of all of his descendants, the blood of his grandfather, John Hillhouse, of Free Hall, in Ireland, is mingled with the blood of the Rev. James Fitch, first minister of Norwich, and of the celebrated major John Mason. For the mother of judge William Hillhouse was Mary Fitch, a granddaughter of Priscilla Mason, second wife of the Rev. James Fitch.

This Phebe Hyde was also the ancestress of Frances Louisa Griffin, wife of Dr. Lyndon Arnold Smith, an eminent physician and philanthropist of Newark, N. J.; of Lucretia Griswold, wife of colonel Jonathan Latimer, of New London, who served in the French war, and was an officer of the U. S., in the revolution; of captain Andrew Griswold, who was also a revolutionary officer, and was a distinguished magistrate of East Lyme; of James Hillhouse, LL. D., treasurer of Yale college, M. C., and U. S. senator; of the Rev. George Griswold, minister of "*the old synagogue*," at East Lyme; of David Hillhouse, a judge of the territory of Indiana; of Harriet Ann Schuyler, second wife of Edward C. Delavan, of Ballston, N. Y., the apostle of temperance in the United States; of Rebecca Woolsey Hillhouse, first wife of the Rev. Nathaniel Hewett, D. D., of Bridgeport, for many years general agent of the American temperance society; of the Rev. William Raymond Weeks, D. D., of Plattsburgh, and afterward of Newark, N. J.; of Dr. Jonathan Dorr, an eminent physician and surgeon of Cambridge, N. Y.; of judge Matthew Dorr, of Chatham, N. Y.; of judge Edmund Dorr, of Athens, Ohio; of judge Henry Champ-

lin Denison, of Woodstock, Vt.; of Rev. William Cowper Denison, of Prescott, Wisconsin; of the Rev. Ephraim Griswold Swift, of Stockbridge; of Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, in the university of N. C., who perished in 1857, on the mountains, while making a scientific exploration; of the Rev. Elliot Elisha Swift, of Zenia, Ohio; of judge Griswold Elliot, of Sheckley, Pa.; of Dr. John Delamater, of Cleveland, a distinguished physician and surgeon, medical professor in the Western Reserve college; of Deborah Griswold, wife of major Robert Denison, of Montville, afterwards of Horton, N. S., who was an officer in general Wolcott's brigade, at the taking of Louisburg; and of Miss Frances Manwaring Caulkins, of New London, the talented and distinguished authoress of the histories of Norwich and of New London, who, I trust, will soon give us a new and enlarged edition of the history of her native town of Norwich.

Phebe Hyde was also the ancestress of many families of Griswolds, Dorrs, Denisons, Parsonses, Bushnells, Backuses, Hillhouses, Elliotts, Raymonds, Latimers, Griffins, Tracys, Waits, McCurdys, Mathers, Sills, Lays, Lees, Greenleafs, Woodbridges, &c.

I will only add that I have in my possession an original Connecticut love letter, written in 1682, and another letter written about the same time, which letters show that many of her descendants should be poets and poetesses. For by these letters it appears that she was successfully courted in poetry, as well as in prose, and that the consent of her guardian, John Burchard, to her marriage, was also solicited by her pious and considerate lover, in the same way.

I will now proceed to speak of the two first born children of Norwich, who have been committed to my special care by my friend, the governor. For the reason I have before given, I shall devote my attention principally to the young lady, and shall leave the young gentleman to take care of himself after he has arrived at years of discretion, and when I shall have given him one of my blood relatives for a wife, and another for the first wife of his eldest son.

This first born son of Norwich, Christopher Huntington, (who succeeded his father-in-law as one of the deacons of the Norwich church,) was the second son and third child of Christopher Hunt-

ington, one of the 35 proprietors of Norwich; who came from Norwich in England to Saybrook, and married, in 1652, Ruth Rockwell, of Windsor. (I believe one of the brothers of Ruth Rockwell was the honored ancestor of the worthy son of Norwich, Charles W. Rockwell, esq., of New York, who sits at my left hand.) In 1681, while the first son of Norwich was yet in his minority, he married a half sister of my ancestor Richard Bushnell, esq., and of my ancestress Elizabeth Adgate. She was *Sarah Adgate*, the second daughter of deacon Thomas Adgate the first, of Norwich, by his second wife, the widow Mary (Marvin) Bushnell.

The first child of this marriage was Ruth Huntington; who married deacon Ralph Wheelock, of Windham, and was the mother of the reverend Eleazer Wheelock, D. D., founder of the Indian school at Lebanon, and the first president of Dartmouth college, New Hampshire. She was also the ancestress of colonel John Wheelock, LL. D., of Hanover, New Hampshire, a distinguished officer in the war of the revolution, and second president of Dartmouth college; of Abigail Wheelock, wife of the reverend Benjamin Pomeroy, D. D., minister of Hebron; of Ruth Wheelock, wife of the reverend William Patton, of Hartford; and of Maria Malleville Wheelock, wife of the reverend William Allen, D. D., of Northampton, president of Bowdoin college, and author of the American Biographical Dictionary.

The second child of deacon Christopher Huntington by his first wife, Sarah Adgate, was Christopher Huntington, *tertius*; who married for his first wife Abigail (Abel) Lathrop, widow of Barnabas Lathrop, and sister of my great grandmother, Mary Abel. The sixth child was deacon Hezekiah Huntington, of Norwich, who was judge of the probate court of the Norwich district twenty-five years, and one of the assistants of the colony for a longer period of time. His granddaughter, Elizabeth Huntington, became the wife of Frederick Wolcott, of Litchfield, son of the first governor, Oliver Wolcott.

I have only time to add that the first white male child born in Norwich, had by his two wives, twelve children, and died in 1735; that he was the ancestor of many who are an honor to this good old town, and several of them are now present; and that among his descendants there are numerous families of Huntingtons, Hydes, Wheelocks, Leffingwells, Lathrops, Rudds, &c.

And now I will detain you a few moments to speak of the first daughter of Norwich, sister of my great grandfather, and of a few among the many of her many distinguished descendants.

Elizabeth Hyde, as you have already been told, was born here in August, 1660. Her mother, Jane Lee, was born in England; and with her parents and her brother and sister, sailed for America in 1641. Her father died with the small pox on the passage. The rest of the family arrived at Saybrook, where they settled on the east side of the river; and where Thomas Lee, her brother, was a large landholder. Her father, Samuel Hyde, was the only son of William Hyde the first, of Norwich, who came from England and settled at Hartford, where his name appears upon the monument erected to the first settlers of that town. As the infant settlement of Norwich, in the arms of a loving Providence, has become a great city, and has sent forth its thousands of sons and daughters to improve and bless mankind, so has the infant Elizabeth Hyde, who, in August, 1660, was nurtured upon her mother's breast, been enabled, with the assistance of her sons and her daughters, and by the care and protection of the same loving Providence, been enabled to raise up, instruct and Christianize a host of descendants, and send them forth upon the same heavenly errand of love and mercy.

This Elizabeth Hyde married, in 1682, Richard Lord the first, of Lyme, third son of William Lord, of Saybrook, and grandson of Thomas Lord the first, of Hartford. She had two sons and seven daughters, all of whom arrived at adult ages and married.

She was the ancestress of Charles J. McCurdy, of Lyme, lieutenant governor, and justice of the superior court of Connecticut, and United States minister at the court of Vienna; of John Milton Niles, of Hartford, United States senator, and postmaster general; of Samuel D. Hubbard, LL. D., of Middletown, member of congress, and postmaster general; of Caroline M. Rosekrans, wife of Benjamin F. Wade, United States senator, of Ohio; of Lucinda C. Niles, wife of Elisha M. Pease, governor of Texas; of Elijah Hubbard, of Middletown, United States commissary, and for many years a member of the state legislature; of reverend Robert Hubbard, minister of Shelburn, Massachusetts; of Phebe Hubbard, wife of Thomas H. Hubbard, of Utica, member of congress,

and clerk of the supreme court of New York; of colonel Nehemiah Hubbard, of Middletown, quartermaster general in the revolutionary war; of John W. Allen, of Washington, member of congress, of Ohio; of Ursula McCurdy Allen, wife of judge Sherlock J. Andrews, of Cleveland, Ohio; of Sarah McCurdy Hart, wife of the reverend Samuel Farmer Jarvis, LL. D., professor of biblical learning in the protestant episcopal seminary at New York; of Anne McCurdy Hart, wife of commodore Isaac Hull, of the United States navy; of Sarah McCurdy, wife of reverend Henry Channing, minister of New London; of general Theodore Sill, of Whitesboro, member of congress; of Sarah Sill, wife of Thomas Ruggles Gould, of Whitesboro, member of congress, and a very distinguished lawyer; of Elisha Sill, of Goshen, surgeon in general Wolcott's brigade, in the war of the revolution; of the reverend Elijah Sill, minister of New Fairfield; of major Richard Sill, of Albany, aid to major general William Alexander, (lord Sterling) in the revolutionary war; of colonel David Fithen Sill, of Lyme, town clerk and magistrate; of Elizabeth Sill, wife of colonel Robert Davison, who commanded a regiment in the service of the United States at the battle of Wyoming; of major general Elisha Sterling, of Salsbury, who was colonel of a regiment of militia in the service of the United States in the war of 1812; of Ansel Sterling, of Sharon, Connecticut, and Micah Sterling, of Watertown, New York, members of congress; of judge Thomas Sill Sterling, of Winchester, Mississippi; of Mary Fish, wife of Joel A. Matteson, of Springfield, governor of Illinois; of the reverend Jared Lay Elliot, chaplain in the United States navy; of Edward Gregory Elliot, a captain in the United States army; of Mary Ann Elliot, wife of William C. Rives, of Washington, D. C., editor of the Washington Globe; of the reverend John Elliot, D. D., minister of Madison and fellow of Yale college; of judge Ely Augustus Elliot, state senator, and brigadier general of artillery; of Hannah Elliot, wife of reverend John Niles, minister of Bath, New York; of Eunice Lathrop, wife of judge Nathaniel Niles, of West Fairlie, Vermont, the talented author of "The American Hero," the war song of the revolution, which was sung by the choir yesterday; of Anne Lord, first wife of colonel Zebulon Butler, of Wyoming, an officer in the French war, and commander of the United States troops at the battle of Wyoming;

of the reverend Zebulon Butler, D. D., of Port Gibson, Mississippi; of Sylvania Butler, wife of Garrick Mallery, president judge of the 3d judicial district of Pennsylvania; of Chester Butler, of Wilkesbarre, member of congress; of Priscilla Lord Mallery, wife of William Strong, judge of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, and member of congress; of Hannah Butler, wife of Roswell Welles, of Wilkesbarre, circuit judge; of the reverend John Lord, minister of Washington, New Hampshire; of the reverend John C. Lord, D. D., of Buffalo; of Charles Backus Lord, judge of the land court at St. Louis; of the reverend Claudius Buchannan Lord, of Springville, New York; of the reverend William Wilberforce Lord, episcopal minister at Vicksburg, Mississippi; of Scott Lord, of Geneseo, New York, judge of the county court of Livingston county; of Lucy Lord, wife of the reverend Zadock Darrow, of Lyme; of Joseph Lee Darrow, of Collinsville, Illinois, physician and clergyman; of Eunice Amanda Look, wife of the reverend Reginald Heber Weller, episcopal clergyman at Jefferson City, Missouri; of judge Jedediah Peck, of Burlington, New York, state senator; of captain Joseph Jewett, of Lyme, an oficer in the United States army, who was basely assassinated at the battle of Flatbush, by a British officer, to whom he had surrendered; of Lynde Lord, esq., high sheriff of Litchfield county; of colonel Elisha Sheldon, of Litchfield, who was the commander of a regiment of dragoons, in the revolutionary war; of Dr. Elisha Sheldon, an eminent physician of Troy, New York; of Mary Platt, wife of colonel Carlos Waite, of the United States army; of Alfred Ely, of Rochester, member of congress; of the reverend Samuel Ely, of Somers; and of Mary Ely, wife of major Thomas Anderson, of Lyme, an officer in the army of the revolution.

This Elizabeth Hyde was also the ancestress of many families of Lords, Sills, Elys, Pearsons, Jewitts, Lees, Lathrops, McCurdys, Elliots, Butlers, Hubbards, Nileses, Sheldons, Pecks, Mathers, Raymonds, Moodys, Lays, Hydes, Latimers, Johnsons, Noyeses, Stewarts, Channings, Clarks, Sterlings, Wellses, Smiths, Crowells, Robertses, Andersons, Seldens, Perkinses, Beckwiths, Gardners, Bradfords, &c.

And when the record of the next two hundred years shall be made up, may some one, in behalf of each of Norwich's young and lovely maidens now here, be able to present a list of honorable

and honored descendants which shall equal, if not surpass, that which I have now exhibited in behalf of my relative, the first born of the daughters of Norwich.

In addition to the distinguished and worthy descendants of some of the first settlers of Norwich, which have been particularized by me, I could give you the names of many scores of the descendants of others of the first settlers who have been as deservedly honored and esteemed as those I have mentioned. Indeed, with the exception of one whose dishonored name shall not pollute my lips or offend your ears at this time, I can freely say, we have good reason for being proud of the descendants of the thirty-five original proprietors of Norwich, and of others who have since adopted Norwich as their home.

And long may the sons and daughters of the good old nine miles square, and their descendants, wherever born and wherever their lots may be cast, continue to be deservedly honored and beloved in their day and generation, and to be themselves an honor to their ancestry, and a blessing to their country and to their kind.

"*The Mohegans:*—Their services to our forefathers should be held in our everlasting and grateful remembrance."

This sentiment was responded to by William C. Gilman, of New York, Thomas Sterry Hunt, of Montreal, and Rev. Anson Gleason.

"*The Fair Town of Norwich.*—Her foundations were laid in justice. Her soil was not wrested by force or guile from reluctant savages, but was, at least twice, solemnly conveyed by the Mohegans to the Colonists, and each time a satisfactory equivalent was paid and received. May her progress ever be according to this beginning; then for ages shall she *continue* to be 'like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in season.'"

Charles W. Rockwell, of New York, being called upon to respond, said:—

Mr. President:—That the foundations of Norwich were laid in justice, and that in all their intercourse with the Mohegans, the early settlers were ever careful to treat them as the rightful owners of the soil, is matter of history, and the public records contain evidence of the fact. But the presence of undisturbed harmony between them from 1659 to the present time, affords the clearest evidence on this point. (Cheers.) In the earlier period, the friendship of the Mohegans was essential to the safety of our fathers,

and the growth of the town. For more than a century, however, they have been dependent on our friendship and protection for their very existence, and for all the means of common and religious instruction, and the establishment and maintenance of their church and school. (Applause.)

There is no similar record of friendly relations between the white and Indian races—an alliance offensive and defensive, founded upon mutual interests—an alliance most faithfully adhered to when our fathers were defenseless and feeble, by UNCAS and his people,—and now as solemnly observed by the people of Norwich, when the Mohegans are but the remnant of a once powerful nation. (Loud applause.) There are those who regard the £70 paid for the purchase of nine miles square, on the 6th of June, 1659, as a meager compensation for such a territory. We can not, at this late day, form any just estimate of the cash value of a small part of a wilderness, both populated and surrounded by savage tribes. But it is quite certain that the Indians had more land than money; that they were anxious to secure the settlement of MASON and his friends, as their neighbors and protectors, and have received returns for their land and their services, the most ample, and now enjoy the care and guardiauship of the state of Connecticut,—a protection which so long as they survive will be continued.

In addition to this general supervision, the graves of their chiefs have ever been respected, and the only monument on this continent in commemoration of the friendship of an Indian sachem, is that of UNCAS, erected by the women of Norwich. (Applause.)

The love of justice, in which the foundations of the town were laid, has marked its progress to this good hour; has never shone brighter than on this two hundredth anniversary; and the good name of Norwich was never in better keeping than on this glorious day. (Cheers.)

But in speaking of the "fair town of Norwich," is not its surpassing beauty to be named? And if its reputation for old fashioned and sterling integrity of character may be confided to her resident children, we may entrust them with the care of its magnificent and venerable trees, the use of its water courses, and its architectural embellishments. The Norwich of to-day is in advance of any former period of its history, in its outward appearance generally, its churches, schools and academies; and we have

the firm belief that at no former time were its pulpits filled by men of greater ability, or of purer and more ardent zeal in their sacred calling; or its halls of education presided over by more competent and devoted instructors.

Sir, claiming to know much of Norwich, and something of other fair towns in the eastern, western, and southern portions of our land, I am proud to hail it as my native town, and point to it as a model for beauty of scenery, for the comfort and elegance of its homes, and for its conservative influence far and near.

But, sir, in speaking of the "fair town of Norwich," may I not say a word of the *fair of the town of Norwich?* (Cheers.) What, sir, has been the prominent, distinguishing characteristic of the people of Norwich? From the beginning until now; from the time when Uncas was closely besieged and near starvation, down to this grand jubilee, this fair town has been conspicuous for its whole souled liberality and benevolence. It is famed for its genuine *hospitality*, more than for all its other attractions and advantages; and allow me to say, that for this good name, more to be prized than gold and silver, we are indebted to the *women of Norwich*, past and present, native and adopted. They are not afraid to entertain strangers,—and who can tell *how many angels they have entertained unawares.* (Loud cheers.)

Sir, while we admire all that is outside your stately and elegant mansions, the great attraction is within doors, and around your firesides. We are under the deepest obligations to yourself and your noble band of associates for your generous invitation to all the descendants of Norwich to celebrate this day among you. Sir, it requires a governor, and I had almost said a *Norwich governor*, to greet such an assembly as received your welcome yesterday. Warm and hearty as it was, it did not exceed, sir, that cordial welcome that was extended to us individually at the homes of your families—to the tables and pillows so bountifully provided for the tens of thousands who obeyed your call. (Cheers.) No one here present, entertains a higher respect for the men of Norwich, than myself. I know their worth, and do not undervalue it, when, for all that is most estimable and praiseworthy, from long and familiar acquaintance, I am compelled to assign them to the second rank.

The remembrance of this great day will be fresh for many a year. The recollections of our gathering will recur to grateful

hearts in the remotest habitations of men. The eloquent and instructive addresses to which we have listened, the hymns that have been sung, will long ring in our ears, and their influence extend to remote generations; but I have an abiding conviction that those who have been received at your homes by your wives and daughters, will cherish the remembrance of the day as one of the happiest of their experience.

This is not the place to refer to individuals of this fair town. I leave that delicate but grateful duty to the young and eloquent historians of our town, and would advise them that while pursuing their interesting research among the worthies of ancient times, they devote themselves with still greater assiduity to a careful study of those nearer home. (Cheers.)

Sir, among the interesting events of this celebration is the commencement of a monument to the memory of captain JOHN MASON. Have you secured the co-operation of your wives and daughters in this work? (Applause.)

Do you know of a monument in the United States that has been erected by the voluntary contributions of the men? They are ready to lay corner stones with becoming ceremonies and eulogy; but without an appropriation from some public treasury, or the grant of a lottery, they are apt to fail of completion until the women assume the work. *They* build the monuments to the brave and good; and few are the enterprises that make their appeal to our benevolence or patriotism, that prosper without their personal and active aid. (Cheers.)

Sir, I heartily wish that a suitable monument, which would commemorate the first settlement of this town, and this two hundredth anniversary thereof, be erected. It has been proposed to present this subject at this banquet, and I hope that before we separate, some movement to that end may be made.

To me it would serve as a memorial, not merely of those events, but of the open-hearted hospitality of the citizens of Norwich. (Loud cheers.)

"*Franklin, Bozrah, Lisbon, Lebanon, Preston, and Griswold.*—Separation is not disunion. In affection we are still ONE."

Dr. Woodward responded as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT: In response to the sentiment just read, I can assure you that we, as the *off-shoots* of ancient Norwich, rejoice in a

common origin. It is for us a just source of pride and self-congratulation that your early history is ours also. We proudly trace our lineage to the pioneers who, two centuries ago, rescued from barbarism these fair fields, which have already yielded an abundant harvest of the choicest fruits of civilization.

If for three-eighths of this period we have lived under separate corporations, the children none the less glory in the prosperity which advantages of location have conferred upon the parent township. And while we rejoice that your records present an imposing array of illustrious names, let us modestly claim that from our more humble homes strong men have gone forth; men who, in the various callings of life, have taken rank amongst the foremost; men whose actions have left an enduring impress on the history of the country and the race. But all these names are clustered to-day in one bright galaxy, our common glory, our common heritage.

Mr. President: If in our progress it seemed fitting that the original domain of Norwich should be divided, and exist under distinct organizations, let not the bonds of our relationship be forgotten or discarded. United by the ties of interest and blood, let us also be one in sympathies and in efforts to promote the general good.

"*Then and Now*—The Spinning Wheel and the Telegraph—Capital Musicians—One hums the Song of Progress, the other *beats time.*"

The president introduced Mr. Daniel Tyler, as a gentleman born in the right place, who, like many others, would not stay there, but ran away. (Laughter.)

Mr. Tyler said:—

Mr. President: In rising to respond to the sentiment just announced, it is a fair, as it would be a legal presumption, that I assent to the enforcement of the ten minutes rule. And as you have so near at hand high equity power, by which you may enforce a specific compliance of implied contract, I can not hope to escape its exactions. [Chancellor Walworth sat at the left hand of the president.]

So now, sir, if my wheel should chance to be under full headway, its acquired impetus may cause a few revolutions, even after the hammer falls; so that if your excellency really expects to stop it at the end of ten minutes, perhaps prudence may dictate that you should commence the operation before I begin to spin!

In the palmy days of the spinning wheel, two skeins were a day's work; and I shall hardly be willing to afford such evidence of degeneracy as to close mine with a single knot, and so stop at the first snap of the reel.

In the sentiment to which I attempt to respond, the spinning wheel is recognized, and very justly too, as possessing musical powers.

True, indeed, is it, that those "little" spinning wheels were the pianos of 1776, but with only two keys; the one was touched at six o'clock A. M., and the other at nine P. M.; and yet our grandmothers were such skillful performers as to make the very best kind of music; and the reason was, that they kept constantly *humming* the same tune, "from rosy morn till dewy eve." Besides, this wheel minstrelsy was the most profitable kind of instrumental music, for the hum of the spinning room saved our fathers the necessity of paying out their hard earnings for the *hum-hum* of the counting room.

And now, although the spinning wheel challenges our high respect and veneration as a symbol of domestic industry and primitive simplicity, yet it is rather difficult to perceive the exact propriety of the declaration that it "hums the song of *progress*," because many a good old lady would literally *foot it* all day without progressing an inch.

In relation to the other branch of the sentiment, that the "telegraph beats time," although it is, doubtless, true, yet I have never heard of a trial of speed between them, and the reason why there has never been a match race I suppose to be, that among all the sportsmen of the day, no one can be found reckless enough to bet on old father Time. Not on the ground that he would be beaten by his modern competitor in three straight heats, but because he would surely be distanced before he could start!

I was prepared, when I came here, to witness a mighty gathering of people, but I could hardly believe that even at the flood tide of this celebration the crowd would equal the multitude who assemble upon a gala day in the great city of New York, and yet, sir, in the matter of tents we can this day Fill-more than the empire city herself, and because we can *Fill-more*, we can also *fill better*.

We have all of us, in our schoolboy days, read of the great wall of China, and sat in silent amazement as we contemplated the im-

mense amount of time and labor the mighty structure must have cost, and now we have around us, not for our protection, (for there is none to molest or make us afraid,) but with us, and of us, as our *cousin*, our companion, and our friend, a *Wall-worth* more, yes, worth infinitely more!

And now, sir, leaving the sentiment, a word or two about our goodly town and city.

Norwich is the place of my birth, and although I left here at an early age, still I suppose I have an absolute title, a sort of *fee simple* interest in the honors of this day, which the longest resident of this city, born elsewhere, can not claim; and, although an alien may, by lapse of time and adversary possession, acquire a title to our lands and our houses, yet by no such process can he gain for himself, or filch from us these honors, which are the rich, ripe family fruit of the *locus in quo*; therefore, while we bid all welcome to this gay pageant and this festive scene, yet we natives must be excused if we are a little clanish—if you please a little selfish—and we offer as our apology, which, we trust, will be deemed ample and satisfactory, that this first and only exhibition of that ugly trait is at the end of two hundred years from the foundation of the city. In the language of the constitution, "we hold this truth to be self-evident," that the sons and daughters of this old municipality, as she to-day gathers them beneath her wings, have the right and the privilege as grateful, obedient and affectionate children, to look up and exclaim, "God bless you, and smile upon you, and prosper you, our dear old mother!"

Although I left Norwich when a child, still the manners and customs, and the society of the town, were subjects of conversation very often with my parents, and thus I became acquainted with her local usages and her social peculiarities. Allow me to mention a single circumstance in illustration. Forty years ago, when I was pretty young, (I am sorry I can not say I was young at a more recent period of time,) I resided a year in the then territory of Michigan, and on my return to Connecticut, I came down the lake from Detroit to Cleveland, on my way to Pittsburg. That part of Ohio lying between Cleveland and Pittsburgh was then new and nearly destitute of everything which could minister to the comfort of the traveler.

After waiting in Cleveland two or three days, I succeeded in engaging a man to take me and my two traveling companions, a gen-

tleman and his wife, in a heavy Canestoga wagon, with a pair of horses, through the wilderness to Pittsburg. As for roads, most of the way there were none; and we made our way sometimes in paths, and then again where there was not even the sign of a track, and when night came upon us, we were very glad to find shelter in a log cabin. I recollect the Saturday night on which we came to a little settlement of five or six log cabins, and that I was gladdened at the sight among them of a veritable *framed house*, and not only a framed house, but painted, the body red, and the doors, window frames and stools white. Near it was a sign swinging, on which was the single word "Entertainment," and all around it appeared evidence of care and thrift. In a word, it looked like a New England *home*. I went in, and found a nice little keeping room; and making part of the furniture was an old fashioned round candlestand. On it was the family Bible, a candle in an antiquated brass candlestick, and a pair of snuffers. I felt for a moment that by some magic power I had been lifted over the Alleghanies, and set down up here somewhere in Preston, or Lisbon, or Franklin! On opening the kitchen door I found the family just sitting down to a "Saturday night supper;" and casting my eye upon the table, I saw in the center a large dish of baked beans, and by the side of it the indispensable accompaniment, brought by baking to the proper crisp, and to that peculiar mahogany color which the *true coin* always bears! Drawing a bow at a venture, and looking at the lady of the house, my first salutation was: "When did you hear from Norwich, and how do they all do?" She manifested a little surprise, but replied at once, "My daughter Susan had a letter from there last week, and they are all well."

The question is sometimes asked rather tauntingly by our western friends, why our eastern towns and cities have been of so slow growth. The reason is that the great leading *staple* business at the west, for the last half century, has been the making or manufacturing of cities, towns, and states. It is a regular trade out there, learned quick, no journeywork about it; they go at a single bound from apprentices to master workmen. Why, seventy-five or a hundred men will start from Iowa, or Wisconsin, or Minnesota, and travel toward the Rocky Mountains till they come to a prairie of some four or five hundred miles square, and they will make it into a state as quick as they will make a wooden wheeled clock in Bris-

tol or Plymouth; it will have its judiciary, legislative and executive departments all in running order, and they will wind it up, and, like one of those clocks, it will go, it will tick, tick, tick, and you can 't stop it! Here, at the east, we are in the habit of speaking of the sisterhood of states, but out west a state is a mere masculine affair, and you will find this new born sovereignty walking into the capitol, without knocking, and with the free and easy salutation, "Holloa, Uncle Sam, give us your hand! Why, don't you know me? I am one of your boys, here are the documents," (pulling a constitution from his pocket.) Uncle Sam reads, and then says quite carelessly, "All right. Go up and tell Cass to put another star and another stripe on to the bunting." But notwithstanding the passion for investment in "town lots" at the west, and the prevailing passion for emigration, we are still permitted to rejoice in the mercantile and manufacturing prosperity of this our native town; and not to rejoice merely, but to exult when we contemplate her provision for moral and intellectual improvement; and especially when we turn our eyes to that stately edifice, your free academy, the dumb, yet speaking monument of your wisdom and your munificence.

In ancient times not only those who laid the foundations were said *condere urbem*, but those who enlarged, or repaired, or beautified, were also said to found a city; and though true it is, that these foundations, on which the noble and beautiful structure of your town and city have risen, were laid two hundred years ago, yet those foundations were *relaid* still deeper, and broader, and stronger, when you embarked so wisely and so nobly in the cause of education.

What, with this noble river, whose current, in an hour or two, will waft you to the ocean, joined with your almost matchless facilities for manufacturing purposes, is to prevent Norwich from becoming a great city? Nothing, nothing but a failure on your part to resolve that it shall be such. Byzantium, though long founded, remained a small city until Constantine resolved that it should rival Rome; and it grew into the great city of Constantinople, and became the capital of the eastern Roman empire; and the inconsiderable citadel of Byrsa finally became the renowned city of Carthage.

While the rage at the west has been to invest in "town lots,"

here at the east it has been all stocks! stocks! stocks! in fact, there has been an epidemical stock mania; and it differs from the cholera in this, that the one is said to attack the poorer class first, while the millionaires are usually the first victims of the other. What would be the effect if one-sixth or one-eighth of the Norwich capital, now invested in stock, was to be withdrawn and employed in town improvement? Why, A's dollar would rub against B's, and B's against C's, and so on until there would be one perfect jingle among the whole alphabet of dollars, and the noise and the confusion of the mason and the carpenter would very little resemble that stillness which prevailed at the building of Solomon's temple, where the sound of a hammer was not heard!

This, too, will check emigration, and enable you to keep your sons and daughters at home. Abraham is, you know, the great archetype of emigrants, for he left Ur of the Chaldees and went *prospecting*, not into California or Kansas, but down into Egypt, where he collected much gold and silver; and might, perhaps, have remained there longer had it not been for the too particular attentions of a certain gentleman to Mrs. Abraham. He, however, went over into Canaan, where he lived in patriarchal simplicity and peace; and when he was old he caused his eldest servant, who ruled over all that he had, to swear, *magnum jurare juramentum*, that he would go back to his own country, and there procure a wife for Isaac, his son; nor was he faithless to his vow, but so "kept and performed" it, that Isaac, in due time, became the husband of the virtuous and lovely Rebecca. Now the difference between Abraham and our Norwich emigrants is this; the former required an oath to be sure that Isaac should get a wife from home, while the latter can't swear their boys strong enough to *prevent* their coming back after wives!

And not only so, but they take out such specimens that the Canaanites themselves are continually coming on here for a like purpose. Now if I were a young man, and engaged in politics, I should advocate the American system, one of its cardinal doctrines being that we are entitled to the *home market*; and though in favor of a tariff, I should not be satisfied with any *ad valorem* duty, with a foreign valuation; but I should go for a tariff of protection, and for *specific* duties upon all such fancy articles.

When western speculation shall have ceased; when a portion of

your own capital shall be regularly and systematically expended in the promotion of business facilities here; when the channel of your river shall have been improved; and when, above all, you shall lay an embargo, or proclaim matrimonial non-intercourse, and keep your daughters at home, then will the tide of emigration set eastward, and Norwich will rise to the measure of her just stature. Piers and wharves will stud the river to Gale's Ferry, and to Allyn's Point, while her limits shall stretch northward to the *Baltic!*

Throwing the reins of fancy free, and looking forward a few years, stately dwellings shall crown these hill tops; and, by one standing upon the sloping terrace, or sitting within the lofty corridor, shall be heard the hum of industry as it comes up from the east and from the west, and unites with the merry "ho, heave, ho," of the mariner, as he unlades at your wharf the products of the nearer islands, the rich fabrics of India, and the spices of Borneo and Sumatra.

"*Universal Brotherhood*—To all tribes and nations, felicity; Heaven hasten the time when wars and oppression shall cease; may the happy be made happier; the sorrowful be cheered; all wrongs be redressed; bigotry and intolerance cease; charity prevail; and Truth and Justice rule."

Ex-governor Washburne, of Massachusetts, was introduced, and spoke as follows:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I hardly know why I have been selected to answer to the toast just read. It seems to me it ought to have been assigned to my friend, the venerable and much respected chancellor Walworth; and you might have thrown in not only "brotherhood," but *sisterhood* too. If, sir, it means as a friend and as a ruler, that I am to point out some way in which "universal brotherhood" and kindly feeling should be promoted or perpetuated in the community, you will permit me to say that I can think of no other so good as getting up another Norwich celebration. (Loud cheers.)

Why, sir, let a man come here, and it is utterly impossible that he should not want to be a brother and a sister. (Laughter.) It is utterly impossible to go away from here without entertaining sentiments of tenderness and affection; and although, perhaps, you will never be able to get up another celebration equal in grandeur to the present one, yet I can imagine how you can approximate to this, viz. by sending out delegates. I would send the president

and the committee of arrangements, and the orators who have been presented here, and get up celebrations in different localities away from this spot, and I would be willing to stake my reputation that in ten years from this time we should have no need of an army, or the peace arrangement, but an universal brotherhood and peace, according to the sentiment of the toast you have rendered, would be accomplished.

I purpose to ask a question. I said I did not understand why I should be called upon to respond to this toast. I have a right to go a little behind that. I do not know why I should be called upon at all. I had a most polite invitation from my friend, the then chairman of the reception committee, to attend your celebration. I had many friends, and if I was not born here, it was not my fault, but rather that of my parents. But I availed myself of your polite invitation, and came here to enjoy, as I knew I should, a few delightful days. When I received your letter of invitation, my mind recurred to the history of Connecticut and its early habits. I had been told that it was customary for children of your state to repeat every Saturday night the catechism. I did not know but what you might examine all the children as you used to, and inasmuch as I thought that many who resided here would regard me in the light of an infant, I thought it would be as well to come prepared. So I went to my desk, just as I was coming away, took down my book, supposing it to be my old primer, but by a singular coincidence, I found it was the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, (producing an old book.) I brought them with me, and read them during my journey here; and allow me to say, with the utmost truth, that in their perusal I felt a deep interest. The study of any people's laws is interesting and instructive. They are the true exponents of the people at any time. A people's laws always tell the character of the people. I find a code here which was published in 1650, and I read there the character of the people of Connecticut in laws that were promulgated then; and permit me to say, if I may be allowed in any manner to speak for Massachusetts here, that I congratulate Connecticut that her laws were so near our laws, and that the institutions of the two states are nearly identical. To laws similar to the "Blue Laws" do we owe our republican freedom. (Loud cheers.) I read in that book that there shall be a free election of your rulers and

the officers that constitute your government. I find in that book that not only do the people elect their own officers, but, in order that they might be intelligent, there was a school open for every child in Connecticut at the very first; and more than that, I find, in order that they may be independent, they provided that every parent and guardian should bring their children to some honorable and useful occupation. The "Blue Laws" have made labor honorable. They laid the foundation of that character that has worked out for Connecticut her independence and her worth; that has dotted her land all over with handsome houses, with beautiful villages, and with factories and workshops, teeming with industrious and intelligent mechanics. I admit that there are some of these laws which hardly come up to the standard of our day. (Cheers.) I find that one among them is a provision that the child shall be obedient to his parents; that youth shall be respectful to age. But, sir, we have got in advance of that, I admit. (Laughter and applause.) Young America was not born then. Why, it is only a year ago that I listened to an oration of one of the first scholars of Cambridge, the whole drift of which was to show the respect that age owes to youth. (Laughter.)

There are other changes that I might speak of; but I will say that these much abused "Blue Laws" contain the element and the germ of a free people and a free government. I may be asked "where are the evidences of what have been the fruits of this free government that was planted here before 1650?" Go, I reply, on any hill side, and look around on the glorious prospect before you. Go to any farm house or village, and you will hear the busy hum of industry and trade. Look at the large cities of Birmingham and Manchester! Why, sir, they can not be compared to our New England towns, for there it is an unequal struggle of capital against labor. But here we are all equal, all intelligent, and all sharing in the benefits of a free and enlightened government, selected by the people themselves. But, sir, that is not all. Go where you will, you will find our Connecticut men and our Connecticut principles diffused throughout this community; throughout this wide spread union. Allow me to relate a little anecdote that occurred to me some twenty years ago, as I was passing from Cincinnati across to Sandusky. In the coach in which I rode was a southern gentleman, a very intelligent man, and as we journeyed through the

country, our conversation turned upon its condition, and I occasionally remarked, "there lives a New England man; I know it from the appearance of the place. There is another, and another." He replied it appeared to him strange that every handsome, good looking house, with well cultivated grounds attached, should always be claimed by me as belonging to a man from the eastern states, and that he could not believe it was so. I proposed that we should try the experiment, and at the next stopping place I saw one of those houses which I could not mistake. I saw a man at work in the garden, with his coat off. Everything around him had an air of neatness and cleanliness. There were no hogs in his yard, which is contrary to the general rule in Ohio. (Laughter.) I approached him with my companion, and addressing him, said: "Sir, will you tell me from what part of Connecticut you came?" "From Suffield," says he. (Loud cheers.) "Well," remarked the southerner to me, as we walked to our vehicle, "I will give up;" and he noted it down, and as long as we traveled through Ohio, he concluded that every good looking house or farm in the whole state was owned by a Connecticut man. Yes, wherever you journey in these broad lands, you find the Connecticut man thrifty, industrious, and intelligent; and if you study their characters, at home or abroad, you will say they are people of whom every state might be proud. And this is attributable to the fruits of that code of 1650, which laid the foundation of your noble state, freemen of Connecticut. (Loud cheers.)

"*The clergy.*—We reverence the memory of those gone before; we respect those who are with us. May they be 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' May they teach charity to all, strip away the tinsel of hypocrisy from every thing false, and whether with bishops or without bishops, maintain the freedom of 'a state without a king.'"

Rev. Dr. Chester, of Buffalo, in responding, said:—

Mr. President:—If any other sentiment had been assigned me at so late an hour, I should have declined the honor of responding to it, feeling niether able nor willing to arrange my thoughts upon any particular subject, choosing rather to give myself up to the enjoyment of the festivities of this jubilant occasion, to allow old memories to sweep over me with their never ceasing and gentle tide, to revive ancient associations connected with every rock that stands yet in its place, every tree that was young in my

youth and now rises before me in the glory of its maturity, every house and barn that has not changed but still meets my eye as a monument of the past, and above all to greet old friends and be greeted in a manner unknown to all but those who come back after many years of absence, to their dear old native town, after a separation from it, as a resident, for a generation. Thirty years ago I left for college, and though I did not think so then, I now see this was my removal from the scenes of my birth, my childhood and my youth. The house where I was born, the building in which I first attended a woman's school, are standing yet. No wonder, for I am not a *very old* man, despite some outward indications of advancing years. Many, many that I knew and loved, are living yet, though many more are dead. The grave of my father and mother is here, to which love and duty and piety cause me to make a frequent pilgrimage from my now distant home. All this binds me to Norwich. I love to think of these rocks and rivers and narrow streets, when I am far away. I have hanging in my study a beautiful picture of the town—it is one of my shrines. I delight to come here as often as I can, and to bring back the visions of my childish days, to walk up to the little plain and the rope walk, where the soldiers paraded on the first Monday of May, and on to the great plain where, in September, the regiment was gathered in fierce array. I can scarcely refrain now from jumping on to the flat wall near by and running upon the top, as we boys used to do. I go over the hill and find it again all covered with savin bushes, among which we built our wigwams and played Indian. I slide down Boswell's hill, not half as good a sliding place now as it was then, down by the conference room and Dr. Ripley's barn, and either turn round by the hay scales or go perhaps plump into Josy Warren's subterranean garden.

But I open my eyes, and all is changed; how changed—changed for the better. I do not believe that the old days were the best, though I take delight, now and then, in recalling them. I rejoice in the progress and prosperity of my birthplace. As I pass round this plain, viewing the costly and magnificent dwellings, on either street; as I see this free academy and your public school buildings; as I stand under the shadow of your beautiful churches; as I witness, on every side, the striking evidences of

thrift and prosperity; I am glad, and my heart exults more and more.

I have always heard it said that New England was a good land to come away from; I have always said with pride that I came from Norwich. I am now convinced that there is one thing better to say than this, and that is—"I am a resident of Norwich."

But whither am I wandering. I began by saying that no other sentiment than the one assigned me would have called me out. And now I return to my text:—"*The clergy*—we reverence the memory of those gone before." This, Mr. President, is what has moved me. I should be recreant to every feeling of love and gratitude, if I hesitated to say something on such a theme. Standing here, almost at the very house door of the beloved, venerated pastor of my early years, the first minister I can remember, whose teachings gave me the rudiments of my religious faith, whose spotless life and noble character made me esteem the ministry as the most exalted of all earthly employments, and choose it as my profession. "We reverence the memory." Do I not reverence his? Do not you, Mr. President? Are there not many hearts still throbbing in this city in which his name is written as God's chosen instrument to bring them unto the Saviour? I remember his catechetical instructions on Saturday afternoons, when he met the children at the meeting house. I remember the long walks I have taken to recite passages of scripture to him in his own house. I remember when first convinced of sin, and seeking the way of deliverance, I went to him with a dear friend who is now in Heaven, for guidance and comfort, how fatherly, how affectionate, and yet how faithful he was. If that were the turning point of my history for time and for eternity, can I forget him? May I not thus speak of him solemnly, even amid the joy and cheer of this hour? I remember, in later years, how clear and forcible and scriptural were his sermons; with what eloquence, and yet with what power, he presented the word of God to the people; I recall his great solemnity and earnestness as the spirit of God was poured out, and he saw that sinners were turning unto Christ. He was, in all respects, what a minister of Jesus Christ ought to be; he was well balanced, symmetrical, a pattern for the clergy of the succeeding generation. I have said before what I now say again—all I can ask is that the people of my charge may love me

as I loved him. It is as near worship as is consistent with the keeping of the second commandment.

But I hasten to say simply, in regard to the other part of the sentiment, viz. "We respect those that are with us," that we rejoice to believe that they are worthy successors of those that have gone before them, imitating them in all their excellencies, and adding to their teaching and their practice whatever may be demanded in the opening providences of God. Let there be progress *in*, but no wandering *from* the right path. "May their efforts be honest, without fear or favor." May they be as they teach others to be, "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." "May they strip away the tinsel of hypocrisy, and teach charity to all." The last clause of this sentiment I pass with a brief remark. "And whether with bishops or without bishops, maintain the freedom of 'a state without a king.'" It would not do to open the question here whether it is wise for the clergy to preach politics, nor to enter upon the great denominational difference here alluded to. In the proper place all this can be set right; but here, and now, I take pleasure in saying that if the exhibition we have had of the character and spirit of a bishop be a fair specimen, then a church with bishops, we are ready to admit, may be just as good as one that has none. I recognize the claim as successor of the apostles, of one who shows so much of the christian love of John, combined with the learning of Paul and the eloquence of Peter. I thank him now, as my heart thanked him last night, for his beautiful and well deserved eulogy upon one whom I knew so well and so much loved; one of another denomination on earth, but of the same church above; and I pray that he and I, and all of us, dear friends, may be ready to join that lovely missionary, those holy men of God who have gone before us, those early settlers whose dust is mingled with our native soil, those parents and children and loved ones who have died in the Lord. May this whole assembly be there to join in the everlasting chorus of praise to the Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, for whose glory man was made, and the earth inhabited, and nations advanced in honor and prosperity; "for of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things."

"*Physic.*—We had rather toast it than take it. Good luck to the doctors, for in time of peace we must prepare for war."

On calling upon Dr. Worthington Hooker, of New Haven, to reply to this sentiment, the president announced that the speakers would now be limited to five minutes.

Dr. Hooker said:—I regret that Dr. Knight, that prince of medical lecturers, could not be present to reply to this sentiment. We have, you know, a Day in New Haven, a remarkably clear headed man, but our Knight is as clear as our Day, and I regret that you could not have heard from him on this occasion, especially as he was in his early days a schoolmaster among you, and could have entertained you with some interesting reminiscences.

We are in the habit of dabbling in theology in New Haven, and think that we can settle most doubtful points. Now colonel Perkins, the chairman of your reception committee, has puzzled us a little. In one of his missives he refers to second John, 12th. Well, we turned to the second chapter of John's Gospel, 12th verse, which reads thus—"After this he went down to Capernaum, he and his mother, and his brethren, and his disciples; and they continued there not many days." Now we thought that in the last clause of that verse there was a hint about not staying here too long, that was not quite consistent with the colonel's proverbial courtesy. Then we were told that he referred to the 12th verse of the second epistle of John. We did not on the whole decide the question, and so the colonel has the credit of puzzling even New Haven theologians. I may be excused for bringing up this matter, for I have sometimes been taken for a clergyman, (I suppose from my wonted gravity of manner *so well known to you*,) and was once introduced to a large audience as the Rev. Dr. Hooker.

I claim to be somewhat of a patriarch among you, having been present at the birth of thirteen hundred of the natives of this place, one-tenth of your whole population. Familiar with every nook and corner of Norwich, I have been delighted in going about, with meeting with things both great and small, that recall the scenes of my residence of twenty-three years among you. I should like to speak of some of them, but my time is up. Before I sit down, however, let me say a word about that disputed point, the proper pronunciation of the name of your beautiful city. I consider it settled by the earliest authority, (*earliest* to each one of us,) that of mother Goose, who in the ditty so familiar to us, makes it rhyme with porridge.

The President.—I have a sentiment that has just been sent in. It is:—

"*Old Norwich*—A beautiful and rare Mosaic, set in emerald, proudly worn in the breast of every native at home or abroad."

"*Our Merchants.*—Self-made men, whose energy and enterprise have made their mark in the world; we welcome them home with pride."

Henry P. Haven, of New London, responded. He said:—

As a son of Norwich, Mr. President, it gives me pleasure to respond to a sentiment in which your merchants are so honorably remembered. Though I have long found a pleasant home in your nearest sister city, yet I can never forget that I drew my first breath in the good old town of Norwich. It was a happy period that I first came among you, for I have been told that on the evening of the day in which I first saw the light, there was a general illumination of the town commemorative of the blessings of peace. The last war with Great Britain had just terminated; the Olive Branch had arrived at New York with news that the treaty had been concluded, and the dwellings of Norwich were decorated as they were last evening, with the brilliant tokens of rejoicing. I esteem it a privilege and a joy, to be born in such a day, in such a place.

When I began to emerge from boyhood and look about for an opportunity to commence mercantile life, the bright days of the prosperity of Norwich, Mr. President, of which we have just heard such an eloquent description—when her ships traded direct with London, and her commerce was no inconsiderable part of the tonnage of the state, had passed away, and it was a season of business repose, if not of decay. Like many of your Norwich boys of that day, I was obliged to look abroad for a situation and a home. Was it strange that I should choose the city at the mouth of your beautiful river? I think not. Of the early founders of Norwich, the brave thirty-five first proprietors, seven came from New London, and, when some years later, Charles Hill, one of the earliest commercial men of New London, wanted a wife, he did but what many a man has since done, he came to Norwich, and married the daughter of your major John Mason, the noble old pioneer whose deeds of valor, in state and church, have been so worthily commemorated this day. Thus you returned to New London some of the good seed you had taken from her. John Elderkin, who built

your first meeting house and mill, had previously erected the same buildings, so early necessary in the arrangements of the puritans, in New London. The first turnpike in the state was made in 1792, to connect Norwich with New London; and during the whole two hundred years of our mutual existence, numerous and pleasant associations have existed between the two towns.

I read yesterday in one of the New York papers, a notice of the death of George Griswold, the oldest member of the chamber of commerce in that city, and in the brief sketch of his life, it was stated that Connecticut had furnished New York with more merchants than any other state. Norwich, I doubt not, has contributed its full share. The Huntingtons, Nevinses, Stedmans, Hydes and Backuses, are names not unknown in high mercantile and commercial life. And here excuse me if I speak of one, who, had Providence spared his life, should have stood here rather than myself, to respond to your sentiment. Born in Norwich the same year that gave me birth, our lot was cast in the same city. As a near neighbor and friend, pursuing the same commercial enterprises, I had learned to love and esteem him. The name he bore has been and still is honored, both in Norwich and New London. In the ordinary course of events, these fair grounds on which your festive tent is pitched this day, should have been his paternal inheritance; but at the early age of forty, in the prime of business life and full strength, he was called away, leaving as a monument of his industry and enterprise, a fortune larger than is usually secured by the toiling merchant of three score years and ten.

I can not close without speaking of the gratitude which Norwich owes to her now resident merchants. In connection with her princely manufacturers, behold yon noble temple of learning which they have erected, endowed and presented, a *free* gift to your children's children. And forget not what your own merchants of previous years have done. To no one enterprise, perhaps, is Norwich more indebted for its present prosperity, than to the Norwich and Worcester railroad. One of the first undertakings of the kind in the state, it pressed very heavily upon its pioneer builders, and almost sank beneath the weight of its iron load, some of your best men and merchants of that day, but it eventually gave a new impulse to the trade and business of your city. I will not individualize any names, but I ask you not to forget what the builders of

that railroad did for your local enterprise and business. Other men labored, and ye have entered into the fruit of their labors.

But, Mr. President, I must close. A merchant, particularly a Connecticut merchant, is expected to be able to make a good bargain, but the ability to make a good speech is not one of the lessons in which he is drilled.

"*Schoolmasters—Old and New.*—Birch and moral suasion. May the latter do as much good as the former."

Mr. G. F. Thayer, of Boston, in responding, said:—

Mr. President:—I presume the word "birch" typifies coercion or chastisement generally; not confining itself to corporal infliction, but applicable, also, to the various penalties to which the teacher has occasion to resort, in securing the objects for which his services are engaged. In this view, the birch is sometimes indispensable. It has done much good in the past, and may do much in the future. When necessary to secure obedience, to excite indolence, to correct carelessness, or arouse indifference, its use should not be foregone. In a long experience, I have sounded all its depths and shoals, and have proved its utility. But it is by no means the panacea for school maladies. It is not the dernier resort. Nor is the amount of the infliction—especially if it be a corporal application—to be measured by the enormity of the offense. A teacher's worst cases of premeditated disobedience, of anger, revenge, malice, falsehood, profanity, cruelty, meanness, must be treated by a totally different course.

The great mechanician, Archimedes, is said to have exclaimed, on his discovery of the power of the lever:—"Give me where I may stand, and I will move the world!" The schoolmaster should take a hint from this. Standing on human nature, with the human heart for his fulcrum, and *kindness* for his lever, he may subdue the most refractory dispositions, and remove from his school disobedience, and passion, and vice. The world has yet to learn the omnipotence of kindness. The young teacher, in the ardor of early manhood, urged by its aspirations, its impatient ambition, its jealousy of apparent disrespect in the pupils under his care, is apt to seize upon the very summary means of our puritan ancestors, and on many, if not on all occasions, apply the rod to the offender, as if that alone could inspire dullness, humanize

the morose, soften obstinacy, and infuse a spirit of obedience and virtue into his refractory or vicious scholars. Time corrects this mistake in the teacher, and if he resolves conscientiously to make the most of his position and opportunities for the benefit of his precious charge, he modifies his discipline; and while he remits no jot of his reasonable requisitions, his methods are reformed or improved, are rendered more philosophical, more paternal, more genial. He gains by kindly means all and more than all that he ever attempted by the harsher; while, at the same time, he preserves his own equanimity, administers to the culprit a valuable lesson of self-control, and sends him away a better and a wiser being.

Sir, I am not a native of your beautiful city, nor connected with it by any of those ties or relations, which give a claim to a part in this interesting celebration.

About a year since, I attended a meeting of the American institute of instruction held in this place. Arriving here at 10 o'clock in the evening, I could find no hotel accommodations, and accepted the kind offer of a friend to conduct me to private quarters, and repaired with him to the mansion of one of your principal citizens. My reception was cordial, and the hospitalities I enjoyed were delicate, varied, and princely. These and the attentions bestowed upon me elsewhere by others, almost made me a self-adopted son of Norwich; and in some remarks I was called on to make, at the closing of the session of the institute, I stated that that was my "first visit to your city, but it would not be the last by many a one."

Through the whole succeeding year, I was anticipating the pleasure of this celebration, and heartily rejoiced as the time drew near, in the reception of an invitation to be present, from my large hearted host of 1858. I am now enjoying a repetition of last year's liberality and kindness, which time seems only to have increased and extended.

Yesterday was not only the birthday of Norwich, but also that of my excellent host,* who, jointly with his estimable wife, made a donation, valued at seven thousand dollars, to the Norwich free academy; and I had the satisfaction to write my name as a witness to their signatures to the noble deed of gift. It was, indeed, a real

* Wm. P. Greene, president of the board of trustees of Norwich free academy.

gratification to me; one that I should have deemed cheaply purchased, at the cost of a journey from my home, for it alone.

This was not the first benefaction to the academy from the same source—it having furnished as large a share of the subscription money as any one of the original donors.

This munificent donation, as you well know, consists of a dwelling house and land for the use of the principal of the academy. How must *his* heart swell within him at the contemplation of an act so generous! How must it cheer him in his arduous labors, to feel that the institution has such a friend! How must every citizen of the place be inspired by the example, and incited to a zealous desire to support that which has been so nobly established!

The Norwich free academy! A seminary of learning of a high grade; one that will compare favorably with the best high schools of New England; excelling in its range of studies, in the thoroughness of its teachings, in its lofty principles, its liberal and faithful supervision, many of the *colleges* of the west; and yet open to merit to the children of every individual in the town. What a glorious mission it is destined to accomplish! Not merely in its direct action upon those who become its pupils, but also upon all the schools of various grades about it in this community, stimulating some to effort, that they be not left far behind, and others, that their candidates for admission become worthy of seats within its classic walls.

It is, in fact, an institution which the former condition of common school education in this community needed and demanded; which was called for by the age; which, with the immense school fund of Connecticut, the people were not likely, for a long period, to enjoy. Hence, what a debt of gratitude the good people of Norwich have incurred to those patriotic and high minded individuals, who conceived the splendid idea of this academy, and prosecuted it to completion!

Connected with, and almost indispensable to, the success of the institution, is its library. All honor to the lady whose liberal mind discovered this necessity, and whose equally liberal hand supplied the means to meet it. Besides providing a nucleus of valuable and well selected books, she furnishes the ample apartment in which they are to be kept in the neatest and most appropriate style, at a cost, in all, of two or three thousand dollars, and

adds five thousand more, whose annual income is to be expended for ever in enlarging the library for the use of the pupils of the academy. And that the benefaction may extend to as large a circle of persons as possible, the parents of the scholars are permitted to enjoy the privilege of using the books within the admirable reading room of the library.

And as an act of filial respect to the memory of her father, she denominates it the "Peck Library."

For myself, I can not but rejoice to live in the age of so many noble women; women who have not only gained a reputation that will carry down their names in glory to the remotest posterity, but who have conferred real benefits on mankind, that kings, and heroes, and conquerors, in vain may claim to have equaled. And when, in making our catalogue of them, we write the names of Mrs. Frye, Florence Nightingale, Dolly Dix, Grace Darling, and Mrs. Dudley, may we not, with perfect propriety, add that of Mrs. HARRIET PECK WILLIAMS?

From a long continued connection with education, my interest in whatever tends to promote it in the most useful direction is ever active. I am proud of the school system of my native state of Massachusetts, and especially of the public schools of Boston, where I have toiled for more than half a century; but neither Boston nor Massachusetts has any institution for the mass of the people (unless we except the Putnam school in Newburyport, established by the bounty of a single individual) that can compare with the Norwich free academy, when the *means* of effecting the object are considered; the one, the legislative action of the commonwealth, the other, the liberality and enterprise of individuals.

In conclusion I would say, Mr. President and ladies and gentlemen, long may your academy flourish and do good; long may you appreciate and cherish it; long may you be blessed with the efficient, faithful, and successful labors of its present accomplished principal; and long may he continue to enjoy your cordial co-operation, and deserve and receive your countenance and support.

May the Lord raise up new benefactors to add to its means of educating your sons and daughters for ages on ages; and when its worthy founders and active friends, present and to come, shall close their eyes on temporal scenes, may they enjoy the whispered plaudits of approving consciences, in the heartfelt "well done!"

which these heavenly monitors shall cause to thrill through their departing spirits!

It remains, my friends, but for me to thank you for the opportunity of participating with you in the festivities of this delightful occasion; to acknowledge the kindness with which you have listened to the words of a stranger, at this late hour of your grand fraternal reunion; and to express my admiration of your beautiful, hospitable, and well governed city. Long will the remembrance of your noble public structures, your stately private mansions, your shaded walks, your magnificent elms, your public enterprises, and, above all, your friendly welcome, come up in pleasing recollection to my mind, while I admit and proclaim that your city stands, among all the cities of our land, *par eminence*, the MUNIFICENT CITY!

"*Our Governors*—Regulators of the legislative engine. May they be always accurate in their movements."

Lieutenant governor Catlin was called, and when silence was procured, said that after the eloquent addresses and interesting speeches they had had, he would not presume, at this late hour, to occupy the time of those present in making a speech; and in lieu thereof I will propose a sentiment. I will give you, sir,

"*Our New England Homes*—The cradles of virtue and integrity. May the children educated here never desert the 'principles of their fathers.'"

"*Joseph Otis*—the enlightened, the liberal, and the good. In his lifetime he gave a library to Norwich, and at his death endowed it for enduring usefulness."

Mr. John T. Adams, in responding, said:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—Very precious is the memory of a good man. Connecting the present with the past by ties of gratitude, and love, and admiration, it possesses a tender and sacred interest. Besides, it is an incentive to virtue. It is a voice inviting to the stars. Therefore I will speak a moment of our honored friend. Accept what I shall say, as you would a flower dropped on his grave.

It was not long before the death of Mr. Otis, when I made his acquaintance. At the age of twenty-one years he had left his native town of Norwich, to engage in mercantile pursuits, and after half a century, returned with a fortune honorably acquired

in the city of New York. That period of life was reached when the distraction and tumult of a great commercial place no longer please, and quiet becomes congenial. Perhaps with a feeling not uncommon, he desired that upon the scenes of natural beauty which had greeted his infant eyes, his dying gaze might rest. Most, if not all of those who began life with him had passed away. Their earthly presence, therefore, could not allure him back. But the eternal features of nature, modified indeed by art, remained. These, to the old man, would speak of the boy, and awaken emotions, pleasing though tinged with melancholy. Sad though the retrospect might be, faith gilded it with light from Heaven, and prophesied of a time when friends should meet to part no more.

Thus at three score years and ten, having chosen his retreat beneath the shade of his native trees, he thenceforth considered himself entitled to resign himself somewhat more to meditation on the great change that at no distant hour awaited him. After so prolonged a life of multiplied activities and varied fortunes, repose was wise and graceful. But that repose was not to be the torpor of inaction. Though his body was feeble, his mind was strong. He was as solicitous as ever to do good. Benevolence had become a habit with which he could not dispense. The quality of such a soul is to diffuse benefits. As spontaneously as the sun sends abroad rays of light and life, as freely as a fountain from its superabundance overflows, so liberally it gives its treasures. It longs for the happiness of all, and is full of plans to promote it. And so it happened that while revolving those interests of his fellow men which lay nearest his heart, the idea presented itself to Mr. Otis of establishing a public library. It seems to me that the thought into which his liberality shaped itself is indicative of an enlightened as well as philanthropic mind. He appreciated the truth that "man lives not by bread only." There are cravings of the intellect and of the emotional part of our nature, as well as hungerings of the body. These cravings, books best satisfy. For what is a good library? It is a depository for the choice thoughts and feelings of the world's choice spirits. It is a record of the exploits of the brains and hearts of mankind. Here history teaches what the race has dared and suffered; here science recounts her marvelous discoveries; here poetry, reveling in ecstatic visions,

brings down Heaven to earth by raising earth to Heaven; here human capacities and aspirations, and loves, and hates, and heroisms, and crimes, and wisdom, and folly, are delineated as on a map, or painted as in a picture. By means of books, then, man acquires a wider and juster knowledge of himself and of his race. His soul is expanded, elevated, refined. In his illiterate condition he is a block; in his cultivated state he steps forth an Apollo from the chisel of Phidias. The bread of the soul is spiritual nutriment. It is the food of angels. Surely he is to be ranked among the greatest of benefactors who provides it.

Mr. Otis did not defer the establishment of his library to the tender mercies of a last will and testiment. The good his hand found to do he did at once. He purchased a lot of land; he erected a building; he furnished it with books; he appointed a librarian, and in his lifetime enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing his bounty dispensing blessings. And more; when he came to die, he provided for the permanency of his benefaction. Mr. President, the sentiment you have asked me to reply to, confines me to a mention of the gift of a library among the bounties of this man. Were I permitted to refer to others, I could point to many, stealing out like stars in a clear evening sky.

When I became acquainted with Mr. Otis, he was an old man, with the infirmities incident to old age. But from the first he attracted me. He was not learned; no very original thinker; not one who from the stores of acquired knowledge could greatly instruct, or by genius dazzle. To means like these of drawing others around him, he made no claim. I think his attractiveness consisted in his goodness. It was scarcely possible to look upon his placid face and listen to his gentle voice, which was accustomed only to tones and sentiments of kindness, and not recognize in him a lover of his fellow men. Nor, I am sure, was his love bounded by sect or creed. He had seen too much, he had thought and felt too profoundly, to be affected to any considerable degree by these differences. Recognizing in himself an erring man, he pitied more than condemned the errors of others. He might have sat for the portrait of Abou Ben Adhem, as sketched by Leigh Hunt:—

> Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
> Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it light and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
What writest thou? The vision raised its head,
And with a voice made of all sweet accord,
Answered, the names of those who love the Lord.
And is mine one? asked Abou. Nay, not so,
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low
But cheerly still, and said: I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

This then, this loving humanity, a humanity vivified by Christianity, was the magnet which all unconsciously to himself surrounded Mr. Otis with friends. This created an atmosphere of "exceeding peace" about him, and insured a welcome wherever he came.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," says Keats. The poet speaks of what gratifies the senses and the imagination. But there is a purer joy springing from the contemplation of spiritual excellence. With deeper emphasis may I exclaim, a virtuous spirit is a joy for ever; a quickening, an expanding, an ennobling joy; a joy to itself; a joy to Heaven above and to the earth beneath; to be hailed with acclamation by men and angels. Whatever else may fade and perish, it lives and brightens in eternal beauty, for it is an image of the Divine. Thanks then, unutterable thanks to the Giver of every good gift, for good men. They are chosen witnesses to the Supreme Goodness. We honor as one of them, our venerable and venerated friend.

"*This Centennial Day*—The new Century Plant—Its seeds are the dead pioneers asleep in the cemetery; its stalk is the growing bulk of their thickening generations; its branches, the emigration which has put forth from hence, and overshadows distant regions; its leaves and twigs are the children and children's children born abroad; but its flower is this memorial day—the long gathering riches of the past—its bursting and fragrant epoch—its beauty and completeness together. May it bloom every hundred years."

Rev. John A. Paddock responded as follows:—

Mr. President: It was remarked this morning by one of the orators, that the sowing of the seed was comparatively a trifling matter, but they were entitled to honor who gave the culture that resulted in golden fruitage.

But it is, sir, a matter of very great importance what seed is sown in any soil, whether wheat or tares, whether that which will produce the beautiful and useful plant, or the noxious and offensive weed.

This sentiment refers to "the dead pioneers asleep in the cemetery," as the "seeds" of that manifest on "this centennial day." We have but to look at countries to the south of us, at Mexico and the states of South America, to see the evil results of bad seed in the beginning. There, on a fruitful soil, and in a genial clime, were sown seeds of ignorance, and superstition, and error, and immorality, and harvests have been gathered there; and I know not that the evils thus began may ever be removed, until that now rooted shall be eradicated, and new and good seed be sown by the "sons of Norwich," or some other New England town.

How different were the seeds sown here by the Fitches, and the Masons, and the Huntingtons, and the Leffingwells, and others of "the dead pioneers asleep in the cemetery." Seed which not only had life in itself, but the element of industry, and integrity, and knowledge, and virtue, and piety, to which we are so much indebted for the golden fruitage.

The sentiment also alludes to "the emigration which has put forth from hence, and overshadows distant regions." The century plant, sir, a native of American soil, but flourishing in many countries, whither it has been transplanted, is not only regarded, when most cultivated, for its beauty, but for its utility. From the sap is formed that deemed a refreshing drink; the fibers furnish the material for a coarse thread; and, not to dwell on any other uses, we are told that the flower stem, split longitudinally, forms no bad substitute for a razor strop, while an extract of the leaves is manufactured into a soap which may be used in shaving. These last uses may make it, in the eyes of some of our southern friends, who have purchased nutmegs produced on the banks of the Thames, a not unapt symbol of the Yankee emigrants. But in truth, sir,

where have "the children and the children's children" who have gone forth from hence, not been found?

Not only on the savannas of the south, but all over the prairies of the west, in the cities on our Atlantic coast, and in tropical climes, filling every trade and honoring every profession, in seats of learning and in the halls of congress, on the judicial bench and in the sacred pulpit. I recur with much pleasure to the fact that a goodly number of the emigrants from Norwich have gone forth, scattering the leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations, and that their influence has been felt, not only in our own neighborhood, but among the aborigines of the north and the south, and in later years, on Afric's sands, in China and Siam. May we not then say of the plant, "She stretched out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedar trees."

We, on this memorial day, are permitted to behold the flower of this goodly plant. In the past it has been long forming, and there has been naught to deface or mar it. The memory of the past exhales sweet fragrance now, and we see the open flower in the taste, the intelligence, the good order, the refinement, the virtue, and the piety, that are so conspicuous in our native town.

Sir, he would be unworthy of the mother that bore him, who would not join in the wish, yea, who would not turn it into a prayer, that, with the blessing of Almighty God on the culture of her sons, the goodly plant may grow larger and stronger, and at the end of the next hundred years, and for many a century, bloom more beautiful than even on this memorial day.

William Cothren, the historian of Woodbury, was then called upon. He said:—

Mr. President: I shall not weary you with a speech; but any man who has had the privilege, for two days, of beholding your beautiful hills and mountain gorges, and of wandering in your shady groves and sweet valleys, and yet does not feel the fire of eloquence burning within him, does not possess the qualities which go to make up that gift, and he should hold his peace for ever.

As I am not a native, but merely a descendant of your honored town, it might seem that silence would better become me than at-

tempt to speak to the cherished sons and daughters of the old homestead. But, Mr. President, you have seen fit to allude to me in terms so kindly and flattering, and withal so greatly beyond any merit I can claim, that I should be wanting in gratitude if I neglected to express my appreciation of the compliment, and my thanks for the honor conferred. While it is with becoming pride that the children of this fair heritage of hills, and vales, and waters, celebrate the glories of their cherished mother, it is scarcely less a matter of interest to us who have come from afar to join in worshiping at the hallowed altars of your ancient town. We have a common interest in the proud history, the good name, of every part of our common country, and especially of old Connecticut.

Though I was not born in these beautiful historic vales of old Norwich, yet they contain the sacred dust of some of my ancestors, who rest among these smiling hills till the resurrection morn, and I feel a lively interest in all that concerns the reputation of your honored town. Another noble New England state contains my birthplace, the hallowed associations of home, and all the endearing incidents and recollections of early life. And yet a love for my adopted state has taken possession of me, not surpassed by that of the native born. Often has my eye kindled, and my heart been warmed with emotion and admiration, as I have traced at the weary midnight hour, when the world around was locked in the embrace of sleep, the many interesting and romantic items in the history and character of the Christian fathers in the early days of our beloved state. With them have I communed in the silent "night watches," when there was no human eye to see, no ear to hear, nor sound to interrupt the placid flow of tender and ennobling heart sympathies. It has nerved the wearied arm anew for the battle of life, and been a balm for many a desponding hour. The descendants of Norwich have a proud historical heritage. Well may they contemplate, with feelings of satisfaction, the wealth of the past.

But I am not wanting in ties to bind me to your beautiful sylvan city, so peacefully resting among your ancient hills, and so cosily nestling by the fertile banks of your ever lovely rivers. This is not the first time I have claimed your hospitalities. More than fifteen years ago, while a weary invalid in search of health, I passed some days within your borders, and those the first I ever

passed in the state. May I not, then, claim the good town of Norwich as my foster-mother, and honor and revere her as such?

There is another link in the chain of friendship that binds me to the people of these fair vales. Two hundred years ago the revered fathers of Connecticut were forming, at one and the same time, two colonies to be sent out into the wilderness, for the purpose of extending the church of God,—one from Stratford, and the other from Saybrook. They went forth bearing the ark of God into the interior forests. The one took possession of the beautiful hills and valleys of my adopted town, and the other cast its lot in this fair and blooming land. At that early date there was not a white settler north of these infant colonies all the way to Canada. And yet, through the smiles of Providence and the might of their own trusty people, they have become the gardens of the state. For many years I have delighted to study the history of the one, and now, by insensible degrees, I have come to love the other.

This is a proud day for you, Mr. President, and for all concerned in the celebration. No such occasion ever gladdened these pleasant dwelling places, nor will such a one ever return during the lifetime of any here present. It has done more for you, in every particular, than you now know. The preparations for this celebration have brought you nearer to each other. You are better acquainted with each other, and your admiration and respect have been greatly increased. And it would be strange, indeed, if the future fathers and mothers of Norwich should not, many of them, rejoice to remember this occasion as the initial point from which they date the gorgeous colors

"Of love's young dream."

The ladies will excuse me for divining and divulging what may possibly be passing in their thoughts or treasured in their hearts. But the time is too precious to be lost in rambling remarks. I close with the sentiment:—

"*Norwich and Woodbury*—Twin sisters of 1659. The morning and evening stars of Connecticut—beautiful in their infancy—brilliant in their maturity—a crown of glory will surely adorn their old age."

Rev. Wm. T. Bacon, of Woodbury, being now called by the president of the day, delivered the following:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:

Your kind invitation to be here at this rally,
Found me out far away in the Pomperaug valley;
If I go, said my fears, though perhaps, 't was my vanity,
I shall surely fall under some chairman's keen eye,
Where my sins—that 's my verse—'mid some critical throng,
Shall entail their own curse, that 's a call for a song.

My profession, sir, sometimes respond to a "call;"
I wish, sir, they never did worse things—that 's all;
But if I respond now as well as I 'm able,
The fault, sir, 's at your end, not mine, of the table.

But now that I 'm up, with just nothing to say,
The question is, how shall the Muse fill the lay?
Shall she seek to catch light from some bright eye that 's near,
Or kindle her torch by some kindred torch here?
Shall she grovel, and descant on all these fat things,
That reduce to one level "both commons and kings?"
Or go out from this scene, and reflect where we stand,
And look round on all this magnificent land;
Take in all its beauties, so lavishly spread
Over valley and hill top, and blue mountain head,
Where these beautiful rivers come musical down,
And unite like sweet sisters in front of your town,
Then with hand joined in hand, and fleet footed and free,
Go cool their white breasts in the foam of the sea!
Or go back to the past, when the red man was here,
With his foot on the soil, and his own, far and near,
With his name on the streams, and his deeds on the rocks,
With a might and a power that Time spares, while he mocks;
When his will was his law, and his hand was his sword,
And the bear and the wolf only, challenged him lord;
With the rude virtues springing from such ancient things,
That made him the topmost of Nature's old kings!
Or come down from such past, when such soft light was shed,
From the thorns that once cinctured His meek, awful head,
Lighting up hosts of hearts here in such perfect worth,
To bleach their white bones on each shore of the earth!

The Winslows, and Lanmans, and Lathrops, and Smith,
Bade adieu here, for this world, to kinsmen and kith,
And with wills bowed to His, and with hearts beating high,
Went forth from this scene, and they went forth *to die!*
When heroes are numbered on earth's records bright,
When bright names are written in letters of light,
Seek them—where? 'mid the battle's dread, sulphurous van?
Seek them here, where these died to save poor ruined man!

Stop, my Muse, this the place, not for tears, not for toil,
We have met here to laugh, or, at least, met to smile;
From each bright, cheerful face, an electrical chain
Should go round this circle, and then round again,
Till each heart, by the magic of each master mind,
Kindles up with the love, not for *self*, but for *kind;*
Then we go from this scene as a brotherly band,
North and south, east and west, as we spread o'er the land,
Bearing back to the circles from whence we have come,
The love of this spot, as the love of old home;
Then as these years give place to the years yet to be,
And this scene awakens for you and for me,
We 'll recall this bright hour, and its thoughts gushing free,
While the beautiful Yantic rolls down to the sea.

It was moved, seconded, and carried unanimously, that the thanks of the assembled guests be given to general David Young, the marshal, and to his assistants, for the admirable manner in which the arrangements of this bi-centennial celebration had been carried out.

Charles W. Rockwell moved "That the thanks of the guests be tendered to the president for the able manner in which he fulfilled his arduous duties in presiding over the convention of yesterday, and the proceedings of to-day," which was carried by acclamation.

The whole assemblage then rose and sung the following song, composed for the occasion, by Miss Mary E. Avery:—

SONG.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

We come, from northern, snow draped homes,
  From western forest shade,
From mart, and mead, and seagirt shore,
  And sunny everglade.
    For auld lang syne, dear friends,
      For auld lang syne;
    Up! to the old ancestral hills,
      For auld lang syne.

Dear Norwich! now to celebrate
  Thy birthday, we are come,
Nor need we here to ask, "What cheer?"
  The shout is, "Welcome home!"
    For auld lang syne, dear friends,
      For auld lang syne;
    Glad greetings we exchange this day,
      For auld lang syne.

We 've been where flows life's busy tide,
  With beauty, wit, and grace,
Yet, e'er our throbbing hearts have yearned
  For *thee*, far dearer place.
    For auld lang syne, dear friends,
      For auld lang syne;
    The very music of our lives,
      Is auld lang syne.

We thank Thee, Father, for the love
  And care which Thou hast given,
For friends who meet us *here* at *home*,
  And those who wait in Heaven!
    For auld lang syne, dear friends,
      For auld lang syne;
    Our hearts with *one affection* beat
      For auld lang syne.

For all, accept our humble praise,
  Still bless us with Thy love,
That we may all united be,
  Within *Thy Home* above.
    For auld lang syne, dear friends,
      For auld lang syne;
    We 'll keep this union in our hearts,
      For auld lang syne!

It was then moved and seconded, "That this meeting do now adjourn to the eighth day of September, A. D. 1959," which was carried amidst loud laughter.

Adjourned.

[*Note by the Reporter.*—The distance of many of the speakers from the reporter's seat, rendered it impossible for him to take notes of their speeches. In such cases, where the speeches have not been subsequently furnished, they are omitted.]

THE BALL.

On Thursday, after the conclusion of the exercises at the large tent, and the assembly had adjourned to the dinner tent, the most active preparations were commenced for the ball. (See page 32.) The immense floor, (80 by 200 feet,) was cleared of benches, a profusion of the richest flags which had been used for decorating the city, were brought in and tastily arranged around the tent and music stand, or thickly festooned overhead, and long lines of gas jets were so extended through the decorations as to display them to the best advantage. When the vast assemblage had gathered in the evening, and the illumination was perfected, the spectacle presented was truly magnificent. Such a collection of the beauty and manliness of old Norwich was never seen before, and it can not be expected will ever be again before the next centenary festival. The night was spent in dancing, by those who preferred that amusement, or those who did not, found ample enjoyment in the social good cheer which prevailed, and the animating influences of the occasion.

This over, and the bi-centennial celebration of the settlement of the town of Norwich was closed.

CLOSING PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEES.

The committee of arrangements held several informal meetings after the celebration, to hear reports of the various sub-committees in regard to expenses, &c. The last of these meetings was holden at the Wauregan house, on Saturday, the 5th of November, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The committee appointed to audit all accounts presented against the general committee, reported through their chairman, Amos W. Prentice, that the indebtedness of every nature, incurred for the celebration, had been paid, and that the sum of $164 34 was remaining in the hands of the treasurer.

On motion of William A. Buckingham, it was

Voted, That the balance remaining in the hands of the treasurer be placed on deposit in the Norwich Savings Society, to the credit of a committee appointed to erect a monument to John Mason, and that the same be appropriated toward the erection of a monument in the Gager burying ground, to the memory of the thirty-five first settlers of this town; such monument to be erected either in connection with one to major Mason, or separate from that.

On motion of John Breed,

Voted, That the committee adjourn without day, subject to be convened at any time on call of the chairman.

Adjourned.

The committee on the bi-centennial ball also held a meeting at the Wauregan house, on Wednesday evening, November 9th, for the purpose of settling up their affairs. After paying all expenses, $214 remained in the hands of the treasurer, which was disposed of by the following vote, and Messrs. James H. Hyde, Charles A.

Converse, John L. Devotion, and the treasurer, James M. Meech, appointed as the committee upon the matter:—

Voted, That the remaining funds be devoted toward paying the expense of erecting a monument to the memory of captain John Mason and other of the early settlers of the town; and that a committee of three be appointed to act with the treasurer of the general committee, in connection with the Mason monument committee, in appropriating the money for that purpose.

By a vote at a former meeting, $50 had been appropriated for the purchase of a testimonial to Mr. Meech for his efficient efforts in connection with the ball; and the presentation was made on Wednesday evening, the gift consisting of an elegant silver tankard, and inscribed

BI-CENTENNIAL BALL, NORWICH, CONN.

Sept. 8, 1859.

PRESENTED TO JAMES M. MEECH,

BY THE MANAGERS.

SERMONS.

On the Sabbath preceding the celebration, several clergymen of the town, by request of the committee of arrangements, preached to their people on the history of their respective parishes.

A brief abstract of these discourses may properly be inserted here.

Rev. Hiram P. Arms, pastor of the first congregational church, embodied in his discourse a biographical sketch of his predecessors, from the reverend James Fitch onward.

At the time of planting this church, *forty* years had elapsed since the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth. Settlements had been made on the eastern coast of Massachusetts. The southern portion of our own state was beginning to be inhabited by a race of hardy pioneers, God fearing men, who were willing to sacrifice all the advantages of civilized life in the land of their nativity, for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty on the inhospitable shores of a foreign land.

A little colony, a church, with its pastor at its head, had, by long and tedious marches, threading its way through the forests, from the Massachusetts bay to the Connecticut river, and planted itself at Hartford. The leader of this colony was the reverend Thomas Hooker, alike distinguished both in England and in this country, for his talents, his learning, and his piety. He had been silenced by archbishop Laud, for nonconformity to the rites of the established church, after which he taught a grammar school at Chelmsford, and came to this country in 1633. In 1636, he removed, with his church, to Hartford. Two years later, a company of 14 young men, already in a course of preparation for the gospel

ministry, left their homes in England to try their fortunes in this new world, and assist the pioneers in laying the foundation of a new, a Christian empire. Among that chosen band of youths was James Fitch, a lad 16 years of age, a native of Bocking, in Essex county. Bocking is not far from Chelmsford, where Mr. Hooker taught a grammar school, and it is not improbable that young Fitch had been a member of that school. The reverend John Elliott, the distinguished missionary to the Indians, was usher in the same school, and may have had a hand in developing the missionary zeal which gave to the first pastor of this church so deep an interest in the welfare of the Mohegans. In his native land, and already in his boyhood, he had acquired a correct knowledge of the learned languages, and yet, on his arrival in this country, he put himself under the instruction of Mr. Hooker and his colleague, Mr. Stone, where he pursued his studies for seven years longer. The men of that day did not rush into the sacred office half educated, with minds unfurnished and undisciplined; but they aspired to be master builders—workmen that need not be ashamed.

In 1646, Mr. Fitch, then 23 years of age, was ordained to the Christian ministry, and installed as pastor of the church in Saybrook.

The distinguished ministers who had educated him were present at the ordination, counseling and assisting; but so jealous was the church of its own inherent power, subject only to Christ, the supreme head, that the imposition of hands was by a presbytery, chosen from the church itself for that purpose. Preliminary, also, to his ordination, the pastor elect was received as a member of the church. For it was a cardinal principle with the churches of that day that the officers, pastors as well as deacons, should be elected from their own number, not brought in from without.

This was in accordance with the teachings of Mr. Hooker, who had himself in like manner been ordained at Cambridge by the imposition of the hands of his brethren. We retain the same principles, and hold that all ecclesiastical authority is vested in the individual churches, and that while, as a matter of Christian courtesy, we ask the aid of a council in ordaining or deposing ministers, we accede to that council no authority beyond what the church delegates to it for the occasion.

As early as 1653 or 1654, a company seems to have been formed at Saybrook for the settlement of the plantation now called Norwich. Captain John Mason was the prominent man in this colony, for a long time the tried friend and counselor of Uncas, familiar with the adjacent region, and able to appreciate the advantages which the head of the Thames offers for agricultural, commercial and manufacturing purposes.

It was not, however, till June, 1659, two hundred years ago, that a deed of conveyance was given by Uncas and his two sons of the nine miles square, constituting the ancient town of Norwich.

The purchasers at once began to survey and apportion the land to the different proprietors. Roads were constructed, and some rude buildings, with a house of worship, were erected, preparatory to the removal of the colony in the spring of 1660, when Mr. Fitch, with a large portion of his church, joined by some from other settlements, established himself in this place, and here unfurled the banner of the cross.

Of Mr. Fitch's ministry we have but a meager record. There is evidence, however, that he was one of the leading men of the day. He was competent to lay the foundations of a structure which should continue for ages to come. We have testimony that he was distinguished for the penetration of his mind, the energy of his preaching, and the sanctity of his life. Cotton Mather characterizes him as "the acute and holy Mr. Fitch." Many of the younger ministers studied theology with him, one of the last of whom was reverend Samuel Whiting, the first minister of Windham. The esteem in which he was held by the public is shown in the fact that after the death of his venerable teacher, Mr. Hooker, of Hartford, he was invited to take his place. His laconic reply was, "With whom shall I leave these few sheep in the wilderness?" He was also appointed by the legislature to preach an election sermon, which was published.

He preached to the Mohegans in their native tongue, and gave them of his own lands to induce them to adopt the habits of civilized life, but with little success. Uncas, their chief, though friendly to the whites as a matter of policy, was an enemy to their religion, and opposed its introduction among his people. A sermon which Mr. Fitch preached on the death of major John

Mason's wife, his own mother-in-law, was published in 1672, and it is still preserved in our pastoral library. He also published letters concerning his labors among the Indians.

An important little volume has recently been discovered by the indefatigable labors of our townsman, Daniel C. Gilman, which throws light upon the character of the man and history of his times. It contains three treatises, with an introductory note by the celebrated Increase Mather. The first is entitled, "An explanation of the solemn advice, recommended by the council in Connecticut colony, to the inhabitants of that jurisdiction, respecting the reformation of evils which have been the procuring cause of the late judgments upon New England. By Mr. James Fitch, pastor of the church in Norwich. Printed at Boston, by S. Green, in 1683." The third is a discourse on the Christian Sabbath, printed the same year. The second, and the one of most interest to us, is entitled, "The covenant which was solemnly renewed by the church in Norwich, in Connecticut colony, in New England, March 22, 1675,"—"this calamitous year, 1675, the year of Jacob's trouble in the wilderness, in which the Lord doth scourge New England by the outrage of the heathen; a year never to be forgotten."

This was the most bloody year of Philip's war. It was during this year that many of the towns and villages of the colony were destroyed by the savages, and their inhabitants massacred.

These calamities our fathers regarded as chastisements sent upon them by the hand of their heavenly Father. The civil rulers issued a proclamation to the churches, in which they specify the sins "for which the fierce wrath of the Holy One of Israel was poured out upon New England," and call upon the people to humble themselves by fasting and prayer to Almighty God, that he would avert his judgments. But in the midst of abounding wickedness, it would seem that Norwich was not chargeable with the vices specified in the proclamation. Nor did the judgments come upon this place as upon others, for the writer goes on to say, "Although to wonderment we have been hitherto preserved in the midst of the heathen—yea, somewhat by means of some heathen, (referring probably to the kind offices of the Mohegans,) but we, feeling in this day of the Lord's searching our Jerusalem, as with a candle, we cannot clear ourselves, though, through his

grace, both we and ours have been preserved from many gross acts of profaneness and drunkenness, uncleanness and such like scandals, specified in that writing, (viz. the proclamation of the rulers,) and do desire humbly to be thankful for some progress of converting work in some of the rising generation among us." It tells well for this church in its infancy that, while the whole province was agitated by fear of the murderous savages, and many of the inhabitants had given themselves up to vicious indulgences, the youth of this place, so far from going with the multitude to do evil, were some of them at least seeking the salvation of their souls. Still, in view of their shortcomings in duty, and proneness to err, they say: 'We do see cause to judge and cast down ourselves at the footstool of the Lord, being covered with shame." Then they proceed to take upon themselves the solemn covenant in six specifications, covenanting with God:—

"*First*, That our Children shall be brought up in the Admonition of the Lord, as in our families, so in publick; that all the males who are eight or nine years of age, shall be presented before the Lord in his Congregation every Lord's Day to be Catechised, until they be about thirteen years in age.

"*Secondly*, That those who are about thirteen years in age, both Males and Females, shall frequent the meeting appointed in private for their instruction, and to accustom them timely for the exercise of Church Discipline, and these to continue belonging to this meeting, so long as they abide under Family Government of Parents or others, or until they are come to the enjoyment of full Communion with the Church.

"*Thirdly*, That those who are grown up so as that they are in that respect, left to be at their own dispose, shall be required to take hold of the Covenant of their Fathers holding forth qualifications suitable to that solemn duty, or at least that they hold forth a conscious endeavor in the use of means to prepare for the same; and if they be negligent they shall be admonished of their sin, and if obstinate they shall be cut off from the Congregation of the Lord by that dreadful ordinance of Excommunication.

"*Fourthly*, Whereas the indulgence of Parents in bearing with the evil Behaviours of their children, their disobedience, unmannerly gestures, prodigality, and vain and unseemly Fashions, or other things not becoming those who are given to the Lord, is too

manifest, and we are prone through fear or favour, or not observance, to neglect admonishing such, the Church doth appoint some Brethren to take notice of such children, and timely, meekly, wisely, and faithfully to admonish them, and their Parents, as the matter shall require, and if private means doth not prevail, then to manage the complaint orderly in other steps.

"*Fifthly*, Whereas the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the Seal of Communion, ought often to be celebrated; for the prevention of neglect, we do determine (God granting opportunity), that we will be in the use of that ordinance once in every six weeks.

"*Sixthly*, Whereas it is too often seen, that many through fear, or favour, or sense of inability, do behave themselves to their Brethren, as if they were not concerned in that great duty of admonishing their brother for offensive behavior, unless it be in cases wherein they themselves suffer wrong, and hence love decayeth and offenses abound, and Christ's government in works denied, we do solemnly promise that we will in any wise rebuke and not suffer sin to rest upon our brother, but deal faithfully according to Christ's order. And seeing we feel by woful experience how prone we are soon to forget the works of the Lord and our own vows, we do agree and determine that this writing or contents of it shall be once in every year read in a day of fasting and prayer before the Lord and his congregation, and shall leave it with our children, that they do the same in their solemn days of mourning before the Lord, that they may never forget how their fathers, ready to perish in a strange land, and with sore grief and trembling of heart, and yet with hope in the tender mercy and good will of him who dwelt in the burning bush, did thus solemnly renew their covenant with God, and that our children after us may not provoke the Lord and be cast off as a degenerate offspring; but may tremble at the commandment of God, and learn to place their hope in him, who altho' he hath given us a cup of astonishment to drink, yet will display his banner over them who fear him."

This is not the language of mere form. It comes warm and gushing from the heart. The men of that day recognized fully and practically the presence and government of God.

Mr. Fitch, after a faithful and successful ministry of almost fifty years here and at Saybrook, was disabled by a stroke of the palsy. For some years the town continued to vote him a portion of his

salary, not because he was dependent upon that for a support, for he was a large landholder both here and in Lebanon, and also in Windham, but as a testimonial of their regard for his long and faithful services. In 1702 he retired to Lebanon to spend the evening of his life with his children. After a few months he was released from his earthly labors, and entered upon his rest at the ripe age of eighty years. He left a numerous family, whose descendants are found in all the eastern section of the state. His remains are deposited in the public burying ground in Lebanon. His grave is marked by a plain stone, with a suitable inscription.

Where are the remains of his associates, the men who shared with him the toil and the honor of laying the foundations of all our cherished institutions? The monument erected by the free will offerings of the daughters of Norwich to the memory of the Indian chief who befriended the fathers in their early struggles, occupies a conspicuous place in our borders. His grave is carefully enclosed and sacredly preserved. His name is perpetuated by being inscribed upon various institutions, and the name of the street which passes his grave indicates the resting place of the friendly sachem.

Even the hostile chief who fell by the hands of Uncas is honored with a monument; and yet, strange to tell, the whole generation of noble men who planted the town, with the brave captain who led them forth to battle, all who lived and died here during the first forty years, are suffered to lie in unhonored graves. Not a stone, not even a stake, indicates the place of their burial. Even the rude stones which once marked their graves have been removed and built into a wall; the plow has turned up the soil, and obliterated every vestige of a mound over the ashes of the men to whom we owe this fair inheritance, and the cattle feed quietly over their sacred relics.

I had hoped that the commemoration of the two hundredth birthday of the town would result in doing some little justice, however late, to Mason and his worthy coadjutors. Let this ancient burying place, where repose the ashes of Mason and all who died here during the first forty years, be redeemed from its desecration. Let it be enclosed and a suitable monument be erected to all the men of that generation who lie buried here. Nothing short of this can meet their just demand upon us. Till we do this we must bear the

odium of filial impiety. Till we do this, were they permitted to return to these shores of mortality, we might expect their troubled spirits would come to haunt our steps, and reproach us for our neglect and ingratitude. I am the more encouraged to hope this from the expression of sentiment uttered on every side. A beginning has already been made. An efficient committee have the matter in hand. Persons favoring the enterprise and willing to help it, are requested to communicate with that committee without delay.

When Mr. Fitch retired from the pulpit, it was occupied for a year by his son, Jabez Fitch, at that time a member of Cambridge college. He was invited to settle, but declined the call.

In 1696, Mr. Henry Flint was invited to preach six months, on an allowance of "twenty shillings a week, with his board and horse meat."

In 1698, Mr. Joseph Coit supplied the pulpit for a time, and was invited to settle, but declined the invitation on the ground of disagreement with the church in matters of church polity. There was not enough of presbyterianism in our polity to meet the views of many of the ministers of that day. The people of the colony at that time are described as "some of them strict congregational men, others more large congregational men, and some moderate presbyterians." This church, from the first, consisted of the strict congregational men, who chose to walk in the old paths in which the fathers walked.

In 1699, near the close of the year, Mr. John Woodward, of Dedham, Massachusetts, accepted a call, and was ordained in December. During his ministry of sixteen years, the church was constantly agitated by controversies respecting "the order and exercise of church discipline." The pastor, who was one of the scribes of the convention which, in 1708, framed the Saybrook platform, urged its adoption by the church. The church insisted on adherence to the Cambridge platform of earlier date.

This dissension resulted in the dismission of Mr. Woodward, in 1716. He removed to East Haven, where he died in 1746.

The third pastor, whose ministry occupies a prominent position in the history of the parish, was the Rev. Benjamin Lord. His pastorate extended from 1717 to 1784, a period of sixty-seven years. He died at the advanced age of 91.

At his ordination the church, by a formal vote, renounced the

Saybrook platform, and adopted "that form of church government called *congregational*, as formerly practiced by the generality of churches in New England, and according to the agreement of the synod at Cambridge in 1648." The church still adheres to the same form of church government.

Dr. Lord was much annoyed by the separates, who arose in his day. His ministry was, on the whole, successful. He lived to see eight religious societies grow out of the one of which he had charge, exclusive of an episcopal and some half a dozen separate societies.

He was a man of engaging manners and venerable appearance, of respectable talents and accurate scholarship, a sound theologian, and an able expounder of Scripture. His discourses were plain, pungent and edifying.

In the year 1770, owing to the age and infirmity of Dr. Lord, he being then seventy-seven years old, the society voted to settle a colleague pastor, "provided such colleague can be supported by free donations without a society tax or expense during the continuance of Mr. Lord in the ministry of said society." It would seem that the free donations were not forthcoming, and seven years elapsed before any further action was had on the subject. At that time their pastor was so far superannuated, being eighty-four years old, that they were compelled to provide assistance for him. They called unanimously Mr. Joseph Strong, of Coventry. He was the fourth pastor, and was ordained in 1778. His ministry was so recent, and he is so well remembered by some of the older members of the congregation, that there is less occasion to speak of him in detail. His pastorate extended over a period of fifty-six years, which added to the sixty-seven years of Dr. Lord's ministry, constitutes one hundred and twenty-three years, a most remarkable instance of longevity in the ministry. During the ministry of Dr. Strong, two of the seceding congregations became extinct, and a considerable portion of their members returned to the church. Near the close of his ministry, the church was blessed with one of the most extensive revivals it has ever enjoyed, as the fruits of which nearly one hundred were added to the church.

Dr. Strong is described by one whose youth was passed under his ministry, and who is competent to testify, as in person of more than middle size and stature, with a calm dignity in his move-

ments, appearance and address, blended with gentleness and courtesy of manner. In the pulpit he was grave and reverent; in prayer impressive and solemn. His sermons were short, explanatory, natural in arrangement, and abounding in quotations from Scripture. His ministrations in general were distinguished rather for the mild and the soothing than the fervent and awakening. In all the social and domestic relations of life, he was most exemplary. His conversation was genial, enriched and illustrated from the results of his long experience. His old age was beautiful, like a soft twilight after a serene day. He died in 1834, aged eighty years.

Five years before his death, in 1829, the Rev. Cornelius B. Everest was installed colleague pastor, and was dismissed in 1836. Mr. Everest is still living. He has retired from the ministry, and is residing with his children.

The present pastorate began in 1836. Its events are too recent to be yet made matters of history.

Such is a brief summary of the two hundred years which have elapsed since the settlement of the town, so far as the first parish is concerned.

The first house of worship in this society is supposed to have been erected in the fall of 1659, and was located on the eastern side of the green near the present residence of Mr. Peter Lanman.

In 1668 it was repaired and enlarged. In 1673 a contract was made for a new meeting house, which was completed in 1675. In 1689 it was enlarged. A few years later it was again enlarged by the addition of a *lean to*. In 1698 twelve persons were permitted to build seats on the lean to beams. In 1708 a bell was presented to the town by a Frenchman, named Rene Grignon. This house was on the hill behind the present meeting house.

In 1710 a vote was passed to build a new meeting house. This was built, after some delay, on the site of the present house. In 1750 another house was built on the same site, but was not finished for some years. This was burnt in 1801. The present house was built in 1802. The building committee were Elisha Hyde, John Backus, Christopher Leffingwell, Zachariah Huntington, Thomas Lathrop, and John Turner. In 1846 the interior of the house was entirely rebuilt. The dome, the arches, the pillars, the pews, the pulpit, even the walls, were all removed, to make place for a more modern structure.

Rev. Benjamin H. Paddock gave a brief history of Trinity church and parish, of which he is rector. It was founded in April, 1850, and the Rev. E. O. Flagg was its first rector. In August, 1853, the present rector, the Rev. Benj. H. Paddock succeeded him, finding sixty communicants in the church. It now numbers one hundred and thirty. During its brief history it has raised, for various purposes, exclusive of its pew rents, upwards of seven thousand dollars.

The losses by removals from the city had, it was stated, been quite remarkable. It had lost in ten years, chiefly in this way, seventy-three families, and many single persons; in all about three hundred individuals. It had lost, by death and removal, upwards of seventy communicants. One hundred and sixty-six had been baptized, seven of whom were adults; one hundred and six have confessed Christ in confirmation; and during the past six years, eighty-six had been admitted to the communion, and fifty-six added by removal, making a total addition of one hundred and forty-two souls. Allusion was made to the present movement in favor of purchasing a parsonage, and the project was strongly commended.

Rev. John P. Gulliver, pastor of the Broadway congregational church, noticed very briefly the history of the church of which he is pastor. It is the grandchild of the original church which met on "Meeting House Rock," having been formed by a colony from the second church. It was organized June 1, 1842, under the title of the fifth congregational church, the churches on the plain and at Greeneville having preceded it in the date of their organization. The congregation occupied the town hall as a place of worship from January, 1842, till October, 1845, when the house of worship on Main street was completed and dedicated. From August, 1842, to August, 1845, the church was under the pastoral care of the Rev. Willard Child. The present pastor was settled October 1, 1846. The original number of the church was one hundred and twelve. Though the nearly three years of sojourn in an uncomfortable and nearly inaccessible hall was very unfavorable to the growth of the church, it had increased, at the time of the occupancy of the church, to about one hundred and seventy. Since that time it has enjoyed four powerful revivals of religion, together

with other seasons of interest less marked. The present number of members is three hundred and forty, of whom seventy-seven have been added within three months.

Rev. Benjamin Whittemore, of the universalist church, preached a historical sermon before his congregation.

He said that in the autumn of 1772, John Murray, a universalist preacher, first visited the town, and delivered his message to the people. He had been in America about two years, and had preached in several places south of New York, from which city he started with the intention of visiting Newport, Rhode Island. On his journey through our state he stopped with a friend in Guilford. Here he was persuaded to preach. Some Norwich gentlemen, and among them a Mr. Samuel Post, heard him, made his acquaintance, and urged him to come to Norwich. He came. A small house of worship was procured for him. It was probably the house occupied by the separatists. It not being sufficiently large, the doors of the great meeting house, occupied by Dr. Lord, were opened for his accommodation, and he says they "never afterwards were shut against him." Here he preached universalism to a large and attentive audience, from these words, "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be. Gen. xlix, 10." He tarried but a short time, and continued his journey to Newport. The first sermon preached in Norwich in open advocacy of universalism was delivered by John Murray, eighty-seven years ago, in Dr. Lord's meeting house. For several years afterwards Murray visited the town *annually*, and sometimes oftener, and at every coming the number and attachment of his friends were increased, and the influence of his sentiments was extended in the community.

A society was formed, probably about the year 1791. A few leaves of the records of such were found several years ago in an old building which had been owned by a Mr. Thomas Hubbard, who was for some time the publisher of the Norwich Courier. He was much interested in the doctrine, and was probably the secretary of the society. Those records are now destroyed, and no particular account can be given of the society. It was prospering when Elhanan Winchester, an eloquent preacher of the doctrine, visited

Norwich in 1794. He visited this town several times during the two or three years preceding his death. He was warmly received by many admirers. Rev. John Tyler, of the episcopal church, rendered him marked attention, and allowed him, as he had Murray, to preach in his church. In 1775, Winchester delivered a sermon, which was greatly admired by all classes, before the masons, on the occasion of the St. John's festival. He died in Hartford in 1797.

Near the close of the year 1820, the present universalist society was organized, under the name, "Society of United Christian Friends in the towns of Norwich, Preston, and Groton." The first meeting was held at Paul Harvey's, in Preston. David Tracy was moderator, and Gurdon Bill was clerk. A committee, consisting of David Tracy, Gurdon Bill and H. K. Park, were chosen to draft a constitution. The meeting adjourned to Poquetanoc, at which place the constitution was adopted, and the society fully organized by the choice of the proper officers.

In 1821, the Rev. Charles Hudson, since a member of congress for Massachusetts, came into the neighborhood, and preached one-fourth of the time in this society. During this year the first meeting house of the society was built. It was dedicated July 21st. Rev. Edward Mitchell preached the dedicatory sermon.

The site of the church was the one which this occupies, and it was bought by David Tracy, George Moore and Daniel Carew, of Nancy and Ebenezer Carew, of Norwich, and Simeon Carew, of Stonington, for $60. The site has been enlarged by a more recent purchase.

In 1822, through Mr. Hudson's influence, a Sabbath school was organized, the first, probably, in our denomination. Its number was small, and very likely it continued as long as Mr. Hudson was connected with the society, whose labors were judicious, and gave to the society a healthy character. His farewell sermon, which abounded with affection and Christian advice, was preached in April, 1823.

Zephaniah Crossman was the next preacher in the society, who was neither mentally nor morally qualified for his profession. He preached about a year and suddenly renounced his faith.

In 1825, Zelotes Fuller became their preacher, and continued

his labors till July, 1827. He possessed some talents, but his moral deportment was questionable, and he soon abandoned the ministry.

From 1827 to 1834, the society had no settled minister. In 1834, Rev. Asher Moore, then of New London, was engaged to preach for them once a month. In 1835, Rev. John H. Gihon took the pastoral charge of the society. He organized the Sabbath school, which continues to this day.

On the 6th of February, 1838, the present church organization was commenced, with eighteen members.

In July of 1838, Rev. Henry Lyon became the pastor of the society, and continued with it until April, 1840.

In 1840, Rev. J. V. Wilson succeeded Mr. Lyon. He encouraged, by advice and material aid, the erection of the church in which the society now worship, which was completed and dedicated in the autumn of 1841. His connection with the society was dissolved in the early part of 1842.

In May, of the same year, Rev. R. O. Williams commenced his labors here, and continued till the autumn of 1844.

Rev. L. C. Brown was the next pastor. He was installed Nov. 5, 1845. He resigned his pastoral charge in September, 1848.

Rev. Elhanan Winchester Reynolds, his successor, commenced his labors in the October following, and was installed as pastor of the society, November 15, 1848, at which time this house, as then enlarged, was dedicated. His resignation occurred in September, 1850.

Rev. A. L. Loveland immediately succeeded him. He left October, 1853.

The present pastor commenced his labors in April, 1854. The society was originally called the "Society of United Christian Friends in the towns of Norwich, Preston, and Groton." The name did not express the belief of the society, and in 1836, during Mr. Gihon's ministry, it was changed, and it was called, "*The First Universalist Society in Norwich.*" It was legalized by an act of the legislature in 1842. Within the past year twenty-five members have been added to the church.

Extracts from a Sermon, preached in Christ church, on the Sunday after the celebration, by REV. J. TREADWELL WALDEN, the Rector.

"The Lord God be with us, as He was with our fathers. Let Him not leave us nor forsake us." I Kings viii, 57.

The site of this church is an ancient graveyard; the church walls are the graveyard's walls. Below our feet the forefathers of this parish sleep. They are dead, cold, unconscious, mouldering men and women; but their memory still lives; their memory, during the past week, has risen from the dead; the spirit of the days in which they lived, now a century and more gone by, has been revived, and is yet abroad. Let us adjure it, ere it disappears.

It has been our fortune to have celebrated one of those occasions, which no one of us may hope to see again; none of the children, hardly the grandchildren of this generation. We have gone back, as a city, two hundred years. Forgotten ancestors have been remembered, forgotten names have been brought to light, from brown and musty records, forgotten annals have been related anew, forgotten customs, forgotten costumes, forgotten interests, forgotten scenes, have all been restored to our eyes, as it were, like the ideal pictures of primitive structures, formed out of the vestiges and ruins, lingering still in our midst.

Both as the posterity of the men of that olden period, and as citizens, with more or less penetration of lineage or residence into it, we have seen this beautiful city excited, as never before, by the gala days just over, opening wide its hospitable doors to the returning sons and daughters, who came knocking, as at the homestead gate, the original birthplace of their generations.

While this spirit of retrospection lasts, and the old, and the gray, and the gone by, linger in our eyes, it is, perhaps, an auspicious time, to look back as a *parish*, and to remember as a parish, and to start awake as a parish, and to enjoy our ancestry as a parish, and to feel a noble interest in ourselves as a parish. We are not new. We are old. We can count many years: twice the years sufficient to confer the crown of wisdom, the gray head, upon us all, as individuals: enough, at least, to suggest both the glory and the conduct of wisdom, as a church.

But do not misunderstand me. I do not intend to preach a Centennial sermon. I have had neither time, nor opportunity to pre-

pare one. Besides, it has been done before. All that I propose, is to furnish you with such facts, and such reflections, as have occurred to me in the interim between the now finished celebration and this Sunday morning. As to the *facts*, I have found them in the parish record, and in the centenary discourse of my predecessor. As to the *reflections*, they are the long waiting and matured thoughts of my own heart, to have been let loose, at any rate, some day not distant, and now only, given forth, because furnished with a befitting time.

The fathers of this parish sleep beneath. Here, perhaps, is its Adam, the first Episcopalian who came forward, and proposed to build a House of God, and contributed both labor and money to effect it. Here, perhaps, are some of the Churchmen, who met and deliberated, and, at last, built the church. Here, beyond doubt, lie their sons and daughters, "young men, and maidens, old men, and children," who, in their lifetime, went to church in this very spot, and who, now, in their deathtime, are inclosed by the deep buried foundation walls of this new edifice, a congregation, still waiting, in the sanctuary, for the coming day.

"Son of man! Can these bones live?"

We shall see—first in a retrospect—next in a prospect.

Norwich was settled in the year 1659, by Puritan pioneers. Puritanism grew and flourished, without stint or abatement, eighty years, when Episcopacy came, shot into its midst by the English "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." A missionary named Punderson, an earnest, indefatigable man, duly ordained in the Church of England, arrived in this region, sent and sustained by the missionary spirit over the sea, and established here the beginnings of a parish, almost exactly as, at the present time, our own Missionary Society sends forth, and sustains a ministry, in the populous wilds, beyond the prairie ocean of the West.

The familiar modern experience of every new parish was duly gone through by this ancient one. It was nearly three years before the church was finished and opened, small, plain and unplastered as it was. It stood on this very spot, with no city or sumptuous residences about it, but between two primitive New England villages, the Landing and the Town.

Its services, like all missionary stations, were only occasional, and shared in rotation with places, in the circuit of many miles, and which have since, also, grown to greatness and maturity.

Twenty-one years passed by. The little edifice had yet no steeple and no bell. An effort shortly produced both. Twenty-one years without steeple or bell! *We* have gone ten years without tower and chimes. It happens well; eleven years grace, before we can reverse the course of nature, and fall behind our forefathers!

1747—1791—forty-four years. Slow progress, but sure. There occurs a great change. The people, evidently, cannot come to the church; so the church comes to the people. It is removed southward, to the outskirts of the settlement at the Landing, nearly opposite to the spot now occupied by Trinity church. Bishop Seabury arrives, and consecrates it to the service of Almighty God. The deserted site is not, however, given up, but becomes a graveyard. The bell tolled no longer to the church here, but to the tomb; the living no longer resorted hither, only the dead.

1752—1763—eleven years of suspense. No minister all that time. An utter blank as to a pastor, but no blank as to the people. They did not forsake the church, although it had no pulpit. They still held their meetings, still looked abroad for some angel to appear. Meantime a lay-reader furnished the old, familiar, much loved prayers. The Church spark proved unquenchable. Souls accustomed to a Church, visible in the forms of a Liturgy, visible in the symbols of Sacraments, visible in the robes of a Priesthood, lovable in all these warm characteristics, could not exist without them. A *visible*, lovable Church, or no Church, they felt, doubtless they said, certainly they acted, for eleven years. It shows the power couched in prayers patent to the senses, and ready furnished to the spirit. It shows the necessity for a Church, both tangible to the affections, and fascinating to them. It shows the inextinguishable fire, which lies and smoulders in what is claimed to be the establishment of the Saviour, and the posterity of the Apostles. Episcopacy, panoplied in its liturgy, can never die out, nor be driven out. It holds its own, always, and is sure, sooner or later, to assemble an army.

After 1763, a temporary missionary, named Beardslie, appears on the record, and shortly disappears. Not long after, the permanent career of the parish commenced. Like a realm, its history is henceforth marked by the reigns of its Rectors.

A young man, named John Tyler, by arrangement and contri-

bution of eighty-six male members of the parish, went to England for orders, and returned duly ordained, and, also, an accredited missionary from the English Society, already mentioned. Under his pastorate, the parish took new life, and prospered abundantly. In a single year—1769—the record stands, 111 families—23 communicants. But an untimely frost despoiled this fresh success of its bloom. First, a spirit of emigration set in, and nearly half of the people disappeared. Shortly after, the Revolution broke out. Episcopacy was English, therefore no tolerance nor patience was had with it. And so the church gates were closed for two years. Yet was the liturgy still heard, whispered low, in private dwellings, here and there, and at the fireside of the loyal and earnest pastor, with doors barricaded, to keep in peace, and to keep out persecution. Then was it uttered publicly again, but it was mute where King and Parliament were prayed for. The Church had to live down a rampant prejudice, (strange enough, too, when Washington, and many of the leaders of the time, belonged to it,) and that long Rectorship, of fifty-four years, was consumed, before these days of misapprehension were ended.

* * * * * * *

With his successor, it was an easier career. The Rev. Seth B. Paddock held the Rectorship, twenty-one years, and saw great changes, and a large success, before it ended, just fifteen years ago. The congregation, under him, moved across the street, from their wooden edifice, into the substantial stone structure, now known, and to endure, as Trinity church. It was the indication of a sure prosperity, that expenditure of thirteen thousand dollars, by a parish just emerging from a cloud!

But it proved to be only the beginning of another movement, and a greater outlay. Three or four years after the termination of this most earnest and faithful pastorate, the church overflowed its boundaries, and, in the height and abundance of its prosperity, rebuilt itself, again, on the old site, deserted nearly a century before. Hitherto, and far beyond, had the city spread, and hitherto the people of this ancient parish now resort. The credit of this noble building, as a scheme, energetically urged, and laboriously carried out, belongs to the Rev. Dr. Morgan, my predecessor. The credit of the liberality, which reared it, stone by stone, and arch by arch, and paid for it, to the extent of forty or fifty thou-

sand dollars, belongs to persons, most of whom are living, and many of whom are now present. The credit of appreciating it, of loving it, of loving the Church in it, of sustaining it, year by year, belongs to every one who lifts even a dollar, or even a finger, but especially a whole arm, or a full purse, or a whole-hearted prayer, for its success.

* * * * * * *

A little more than a century has passed, and the names of the parish forefathers still exist, in faded ink, with the various amounts of their contributions, affixed to their names. It would seem as if an emblematic parallel of the Books in Heaven, had been kept on earth; a double record, of works and gifts, thrown into the treasury of God. How will it be a hundred years from now, when the inevitable century-plant will bloom once more, and the elm-embowered streets of this city, be filled with our posterity, and be decorated, again, with arches, and garlands, and banners, and, another night be made resplendent with illuminated windows—all, symbolic fingers, pointing back to us?

Some Rector of this parish will eagerly search the ponderous volume, which records its history. Close upon the deep browned pages of *our* past, will we come, as *his* past. We shall all be dead and gone. There will be your names, and various sums affixed, your names, and various deeds affixed, making up the annals of this church, as it now is, and shall be, for many a year. No one present will hear that sermon, nor listen to the commentaries of the centennial Rector. And yet, there shall we all appear, as at a judgment bar, arraigned before our posterity, and turn out, much or little, as we have done much or little. Whether correctly, or not, in small things, it will then be told what we have done, on the whole, toward the great result; and, so far, it will be a miniature and image, of that awful, ultimate Day, when "the Books shall be opened," and a dread retrospect ensue, and an infallible judgment, discern, what every man, on earth, has done, and what he has left undone.

* * * * * * *

We leave then the past. What are we at the present? Our sermon now changes from the history, to something like the news-print—the mirror of the time. It is as well for a parish to *reflect*, that is, to review itself, as for a person. The profitableness of self-

examination is not confined to individuals. A parish has its infirmities, its faults, its sins, its backslidings; also its virtues, its improvements, its excellences, its standard of perfection. It is nothing more nor less, than a grand individual, and, as such, must try and examine itself, repent itself, and lead a better life.

Now what are we?

* * * * * * *

There! the parish has made a clean breast of it. Such are its virtues, such are its sins, such are its present prosperities, such, also, are its future duties.

* * * * * * *

But we must bear in mind one thing. The past is not the only security for the future. What if we can look back into the early part of the last century, and see our beginning in a Puritan settlement, and see, too, a progress, since, equal to, and abreast with the growth of this beautiful city; what if we have an edifice, now, spacious enough to cover the whole church-yard of that olden time, and stately enough to befit the noble residences, and ornamental grounds, which have taken the place of primitive dwellings, and the acres of former farms; what if the aggregate of wealth, among us now, would utterly bewilder any one of these fathers, below, if he could rise again; what if the times have changed, and the day of persecution has passed by, and we stand, in the community, prominent, established and flourishing, almost as if no Revolutionary day had confounded Church with State; what if the Church has descended in our veins, like an inheritance of Anglo-Saxon blood, and that, while it has filled us full of our own individuality, it has given us also a generous spirit, a liberal mind, a genial hand to clasp, in Christian brotherhood, any other form of the Christian work, and a voice to cheer it on; what if we perceive not only the inextinguishability of the Church, but also those latent resources, and provisions for its growth, by virtue of which, it comes, not merely like John the Baptist, to proclaim, but like Christ, to guide and teach, and like the Holy Spirit, to conserve and keep; what if we find so much to love, so much to believe in, so much to work for; what if we feel the responsibility, which has come upon our hands from our fathers, this momentum, which has been gathering so long, and which we must sustain and accelerate; what if we, each, feel our share of the responsibility, and wish to do our duty—for, after all—

pleasant, as our retrospection is, and speaking, as our antecedents are, and plain, as our opportunities appear, and great, as our object is, there is *one thing*, beside which they count as nothing, without which they shall effect nothing. They are but auxiliary to it. And what is that?

It is Personal Religion. There is the ultimate, the fundamental. Down to *that*, does the base of the church extend, through every other soil. On that, as on primeval rock, is it founded. *To be Christians:* that is the end before us. All real unity of spirit, all efficient unity of action, is impossible, unless that secret fact is the common bond. Our pedestal of a century would be but a hollow shell, were it not for that; all that we hope to be, depends, first and finally, upon that. If we would show the world who Christ was, we must be personally Christian; if we would show the world what the Gospel is, we must be personally devotional and pure; if we would show the world what the Church is, we must be personally earnest, anxious, and self-sacrificing, for others' good.

The work on this Temple is endless, and it can never stand still. The workmen must cover the walls, and be seen clustering and busy on every part. It should grow, visibly, day by day. The scaffolding ought never to be taken down, nor the sounds of the hammer cease, nor the materials be cleared away, so long as the world endures, as a rest for its foundations, and the great Master Builder superintends the work. But the workmen must be in sympathy with their Master, dependent on Him, before the structure can rise, and the bustle and life, of something doing, fill the congregation. There is the secret of zeal, and unity, and labor:—Christ in every soul—every soul in the pay of Christ—every soul personally interested in Him, and in His cause.

To make this known, and felt, is the end of my ministry; and to know it, and feel it, would be the beginning, not only, of your salvation, but of your prosperity as a parish. You wish your own salvation, in order that you, yourself, should be saved. You wish your Church, prosperity, in order that the world, round about, may be saved; and yet, both these are incidental to one nearer wish and one nearer attainment, viz. personal righteousness—spiritual culture, newness of heart, reform of life—as it may be given you, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

GALLERY OF CURIOSITIES, PAINTINGS, &c.

A very interesting feature of the celebration was the Gallery of Curiosities, Paintings, &c., opened in the old academy building, near the little plain, under the superintendence of Charles A. Converse, chairman of the committee on that subject.

The gallery contained a large number of portraits of our distinguished citizens, now deceased, painted by Trumbull, Fisher, Emmons, and other distinguished artists; landscapes by Crocker and others; ancient embroidery and needle work; ancient letters and books; files of old Norwich newspapers; ancient wearing apparel and furniture; Indian relics, consisting of arrow heads, pipes, &c.; also a variety of powder horns, muskets and swords used by Norwich men in the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars.

The only relics of the original proprietors of the town were

A silver headed cane, owned by Thomas Leffingwell, a native of Croxhall, England, and one of the earliest planters of Saybrook; a staunch friend of the Mohegans, and brought supplies to Uncas when his fort was besieged by the Narragansetts. Now in the possession of a lineal descendant, Rev. Thomas Leffingwell Shipman, of Jewett City.

A silver cup and pocket book, also owned by Leffingwell, now in possession of Mrs. Brewer.

And last, but not least,

Major John Mason's sword, which he carried through the Pequot war. Now in the possession of J. N. Gallup, of Stonington.

TOWN CLERKS OF NORWICH.

Names.	Appointed.	Expiration of service.
Christopher Huntington	December 30th, 1678	December 15th, 1702.
Richard Bushnell	December 15th, 1702	December 6th, 1726.
Isaac Huntington	December 6th, 1726	March 5th, 1764.
Benjamin Huntington	March 5th, 1764	December 9th, 1765.
Benjamin Huntington, jr.	December 9th, 1765	December 21st, 1778.
Samuel Tracy	December 21st, 1778	December 13th, 1779.
Benjamin Huntington, jr.	December 13th, 1779	December 14th, 1801.
Philip Huntington	December 14th, 1801	February 14th, 1825.
Benjamin Huntington	February 14th, 1825	October 6th, 1828.
William L'Hommedieu	October 6th, 1828	October 5th, 1829.
Benjamin Huntington	October 5th, 1829	October 4th, 1830.
Alexander Lathrop	October 4th, 1830	October 3d, 1836.
John H. Grace	October 3d, 1836	October 2d, 1837.
Simeon Thomas	October 2d, 1837	October 7th, 1839.
Othniel Gager	October 7th, 1839	present incumbent.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

CIRCULARS.

The following circulars were forwarded to 1,372 natives and descendants of the town of Norwich, residing in other states and countries, and other towns in this state, viz. Maine, 5; New Hampshire, 8; Vermont, 18; Massachusetts, 107; Rhode Island, 21; Connecticut, 304; New York, 472; New Jersey, 27; Pennsylvania, 45; Maryland, 21; Virginia, 3; North Carolina, 2; South Carolina, 2; Georgia, 21; Ohio, 114; Kentucky, 5; Illinois, 52; Indiana, 6; Tennessee, 1; Mississippi, 4; Missouri, 9; Louisiana, 11; Alabama, 10; Michigan, 29; Texas, 10; Iowa, 18; Wisconsin, 19; California, 14; Florida, 1; Minnesota, 4; District of Columbia, 2; Canada, 1; West Indies, 1; South America, 1; England, 1; France, 2; and Germany, 1.

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Norwich, Conn., June, 1859.

Dear Sir:—The citizens of Norwich have determined to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town. The celebration will be in Norwich, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th and 8th days of September next.

The original limits of the town included the territory now constituting not only the present town of Norwich, but the towns of Bozrah, Franklin and Lisbon, and portions of the towns of Lebanon, Griswold and Preston.

It is desired, as far as possible, to secure on this occasion the attendance and co-operation of all native inhabitants of the town, the descendants of such inhabitants, either in its original or present limits, and the wives or husbands of such natives or descendants.

Arrangements have been made for historical and other addresses, a dinner, processions, &c., (of the detail of which early notice will be given,) which will fully, and we hope agreeably, occupy the two days allotted to the celebration.

Your attendance is earnestly invited, and you are respectfully requested to notify colonel George L. Perkins, chairman of the committee of reception, that you will be present. Should you, however, be unable to attend, will you favor us

with a letter containing any facts of interest in your possession in relation to the town or its inhabitants. We are,

Very respectfully, yours,

John A. Rockwell,
L. F. S. Foster,
John Breed,
Wm. A. Buckingham,
Joseph Williams,
F. A. Perkins,
Daniel W. Coit,
Wm. P. Greene,
Jedediah Huntington,
Wolcott Huntington,
William P. Eaton,
Ashbel Woodward,
Amos H. Hubbard,
Henry B. Norton,
James S. Carew.

Committee on Invitation.

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Norwich, Conn., Aug. 1, 1859.

Dear Sir:—In consequence of indisposition, gentlemen with whom I am associated, have kindly consented, at my request, to excuse me from acting as chairman of the committee of reception for the celebration, on the 7th and 8th proximo, of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Norwich.

Under other circumstances, it would have afforded me much pleasure to have welcomed you to the joyous re-union of the sons and daughters of our ancient and beautiful town. His honor Amos W. Prentice, mayor of the city of Norwich, is my successor, and will take pleasure in attending to the duties of the chairman of the committee of reception.

I trust you will be present, having the feelings and purposes of an apostle: second John, 12th.*

I am, dear sir, very respectfully,
Your ob'dt serv't,
Geo. L. Perkins.

Invitations were also forwarded to the honorable Millard Fillmore, ex-president of the United States; to the governors of each state in the union; the foreign ministers resident at Washington; to the ex-governors, lieutenant governors, and past judges of the supreme court of the state; present state officers, and judges of the supreme and superior courts; to the mayor of the city of Norwich, and city of Boston, in England; civil authorities of the towns of Norwich, in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio; and to the editors of the newspapers in this state; to the honorable Isaac Toucey, secretary of the navy; and commodore Samuel S. Breese; commodore John D. Sloat; captain Wm. Hudson; commanders Andrew H. Foot, and Joseph

* "Having many things to write unto you, I would not *write* with paper and ink: but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full."

Lanman; and colonel Mansfield of the United States army; the presidents and professors of the several colleges in the state; presidents of historical societies in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania; and to other distinguished gentlemen, in number 197; making the whole number of invited guests 1,569.

In response to the circular of invitation, a large number of letters were received, most of them very brief, and either accepting the invitation or declining it. Many others were of a very interesting character. Some of this class are worthy of preservation. A few of them are here presented.

FROM HON. CHARLES MINER, OF WILKESBARRE, PENNSYLVANIA.

WILKES-BARRE, July 17, 1859.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:—Your invitation to be present at the commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Norwich, was received by last evening's mail. You are pleased to add:—"Should you, however, be unable to attend, will you favor us with a letter containing any facts of interest in your possession in relation to the town or its inhabitants?"

I beg to return my most respectful acknowledgments. I can scarcely conceive anything left in life that would afford me so much pleasure. But the feebleness of near eighty years admonishes me that, not only is the visit hopeless, but that if I have anything to say, it should not be a moment delayed.

Affection for Norwich is entwined with every fiber of my heart. Having emigrated to Pennsylvania while yet a boy, my *time* of observation is limited; and my *scene* of observation, to little more than the old town or round the square, fitted, rather, to amuse the grandchildren, than impart instruction or pleasure to the present generation.

Born February 1, 1780; peace proclaimed 1784; consciousness of memory is first awakened to the shouts of triumph and the thundering of cannon, at the old Peck house, (then, I think, doubtingly,) kept by Mr. Trott, (a fiery old patriot.) I mention this as connecting me with the revolutionary period, and to say, the drum, the fife, military display, was the pervading fashion. Almost all the older men had served in the French war. Ticonderoga was yet a familiar theme. Nearly the whole of the (*then*) present generation, moved by a common impulse, had been down to Boston. The talk was of Lexington and Bunker hill. General Putnam is recorded as having stopped his plow in mid-furrow and started. So had it been in Norwich. An anecdote often told me shows the universal enthusiasm. My father, a house carpenter, and his journeyman, dropped their tools on the alarm. As the broad axe rang, the journeyman said, "That is my death knell!" Breathing the common spirit, he hied away cheerfully, but returned no more.

My father was on Dorchester heights, as orderly sergeant waiting on Mr. Huntington, afterwards general Jed. He used to relate that going the rounds, or reconnoitering, the British opened fire upon them from Boston. While ever and anon the balls would scatter the earth over them, general Huntington moved as unconcernedly as if at home in his own meadow.

At the close of the war half the men on the square wore the title of captain. Starting on the south side of the green going down the road east, taking them in order, there were captain Bela Peck, captain Carew, captain Nevins, captain Simeon Huntington, captain Joseph Gale, captain Andrew Huntington, all in sight and nearly adjoining. The British in possession of New York; the sound and a hundred miles of the coast of Connecticut being subject to their invasion, Norwich may be said to have slept on their arms, liable every minute to be called out. Horse Neck, Rye, Seabrook, New London, were familiar to every man of them. To be sure as I listened to their war stories, always with interest, sometimes with awe, occasionally with a smile, for they remembered the jokes of the camp, I do not recollect an imputation upon a single man present or absent as wanting in courage or patriotism. It is a pleasure to record anew the assurance that Norwich did its whole duty.

The plays of the boys were battles with the regulars. The charge—the ambuscade—the retreat—"The regulars are coming!"—"The regulars are coming!" Then the rally and renewed charge.

Their songs:—

"Do n't you hear your gen'ral say,
Strike your tents and march away."

But to the schools. The old brick school house at the bottom of the lane, below the spacious new jail, knew no recess. Among the earliest teachers within my recollection, was Charles White, a young gentleman from Philadelphia, handsome and accomplished. Of his erudition I was too young to judge, but popular he certainly was among the ladies. Newcomb Kinney awakened a high degree of emulation, especially in writing. A *sampler* was pasted up before six or seven scholars, near the ceiling, on fine paper, on a double arch sustained by Corinthian columns, the upper corners of each sheet bearing a neatly painted quill, with the motto, "Vive la Plume." Within each half arch, near the upper part, in fine hand, a poetical quotation, as suggested by fancy, probably from "Hannah Moore's Search after Happiness," then highly popular. Beneath, in larger hand, successive lines in beautiful penmanship, filling the whole. The *Piece* painted in water colors—the pride of mothers—master and scholars.

Mr. Hunt, a graduate of Yale, followed. Mr. Macdonald succeeded, and then Mr. Baldwin became the preceptor.

The obedience fair—teachers capable and attentive. Discipline preserved without undue severity.

Pleasant were our school hours.

But school is let out. Boyish sports abound,

"Some chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball."

In winter the plain offered a capital opportunity for a trial of skill and courage. Sides were chosen. Each party built a semi-circular fort of vast snow balls, eight or ten rods apart. When the snow was soft and would adhere, all hands were summoned to the work. A line of balls as big as could be rolled was laid

in a crescent; outside that another as large. Then with skids a row on the top—then a third row large as could be raised on the summit to crown the work, making a formidable breastwork. Lockers were cut out in the inside to hold great quantities of balls made ready for action. When both sides were prepared, a proclamation was made, and then came the "tug of war." The sport was manly and exciting.

Other plays were popular—most I have seen elsewhere—*Thornuary*, nowhere else. Here the up town and down town boys were sometimes pitted against each other. There was among us an active fellow named Choate, "Jabe Choate" we called him. Not of Norwich, he was a down-easter. From Boston I understood. In our little circle he was a Coriolanus, for "When he moved he moved like an engine"—and like our modern crinoline clad ladies, swept all before him, yet a favorite, for he was brave and clever. I have wondered, if not the father, was he not, probably, the uncle of *Rufus*, the present idol of Boston?

Mrs. Gildon kept a school a few rods below the plain for small children—she had a son Charles growing up to early manhood. I do not know their fate. The name is rare. The good school mistress has often been brought to mind when reading Pope:—

"If hungry Gildon drew his venal quill,
I wish the man a dinner and sit still."

But Pope's shaft was no dishonor. So eminent an archer stooped to no ignoble game.

Hark! The whole town is in commotion. A company of strolling players have taken possession of the lower part of the court house, and it is converted into a commodious theater. Where slept our puritan thunder! The tragedy of George Barnwell drew many a tear, soon wiped away in smiles by the shrewd follies of Tony Lumpkin, in "The mistakes of a night." The grown up beaux of Norwich, especially those who had visited New York and got their cue, were in high glee. I have a good mind to name seven or eight. The comic singer of the company displayed some tact—had a good voice, and sang,

"Ye Bucks! have att—ye all."

[Never having seen the song nor heard it since, I pretend to give only the sound.]

Instead of the *pit*, the critic's place, the roaring boys had taken possession of seats far back and high up in the amphitheater, and when he came with all the proper accompaniments of tone and gesture to

"D—n ye! I know ye—
Ye are of *att ye all*,"

It was a signal for a general cheer! And brought down the house with an "Encore."

Several new songs were introduced by the company, and among them the many year popular:—

"A rose tree in full bearing,"

Which Miss Mary Nevins, the fairest rose that ever bloomed, used so sweetly to sing. Passingly—the songs of the period, were mainly the hunting songs borrowed from England—

"Bright Phœbus has mounted his chariot of day,
With hounds and horns each jovial morn when Bucks a hunting go."

But these were giving place to the more modern sailor songs of Dibdin.

My intimate and ever dear friend, Gerard Carpenter, used to sing admirably—

"To England when with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steered."

What noise is that, which makes the whole green ring again?

Mr. Jones, the cooper, residing next to captain Peck's on the south side of the plain, with his adz and double-driver, holding it in the middle and playing it rapidly on the empty barrel, as he drives the hoop, sounds a *reveille* to the whole neighborhood, regular as the strains of Memnon.

A truce to these trifles.

The Sabbath has come. Everybody went to meeting. It was the pleasantest day of the week. Manning is ringing the bell. Let us note the carriages as they come up.

The chaise drawn by that bay, so sleek, he looks as if he had been varnished for the occasion, brings captain Thomas Fanning and (pardon me, I was then a young man,) his two charming daughters. I think he was the attendant of our up-town meeting, who came from nearest the landing.

That stout black in a wider chaise, brings lady Lathrop, attended by Mr. Huntley and his daughter, a pretty little girl of 8 or 9, whose poetic genius and sweet moral strains have shed a ray of glory, not only on her native town, (as Lydia Huntley and Mrs. Sigourney,) but over her whole country, and rendered her name a praise throughout the republic of letters.

Here drives up a double carriage, plain, yet neat. Those spanking bays are full of spirit, they move admirably. They bring the family of Mr. Thomas Lathrop, who occupies the very handsome white mansion on the southern hill bounding the square.

Note.—Manning has ceased ringing, and is tolling the bell. Mr. Strong will be here presently. He comes with his lady, drawn in a plain chaise by a stalwart brown horse, the favorite of many years.

Observe, as Mr. Strong ascends the steps numbers press round and hand him scraps of paper. They are received as matters of course—six—seven—or eight, as it may happen. We shall see directly what they are. While the psalm is being sung, which precedes the morning prayer, the minister's head is inclined forward as if reading. He rises and reads the slips of paper—one after another, running in this wise:—"Z. D. being about to take a voyage to sea, asks the prayers of this congregation, that he may be preserved and restored in safety to his family."

Several desiring to return thanks for mercies received. I dare not allow myself to state the variety of petitions, relating to *ordinary* circumstances in life.

It would seem to have required long habit and a retentive memory to recall them, yet Mr. Strong would touch each, briefly, but appropriately, and with such earnestness and pathos, especially when praying for the sick, as by sympathy swelling every breast, and made the petition, the prayer indeed of the whole congregation.

Of the church music. *Roberts*, the famed singingmaster, had been among the voices, and infused his own impassioned soul into the school.

The front seats of the gallery—treble—counter—tenor—bass—were all full.

"O, that I could describe them to you!" In the pews below were numbers who had caught the inspiration. Nay, more, colonel *Zack* was among them, himself an organ full of melody and power.

Did "The Pilgrims' Song" close the worship of the day, an hundred voices attuned to perfect harmony, joining to swell the strain,

"Rise my soul and stretch thy wings
To seats prepared above,"

The whole congregation rose to their feet—entranced.

The life of Mr. Strong, the revered, the beloved, his precepts and example, however imperfectly regarded, have been with me through life. His influence for good, is yet felt among hundreds of the descendants of emigrants from Norwich.

Monday has come and brings its usual busy throng and varying scenes.

Two printing presses were in full operation, that of Mr. Trumbull had been long established, and his paper was always read with pleasure. Busy memory, clinging to every thing with child-like delight, that relates to Norwich, calls up the anecdote. The fashion of the day was for advertisers to close—"Inquire of the printer." The wit of the town was dying. Mr. Trumbull bent over him with his wonted kindness and asked softly, "Do you know me, Mr. Barney?" "If I don't I'll inquire of the printer." Samuel Trumbull, the oldest son, was a young man of a good deal of reading, and of ready wit. He wrote several essays under the head of "From the desk of *Beri Hesden.*" The hint and the name of the essays—"From the desk of poor Robert the Scribe," I am sure I owed to him. William Pitt Turner was the Æsop of the press, the poet and satirist, and lashed the foibles of the *Bucks of* "*Att ye all,*" with no stinted measures. Young Trumbull, following in his wake, satirized the younger brood, and I came in, fairly enough, for my share, more proud of the notice, than angry at the rod.

The recent member of Assembly, Gurdon Trumbull, esq., it was my good fortune to form an intimate acquaintance with, in 1839, at Hartford. (I hope he is with you.) I can not deny myself the pleasure of adding, that I was subsequently indebted to his partial kindness for several favors done so considerately, and performed in a manner so delicate, as to demand a renewed and more open acknowledgment; mentioned to show how naturally and kindly the heart of the Norwich boys "*warm* to the tartan."

The other printing office was nearly opposite that of Mr. Trumbull's close to Collier's brass foundry. The paper published by Bushnell & Hubbard. Mr.

Bushnell was afterwards appointed a purser in the navy, and died of yellow fever at sea. I mention the fact to add, that when in the West Indies, several gentlemen were inscribing the names of wives and sweet-hearts in a mountain grove—Bushnell declined to do so, lest the thoughtless should desecrate the place by obscene additions, but he wrote a poem addressed to his wife, it is said of remarkable delicacy and beauty. A man of genius and learning, few were more capable. Has Norwich preserved it?

The rival houses are at war. Small pox has broken out. There is not a moment to delay. Two establishments for inoculation start into existence on the Thames, in Mohegan. Dr. Tracy, and Dr. —— preside over that, at famed Massapeage. Dr. Marvin and Dr. Jewett over the other, at Adgate's. These were prominent points of interest in their day.

"Friendship to every willing mind,
Opens a heavenly treasure,"

From lady voices I still recollect as soothing my feverish and restless spirits. In the main the remembrances were agreeable, redolent rather of frolic and fun than of pain.

Do you see those strange looking men hawking pictures, in broken English? They are French emigrants, thus seeking to win their bread, exiled from home by the revolution, now raging. Listen:

"Louis de 16—madame Elizabet." They have pictures of the Guillotine, with their executioner, and the head of the king, all ghastly, streaming with blood, which he is holding up.

Look again—what have *they?* Beautiful pictures, but so nearly immodest as to make me hesitate to bring to recollection, what was then familiar to every one in open market. The revolutionists, to cast odium on the royal family, represented an intimacy between the infamous duke of Orleans and the queen, Maria Antoinette. The polished verse runs thus:—

"Avaunt, rash boy, while I my homage pay,
Where joys are bred and nestling cupids play."

Another—a sans-cullote sailor, with a red *cap* and *shirt*—emblems of liberty and courage. A French man-of-war has captured an English frigate. The sailor sings:—

"When e'er on French decks shouts of victory roar,
Your crown 's a *red cap*, and tyrants are no more."

The winter assemblys demand special notice. Managed with such scrupulous care, every lady who might desire it, was not only invited, but provided with a carriage and agreeable escort. Mr. Lathrop had built an assembly room, with a spring floor, on purpose. There was no formal supper, but tea, coffee, tongue, ham, cakes, and every suitable refreshment in abundance. Collier, with his inimitable violin—Manning with his drum. Order, the most perfect, never for a moment, that I saw or heard of, infringed. Contra dances occupied the eve-

ning. The stately minuet had gone out of fashion, and the cotillon not yet introduced. The lines of a modern song express what was universally felt:—

"The reign of pleasure is restored,
Of ease and gay delight."

In their apology, if one be needed, let me add, Washington would have approved, and entered the pleasant occurrence in his journal. The musicians knew their hour, and at 1 the assembly closed.

They did not escape the keen edge of satire. The poem of W. P. Turner could be repeated by many emigrants to the Susquehanna, forty years afterward.

The hum of industry is everywhere. Norwich up town is a bee hive. Every mechanic, and there were few idlers, with every workman was employed manufacturing hats, tin ware, pewter ware, boots, shoes, harness, coaches, chaises, small carriages, for slaves to draw the children—everything. The West Indies demanded many cargoes. Such was the prosperity of the country around, nearly every farmer would have his chaise. The fact that there were two coach and chaise manufactories in the town fully employed, showing the activity of one branch, will indicate that of others.

Take your stand on the school house steps, and suppose a circulating panorama.

Note that drove of horses dashing by. The driver is Lazelle, from the north. Twenty of the sixty are Canadian. They are for Howland's brig. Jesse Brown will see they are cared for a week, and send them to New London, when the brig is nearly ready to sail. A dozen vessels are preparing at the landing for cargoes, and droves are daily arriving.

Such a demand for horses must create a demand for sires. Luckily, here they pass, each with his groom. That superlatively beautiful bright bay, 14 hands high, is *Figure*, belonging to Haynes, of New London. That monster dark bay following, 17 hands high, is *Nimrod*. The dark chestnut is a favorite Rhode Island pacer. Count Pulaski is the last.

What mean those two covered carts with tinkling bells? They are our market. The single one, a daily, from Bean Hill. The double is from Windham, a weekly, but loaded with mutton that would tempt an epicure.

Note that dashing gentleman and lady on the fine pair of blacks. They have a foreign air. It is Jackson Brown, supposed to be an agent of the British commissary department. They do not stop to have the gate opened, but bound over it as if in pursuit of a fox.

Note that splendid chariot, with servants in livery as out riders. There are two or three pairs of elegant English hunters. They are bounding away in pursuit of pleasure, to the Bozrah great pond, a fishing. It is the establishment of the noted English lord *Bellisais*.

Hark! There is music in the court house. An Irish gentleman of titled family, whom the war has embarrassed, with a noble spirit of independence, rather than sit down in indigence and despair, has opened a dancing school, not only here, but in Bozrah, Franklin, and two or three neighboring towns.

Ordering his time that he may attend here twice a week, and visit the others once a week, not a minute was wasted.

John C. De Vereaux; that is the gentleman in the open carriage with the humpbacked musician, *Howell*, by his side. The general prosperity rendered it easy for parents, all round the country, to gratify their children. Would any one ask—"How did he succeed?" Enquire who, forty years afterwards, was the wealthiest merchant in Utica, and president of the United States branch bank? The answer would be *John C. De Vereaux.*

Evening approaches—where are the stages? O! here they come up in style to Brown's hotel. That from the east, the horses all in a foam, has come all the way from Providence, since morning!

The one from the west is from Hartford. What is that under the Hartford stage? It looks like the fore-top-sail of a brig. Lo! it is a sail cloth, so nailed under the bottom as to hang loose and bring down *salmon* from Hartford, without being bruised, for Brown, like Lathrop, had a pride in setting a capital table, and it is lucky to-day, as *president Adams* has just arrived.

Party, the twin sister of freedom, then prevailed, as it ever will, and the morning salute, confidently expected, was marred, as we black cockade federal boys charged, by the intentional failure of our opponents to—"keep their powder dry."

Training day, especially regimental, or brigade, was a great event.

The Matross company, commanded then by Roger Griswold, afterwards by captain Bailey, paraded in front of the meeting house; the light infantry, in uniform, near the old Perit house; the common militia company, facing west, on the lower point of the green; companies from the neighboring towns arriving, *where* the adjutant assigned them their position. From an early hour the plain was thronged; the line formed—mark that fine soldier-like bearing man on that stately war steed—that is general Marvin. Accompanied by his aids, in splendid uniform and nodding plumes, music filling the air, the line is passed, the salute given, the column formed; the march is down east and round the square. The band and the *brigade* of drums and fifes under Collier and Manning, alternating. Passing governor Huntington's, the salute is repeated, and could not be paid to a worthier, unless Washington were himself present. The windows all round are sparkling with beauty, and we little boys were thrice happy to trudge round on foot, hear the music, and see the pageant.

A marked incident in the exhibition was the assemblage of all Mohegan, and *Betty Uncas*, their queen, with brooms, baskets, blankets, papooses without number. They lined the fence from Eli Lord's to Lathrop's. The military dismissed, still the plain is thronged. Here is captain Griswold, with a dozen of the most active fellows, playing a game of cricket. Yonder is captain Slocum and a party intent on a wrestling match. Each right hand hold of his opponent's left elbow; each left hand on his opponent's right shoulder. It was a game of skill, rather than of strength—the trip and twitch—the steel trap quickness. The Zouaves could hardly beat them. An adroitness that would seem unrivaled. Let the unpracticed, however strong and courageous, beware how he enters the lists, or he will find himself sprawling in mid air, seeking a

resting place on the green turf, flat on his back, amid the cheers of hundreds.

Look! There is a daring fellow climbing up to the ball on the steeple. It makes one's head dizzy to gaze on him. That is John Post—fearless and spry as a wild cat.

Hark! The sounds of revelry proceed from Lathrop's chamber windows. The officers have dined, and prefer punch, such as Lathrop only could make, to indifferent wine. The choicest Antigua, loaf sugar by the pail full, lemons, oranges, limes. Merrier fellows, within tempered mirth, never wore cockade or feather.

So with

"Sports that wrinkled care derides,"

closed the day.

The half is not said, yet I feel that I am abusing your patience. When did a native ever begin to talk of Norwich and know when to stop?

From the time the Jewish maidens hung their harps on the willows, and sang of Jerusalem, to the lay of the sweetest modern minstrel, "*My native land*" has been a cherished theme.

Thus with singular pleasure have I run over the scenes of my childhood, and endeavored to sketch, with rapid pencil, "*Norwich up town, the plain, and round the square,*" as memory recalls it, seventy years ago, which, with cordial good wishes, is respectfully submitted by

CHARLES MINER.

John A. Rockwell, L. F. S. Foster, Jedediah Huntington, Wolcott Huntington, and others of committee on invitation.

FROM HON. WILLIAM H. GIST, GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COLUMBIA, South Carolina, July 22d, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR:—The polite invitation of the committee having charge of the arrangement for the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Norwich, Connecticut, to attend, on the 7th and 8th days of September next, and participate with them in the festivities of the occasion, has, through your kindness, been duly received. Nothing would afford me more real pleasure than to be with you on that occasion; but our constitution expressly forbids the "executive to leave the state, upon pain of vacating his office;" and you see at once a satisfactory reason for my absence. I can not, however, allow this occasion to pass without expressing my gratification at this evidence of fraternal feeling that exists between the two sections of the confederacy; and I must be permitted to hope that a brighter day is dawning upon us. If I know my own heart, every pulsation beats responsive to the sentiment, "A constitutional union for ever." And although the north and south have been alienated from each other by unwise counsels, and seemingly jealous of, and hostile to, each other, I hope the recollection that we are the heirs of a common heritage of liberty, won with toil and suffering, by a common ancestry, will cause us to bury the past in more than lethean forgetfulness, and again unite in a career of greatness and glory. Let us have no "higher law,"

north or south, but let us all frown down any and every attempt to violate, evade, or disregard the constitution and laws of the country. By pursuing this course, the imagination of man, in its wildest flights of fancy, can form no conception of what we would be fifty or one hundred years hence. Divided and distracted as we have been in our councils, "there are none so poor as to do us reverence." United like a band of brothers, we could give law to nations and defy a world in arms. That such may be our destiny is my ardent wish and sincere prayer.

With sentiments of respect and esteem, I am yours, &c.

William H. Gist.

FROM HON. WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE, EX-GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.

Detroit, August 20th, 1859.

To His Excellency William A. Buckingham, Norwich, Connecticut.

Sir:—I have received your esteemed favor of July last, covering the circular of the committee, and inviting me to assist at the proposed "two hundredth anniversary" of the settlement of the town of Norwich.

I should have done myself the honor to reply to it at an earlier day, but for the hope I indulged that my health whuld have justified my acceptance of it. That hope, but faint in the beginning, I have felt constrained to relinquish, and it becomes proper that with the expression of my deep sense of the honor conferred upon me by the invitation, I should now most respectfully decline it.

As a native of that picturesque locality, it would delight me, if it were possible, again to visit it. Its high acclivities, its moss covered rocks, its beautiful valleys and its clear and limpid waters, are still very dear to me; and to have been enabled to renew, by personal attendance, those associations of my early boyhood, which, through so many years, have attracted me to it as my native home, would have given me great satisfaction; and among other incidents of interest to me, I might again, perhaps, have taken by the hand my congressional friend, also of Norwich, the talented and the brilliant Albert H. Tracy; and have rambled once more, too, over well remembered fields, with the friend of my boyhood and of my riper years, the eloquent conductor of the "Village Record," the accomplished "historian of Wyoming," the distinguished member of congress, the amiable, the excellent, *Charles Miner!* But all these anticipations and conjectured sources of pleasure must now be given up. For against the infirmities of sickness and the decrepitude of age, who can contend?

I was born amidst the convulsions of the revolution. Every thing about me then bore the impress of that great struggle; it was a struggle for independence and for freedom! My father was a "minute man;" my paternal and my maternal grandfathers were both distinguished as friends of free government; *such*, indeed, was the character of *all* about me! And with *such* surroundings in my youth, and with *such* lessons as *they* taught, how could it have been otherwise than that I should have caught and appropriated something of the spirit which every thing about me breathed? And after all, sir, with too little

individual merit, are we not, in the providence of God, very much the creatures of circumstance?

But however that may be—and it matters little, I suppose, what may be thought of it—it is not the less incumbent upon me to thank you for that spirit of courtesy and of kindness, which pervades the communication with which you have honored me. Be pleased then, sir, to accept this expression of my thanks, and believe me to be, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE.

FROM REV. ERASTUS WENTWORTH, MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

Foo-Chow, China, June 15th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—After looking forward with pleasurable anticipations for many years, to personal participation in the celebration of the bi-centennial birthday of Norwich, the place associated with my earliest and dearest recollections, I find myself, on the eve of that event, sixteen thousand miles away, and effectually debarred from the intellectual treats and social festivities promised by the occasion. It will be some compensation for the disappointment, and no slight gratification, if I may be allowed to contribute by letter, a trifle to the interest of the family gathering. It will not, at such a time, be deemed egotistical in me to state, that I spent the first eighteen years of my life in Norwich; that my father was born there seventy years, and my grandfather a hundred and seven years ago; and that my family name, by no means an obscure one, in either English or American history, has stood on the town records for one hundred and eighty, out of the two hundred years you are now assembled to commemorate.

Old Norwich!—who that has been a denizen of the place, especially in early youth, can ever forget its winding valleys and rugged hills; its stony pastures and green meadows, enameled with violets, and buttercups, and daisies, and goldened with cowslips and dandelions; its spreading elms and sycamores; its clear streams, alternating with babbling shallows and cool depths, overhung with willows and alders, and the favorite haunts of roach, trout and pickerel; its gray precipices and romantic falls; its striking contrasts of village quiet and country seat retirement, with commercial activity and city bustle. All these can never be forgotten. With me, neither the pellucid St. Lawrence or noble Mississippi, nor those floating seas of alluvion, mightiest in the brotherhood of rivers in the northern hemisphere, the Missouri and Yang-tse-keang, have ever served to obliterate, or even to dim the images of the Yantic, Shetucket and Thames. The mammoth tree growths of the prairie bottoms of the west, or the giant banians that greet my vision as I write, have never overshadowed the memory of Norwich sycamores and elms. The billowy seas of granitic elevations which stand, a wall of azure, about the valley of the Min, and roll away in endless undulations over the entire surface of the Fo-ke-en province, are not so charming to me as the hills of New England. Society changes, but these natural features remain, and impress themselves upon the minds of successive generations.

My earlier recollections of Norwich antedate steamboats and railroads, canals and telegraphs, temperance and anti-slavery. The Yantic, was Backus's iron works; the Falls, Hubbard's paper mills; Greeneville, pastures on the banks of the Shetucket, in which curious antiquarians sought for the pile of stones that marked the grave of Miantonomoh. The first and second congregational, were the only edifices really worth the name of churches; and I remember a Christmas pilgrimage on foot from Bean Hill to the Landing to hear the little organ, the only one in town, in the little wooden episcopal church, that preceded the present elegant structure. Elder Sterry, baptist, had a little wooden chapel at the Landing, where, as one of his sons said to me in our schoolboy days, "*He preached for nothing and furnished his own meeting house.*" Elder Bentley had a little church on the wharf bridge, which took a fancy to go to sea in the great freshet of 1815. Court house and jail were up town, and the stocks and whipping post still maintained their position at the corner of the old court house. I have seen a woman in jail for debt, and heard my grandmother tell of the last woman who was taken to the whipping post, and how the people laughed at the sheriff for merely going through the forms of the law, actually flogging the fair culprit "*with a tow string.*"

In my youth, Strong and Goddard were at the head of the bar, and gentle parson Paddock, earnest parson Mitchell, and the solemn parson Strong, occupied the sacred desk. Through life, I have counted it no small privilege to have received the first rudiments of education in Norwich. I mean those initial lessons which preceded colleges and schools, and the rudimental training of pedagogues Smith, Bliss, and Lester, of cruel memory. A child is educated by all those with whom he comes in contact, and the personal excellences, defects, and peculiarities of his earliest acquaintances become his models and measuring rods for all the rest of mankind. Bonaparte said, "The world is governed by nicknames;" and the nicknames of a community are a surer index of the character of the wearers than cognomens of illustrious descent or appellations bestowed by godfathers and godmothers. While a few of the nicknames which still cling to the memory of men long since passed from the stage of action, recall eccentricities, peculiarities, and in some instances the meannesses with which our humanity is afflicted, the great majority of them revive the memory of nobleness and excellences worthy of remembrance and worthy of imitation. It is more blessed to be surrounded by good men than great men, by examples of worth than displays of wealth. My memory retains a whole gallery of daguerreotypes of those whom I loved or hated, reverenced or despised, in the days of my youth. I would like to pay a passing tribute of respect to those who for eminent virtues commanded my most unqualified regard. I can only mention parsons Strong and Austin, judges Spalding, Shipman and Hyde, Erastus Huntington, James Stedman, and deacon Charles Lathrop, all of whom have gone to the land from which there is no return. It would be easy to extend the list, but my limits will not allow. I can not refrain from a passing tribute to the memory of two of my school mates, recently deceased—reverend Z. H. Mansfield and honorable Thomas L. Harris. I would like also to extend the compliments of the occasion to my old Nor-

wich schoolmates, John T. Wait, J. G. Lamb, Rev. William Havens, Hon. H. P. Haven, Huntingtons, Tracys, and others whom I may not here enumerate. I was in Shanghai last year, and on a rude wooden slab at the head of a recent grave I read, "CHARLES BAILEY, *Norwich, Connecticut*," son of the old up town jail keeper, and seaman on one of our ships of war. In what part of the world do not the bones of the sons and daughters of Norwich repose! Black eyed "Tom Leffingwell" lies with his father at the bottom of the ocean, and curly headed "Bob Lee," slain by Camanches on the plains of Texas, while Ceylon embalms, with the fragrance of Paradise, the remains and memories of Harriet Joanna and Charlotte H. Lathrop. How brief the space over which the life of any one individual extends in the history of our beloved town. Perhaps not a single soul survives that saw its last centennial. Will any single soul live to connect this centennial with that of 1959? This occasion should not pass away without providing enduring monuments of itself for the use of coming generations. If the idea has not already occurred, as I presume it has, I would suggest the erection of a centennial hall of Norwich granite, fire proof, if possible, to contain a museum of town and state relics, and mementos of the past, of our fathers, of the Indian tribes, and of the present generation. In this way, 1859 may shake hands with 1959, especially if sealed boxes and coffers containing the sayings and doings, speeches and sentiments of this day, are secured there, to be opened only on the occasion of the next centennial. Books, records, portraits, &c., would find their appropriate place there, and it would become the favorite resort of all those who reverence the past and desire to deduce from it useful lessons for the future.

With a sigh for the Norwich that was, a greeting to the Norwich that is, and a hail of welcome for the Norwich that is to be, I remain, gentlemen,

Sincerely yours,

ERASTUS WENTWORTH.

EARLY PHYSICIANS OF NORWICH.

BY ASHBEL WOODWARD, M. D.

PRESIDENT OF THE CONNECTICUT MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Of the physicians generally of the American colonial period, little is now known. As a class they were unambitious to participate in the deliberations of public councils, or take the lead in advocacy of popular measures, so that only few names became prominently identified with local or general history. Many devoted to the duties of their calling the undivided energies of long and laborious lives, reaping only a scanty pecuniary recompense for the present, and no place at all in the grateful recollection of posterity. Respected and loved by cotemporaries with that respect and love which strikes such deep root and blossoms so beautifully in the chamber of suffering, they were too frequently forgotten when their own generation had passed away.

No systematic account of the early physicians of Norwich has hitherto been given. The materials for such a work are fragmentary, and collectible only with great difficulty and labor. Public records afford little assistance, while the

scanty aid they might otherwise render is still further impaired by the general absence of the titular appendage from the names. Another peculiar circumstance of the present case cuts us off from one source of information, which, in many localities, is highly fruitful. During the early colonial period (as has almost always been true in the infancy of nations,) the professions of theology and medicine frequently met in the hands of the same incumbent, the cure of fleshly ills being esteemed an incidental concomitant to the cure of the more dangerous maladies of the soul. These clerical physicians, exercising their double vocation amid a people justly celebrated for affectionate attachment to the expounders of the divine oracles, were often minutely remembered and described for after time, in virtue of the popularity of the priestly office. But in Norwich, the two professions were kept entirely distinct from the beginning, so that ecclesiastical writings in all the multifarious forms they then assumed, are wholly unavailing to the biographer of her early doctors.

Of some of these, almost the only memorials are the precarious inscriptions of moss grown and neglected tomb stones. Others whose days of toil and nights of watching in alleviation of human pain were otherwise forgotten, still live in the hearts of their descendants, and in traditions floating downward in the same current with their blood. The names of several enter largely into cotemporary records, whereby we may infer the prominency of their influence, though the various proceedings they shared in, and the trusts imposed upon them must here be passed in silence as too common place for exhumation in our brief tribute to their memory. Yet it should not be forgotten that, *as a citizen*, one may be pre-eminently useful, and still perform few actions whose recital either interests the attention or quickens the pulses of posterity.

The medical profession in ancient Norwich was more than respectable; was distinguished. As practitioners and teachers, several of its members had few superiors on the continent. As reformers of abuses and fearless advocates of salutary though unpopular changes, they held place in the foremost rank. In the year 1763, prior to any attempts at medical organization elsewhere on the continent, Theophilus Rogers, with ten others, petitioned the colonial legislature for the charter of a medical society. This movement, made in advance of the age, was negatived in the lower house. Still it indicates one of the most important crises in the history of the profession. The presentation of that unpretending Norwich memorial, was the initiative step in a series of efforts which have since resulted in the permanent establishment of many flourishing state associations, and within a few years of the *national* society, which has contributed in a high degree to purify the ranks, elevate the aims, and make a *real* unit and fraternity of the profession in America. In the attempt alluded to, it was not the object of the petitioners to secure any immunities or exclusive privileges for themselves, but to protect the health of the community by additional securities. At that time there was no authority in the state legally qualified to confer degrees in a way to discriminate the man of solid acquirements from the ignorant pretender. Many, without either study or natural aptitude for the exercise of the calling, by shameless vauntings imposed upon a credulous populace, and by assuming their title brought discredit upon honorable men. Our Norwich memorialists

wished to strike at the root of this disgusting and rampant empiricism. To shut down the flood gates through which their ranks were inundated by incessant streams of ignorance and charlatanry, to establish a standard of education by making a respectable amount of attainments an indispensable requisite to the acquirement of the title, they asked for the appointment of a committee legally authorized to examine and approve candidates, if found qualified. Thus Norwich, though unsuccessful in her first attempt, was the pioneer in the cause of American medical organization.

As early as 1785, when there were but two medical schools in the whole country, Drs. Philip Turner and Philemon Tracy issued proposals for the delivery of a series of lectures to students on "Anatomy, Physic, Surgery, &c." As additional incentives to induce the "rising sons of Æsculapius" to improve the facilities proffered to them, they tendered the free use of a "complete library of ancient and modern authors," together with "the advantage of being present at capital operations, dissections, &c." The prospectus goes on to state, "Every attention will be paid by the subscribers to render their lectures both useful and pleasing, their constant endeavors will be to facilitate the instruction, direct with propriety the judgment, correct the errors, and increase the knowledge of the pupils in their study."

Another interesting point in the history of Norwich was the long and bitter controversy between the advocates and opponents of inoculation for small pox. At that period this disease was the most formidable scourge of humanity. There was no place of refuge from its ravages, nor means of mitigating the fury of its poison. Inoculation having been practiced with success in Turkey, had recently, through Cotton Mather's influence, been introduced into the colonies Commencing in 1760, for many years several of the more prominent physicians of Norwich struggled assiduously to establish the practice against the inveterate prejudices of the community. A popular vote, authorizing pest houses, passed after the lapse of a third of a century, shows how obstinately the public contended before yielding to the superior arguments of the profession.

Drs. Daniel and Joshua Lathrop were successively the most celebrated druggists of their day in Connecticut. Importing medicines directly from Europe, they not only supplied a wide area of country about home, but also received orders from New York. Both of these gentlemen were graduates of Yale. Both were distinguished for benevolence of heart, urbanity of manner, and sincere piety.

Our preliminary remarks applying to the profession of Norwich collectively, by obviating the necessity of repetition, will enable us to make our sketches of individuals brief, and in these we shall confine ourself to the first one hundred and fifty of the two hundred years.

Dr. Solomon Tracy was among the earliest, if not the very first physician of the infant settlement of Norwich. He was the fifth son of lieutenant Thomas Tracy, one of the thirty-five original proprietors of Norwich, whither he came with his father, brothers and sister, in 1660, at the age of nine years.

He married first, November 23d, 1676, Sarah, daughter of deacon Simon Huntington, by whom he had daughter Lydia and son Simon. He married second, April 6, 1686, Sarah (Bliss) widow of Thomas Sluman, and had son Solomon.

The accomplished historian of Norwich says of him, "He must be remembered among the *solid men* of the first generation, very active in all town affairs, constable in 1681, selectman for a long course of years, and always chosen for what was called the east end of the town." He probably resided, therefore, at or near the old homestead of his father east of the meeting house.

He died July 9, 1732.

Limiting the active professional career of Dr. Tracy to fifty years, the descendants of lieutenant Thomas Tracy, in the male line, have held distinguished rank as physicians for more than one hundred and seventy-five of the two hundred years that Norwich has had a history.

Dr. Caleb Bushnell, son of captain Richard Bushnell, is the next physician of whom any account has been discovered. He was born May 26, 1679, and married January 9, 1699–1700, Ann Leffingwell, having by her a son and five daughters. It is believed that his early location was near the residence of D. W. Coit, esq. At a later period he probably removed to the Landing.

Captain Bushnell, as he was more generally called, died February 18, 1724–5, having accumulated by sagacity in business, an estate of about £4,000.

He was "townsman" in 1709 and 1713, besides holding, from time to time, other public trusts.

Dr. David Hartshorn was the sixth son of Thomas Hartshorn, of Reading, Massachusetts, where he was born 1656. He married, 1680, Rebecca Batchelor, and had sons Jonathan, David, Samuel, and Ebenezer, and daughter Rebecca.

He first located in business in his native town, where he continued till about the year 1700, when he removed to Norwich West Farms. In this new field of labor he was highly esteemed as a physician, and was a leading man both in civil and ecclesiastical affairs. He was also one of the original deacons in the church, and generally held in trust the funds of the society. Dr. Hartshorn died November 3d, 1738.

Dr. John Sabin was born in Pomfret, Windham county, Connecticut, 1696. Removing early to Portapoug, he acquired an extensive practice. Upon his tomb stone it is stated that he was captain of one of the Norwich foot companies. The fact that he was several times deputed as agent to transact important business with the legislature, shows that he was held in estimation. He married for second wife, Nov. 3d, 1730, Hannah Starr, of Dedham; died March 2d, 1742.

One of his descendants is now a member of the United States senate.

Dr. Thomas Worden should, perhaps, be noticed among the early physicians of Norwich. He was a son of Samuel Worden*, and lived on Plain Hills. Although his advantages were slender and his location obscure, and although his death occurred one hundred years ago (1759,) yet his name has been handed down to our own time, in connection with a prescription which he originally used.

* Samuel Worden, the father of the doctor, thus notices the death of his wife on the records: "September 13, in the year 1715, it was to me that wofull day in which my dear, and tender, and loving wife departed this life and was buried on the 15th."

December 17, 1728, the town voted to Dr. Thomas Worden "for trav-el and Medisons applied to Ebenezer Hunter's child, £3."

As indicating the public solicitude early manifested for the unfortunate poor, we add a few items from the records.

"Jan. 4, 1726–7, voted to allow to Dr. David Hartshorn, for services to Gaylor, £0 7s 0d.

To Thomas Blythe, for tending Gaylor £2 2s 0d.

To 13 watches with Gaylor, 2s each per night, £1 6s 0d.".

"December 19, 1727. To Thomas Blythe, for digging Gaylor's grave, £0 5s 0d."

July 5, 1727. "The inhabitants do now, by their vote, agree to allow to each man that watches with Micah Rood two shillings per night. Also to those who have attended said Rood by the day, three shillings per day."

December 17, 1728. To Jacob Hyde, for digging Micah Rood's grave, £0 4s 0d.

Dr. Joseph Perkins was the eldest son of deacon Joseph Perkins, who married Martha Morgan in 1700. His lineage runs back to the first settler of the name, who came to America in the ship Lyon, of Bristol, in company with Roger Williams, in 1631.

Dr. Perkins was born 1704, and graduated at Yale college when twenty-three years old. Having enjoyed the best medical instruction obtainable, he opened an office in the present Lisbon. Possessed of brilliant talents, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and venturesome in experiment, he became distinguished as a daring surgeon. Most of the capital operations of the circumjacent country were performed by his hand.

Attempting, on one occasion, a hazardous operation, the patient, a slave, died under the knife. Chagrined at the loss, the master charged the surgeon with having sent his victim prematurely to the Devil. "It is fortunate," said Perkins, "that the only loss falls upon the owner, as the slave could not possibly suffer from an exchange of masters." Dr. Perkins was also a man of piety, patriotism, and benevolence. He filled the office of deacon from 1756 till his death, July 7, 1794.

A brief notice of the members of his family may not be uninteresting. He married, July, 1730, Mary, second daughter of Dr. Caleb Bushnell, already noticed. His eldest son, Dr. Joseph, born in 1733, became an eminent physician in his native town; was the father of Dr. Joseph Perkins, late of Norwich, and Dr. Elijah Perkins of Philadelphia, who died 1806, and the grandfather of the present Dr. N. S. Perkins, of New London.

The fourth child, Dr. Elisha Perkins, of Plainfield, acquired a world wide notoriety as inventor of the "medical tractors," from the use of which many supposed cures were reported, as well in Europe as America.

The seventh and youngest, Dr. Caleb Perkins, practiced in West Hartford. He married a sister of the author of McFingal.

Dr. Christopher Huntington, a resident in that part of Norwich now called Bozrah, was the eldest son of Christopher, of West Farms, and grandson of Christopher, the first male child born in Norwich. Dr. H. appears to have been

the sole physician of New Concord during its early history. He also held the offices of deacon and clerk in the church; died in 1800.

He married, September 29, 1748, Sarah Bingham, and had six children, of whom the youngest, Christopher, became a physician.

Thus much for the earliest list of doctors.

Dr. Theophilus Rogers was born at Lynn, Massachusetts, October 4, 1699, the sixth in descent from John Rogers, the proto-martyr who was burned at Smithfield, February 4, 1555. Dr. Rogers studied his profession, and practiced for a while, in Boston. Afterwards, removing to Norwich West Farms, he entered upon a wide sphere of usefulness. Dr. Theophilus Rogers* died at Norwich, September 29, 1753. His wife died on the 17th of November, of the same year, and both sleep in one grave.

Dr. Ezekiel Rogers, eldest son of the above, was born at Norwich, October 2, 1723. Talented and amiable, he entered upon his professional career with bright prospects. But the hopes of many friends were doomed to disappointment, for in the flower of youth he died Nov. 11, 1745.

Dr. Theophilus Rogers, jr., younger brother of the above, having studied with his father, located in business at Bean Hill. The labors of an extensive practice, he performed according to the usual custom, on horseback. In the revolution Dr. Rogers was a staunch whig, a member of the committee of safety, and very active in the cause of liberty.

He married, March 25, 1754, Penelope Jarvis, of Roxbury, and had one son and three daughters. He died of consumption, September 29, 1801, aged 70. He was noted for rigid adherence to etiquette and nicety in matters of dress and appearance. Habitual courtesy, graceful manners, and skill in the winsome play of conversation, threw a charm around his presence which was felt alike by young and old.

The name and family have been distinguished in both the medical and clerical professions, on each side of the Atlantic.

Dr. Elihu Marvin was born in Lyme about the year 1753, graduated at Yale college in 1773, and afterwards studied medicine with Dr. Theophilus Rogers, second, whose daughter he married. Entering the American army during the revolutionary war as a lieutenant, he soon won a high character for bravery, activity and efficiency. With others he suffered at Valley Forge on "the dreadful winter." Leaving the army before the close of the war to resume the practice of medicine, he located at the "Landing." Fond of military affairs, he was subsequently prominent in organizing the militia, and became brigadier

*Dr. Theophilus Rogers was the second son of captain Ezekiel Rogers, an instructor of youth, and the widow Louis (Ivory) Bligh, of Lynn, grandson of Ezekiel Rogers and Margaret Hubbard, of Lynn, and great grandson of the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers and Margaret Crane, of Islington, parish in Suffolk, England. The latter came to America in 1636, settling at Ipswich, Massachusetts.

Dr. Theophilus married October 20, 1720, Elizabeth, second daughter of William Hyde and Anne Bushnell, of Norwich, who was the third son of Samuel Hyde and Jane Lee, and grandson of William Hyde, the emigrant ancestor of that family.

general. As his fine talents were supported by an attractive countenance and genial social qualities, he was a general favorite, being much honored both in and out of his profession.

When the yellow fever broke out in New York, in 1798, he determined to visit the city in order to *study* the disease and qualify himself for its successful treatment. On returning home, he fell the first victim to that pestilence, a voluntary sacrifice offered up on the altar of humanity. Like many noble brethren in a calling around which dangers thicken frightfully when "pestilence walketh in darkness, and destruction wasteth at noonday," he offered his own life in the devoted endeavor to ward off the blow of the destroyer from others.

His death sent a pang through the community, falling crushingly upon an amiable wife and six young children.

"What 's noble let 's do it,
And make death proud to take us."

Dr. Benjamin Wheat was a son of Dr. Samuel Wheat,* of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was born about 1709. Having studied the usual preliminary branches under the tuition of his father, he removed to Norwich at the early age of twenty-one. He resided where Thomas Billings, esq., now lives, in the valley just south of Bean Hill. For nearly thirty years he continued in active practice, meanwhile instructing students in the principles of the healing art. At the death of the father, Dr. Samuel, in 1750, the son inherited his valuable library, several volumes of which, containing the autograph of the ancient owner, written in bold and smooth hand, are now in the writer's possession.

Dr. John Barker, whose residence was located in the eastern part of Franklin, was the eldest son of John and Hannah (Brewster) Barker, and was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, in 1729. The ordinary school advantages of that day he carefully improved. As a medical student in the office of Dr. Joseph Perkins, his close application, keen insight into the mysteries of disease, and particularly his quick and accurate interpretation of equivocal symptoms, gave certain promise of future success. Commencing business in 1750, he labored in the same field for more than forty years, till stricken down by death. As a physician, Dr. Barker enjoyed an enviable popularity, both with the public and the profession. He was extensively employed in consultation throughout eastern Connecticut, and great deference was yielded to his opinions.

He was one of the original memorialists who petitioned the legislature for a medical society. Not discouraged by the failure of that attempt, he and his compeers persevered till ten or twelve years later their efforts resulted in the organization of a voluntary association, with Dr. Barker for its first president. To this position he was annually re-elected so long as he lived.

Many anecdotes of Dr. Barker are still preserved. For these we have no

* Dr. Samuel Wheat was son of Samuel, born at Concord, October 25th, 1641, The first Samuel was son of Moses and Thomasine Wheat, who came from England in the ship Elizabeth, in 1635, the second year after the settlement of Concord.

room. But even without collateral evidence, these would show that he was a man of sparkling wit, quick perceptions, sound common sense, and not least, generous heart. It was to these strong and noble traits of character that he owed his success, for he was not graced with elegance of person or polish of manner, nor did his pointed repartees derive their force from any fastidious selection of words. His careless and slovenly habits led a cotemporary to remark,

"Barker, a diamond, was both coarse and rough,
But yet a diamond was, of sterling worth."

He died June 13th, 1791, of cholera morbus. On the 19th of September following, Dr. Philemon Tracy, by appointment, delivered an eulogy on his life and character, before the N. L. Co. medical society.

Dr. Elisha Tracy, son of captain Joseph Tracy,* was born at West Farms, in 1712, and graduated at Yale college in 1738. It was the wish of friends that he should enter the ministry, but yielding to his own predilections he commenced the study of medicine under the direction of Dr. Theophilus Rogers, sr. He possessed thorough classical scholarship, and was well versed in medical literature.

In 1775 Dr. Tracy was appointed one of the members of a committee to examine all candidates applying for situations in the army, either as surgeons or assistant surgeons.

For his earnest advocacy of inoculation for small pox, he encountered a storm of prejudice and persecution. By two grand jurors of the county he was presented "for communicating the small pox, by inoculation, to Elijah Lathrop and Benjamin Ward, both of Norwich, aforesaid, and sundry other persons, against the peace, and contrary to the laws of this state." Pleading guilty to the charge, he was held in a recognizance of sixty pounds, to appear and answer before the county court. He was fortunate, however, in living to see his own views very generally adopted by the community.

Dr. Tracy was author of the inscription in memory of Samuel Uncas,† that brought to light the obscure Indian word "Wauregan," which has since acquired great local popularity.

After an active life of forty-five years, he died, in 1783, widely beloved and lamented.

* Joseph Tracy was the son of the first John Tracy, and a nephew of Dr. Solomon Tracy, already noticed. He married, first, June 6th, 1743, Lucy Huntington, and had daughter Lucy, born July 20th, 1744, who became wife of Dr. Philip Turner. After giving birth to five other children, wife Lucy died, October 12th, 1751. He married, second, April 16th, 1754, Elizabeth Dorr, of Lyme. Son Philemon born May 30th, 1757. By last marriage he had ten children.

† The epitaph is as follows:—

"For beauty, wit, for sterling sense,
For temper mild, for eloquence,
For courage bold, for things wauregan,
He was the glory of Moheagan—
Whose death has caused great lamentation
Both in ye English and ye Indian nation."

Dr. Philemon Tracy, son of the preceding, was born May 31st, 1759. Having enjoyed the professional teachings of his father and Dr. Philip Turner, he practiced medicine in his native town for more than fifty-five years. His forte lie in the patient and thorough investigation of chronic diseases, especially those which, from their complications, demanded deep research and accurate discrimination.

Honorable as a counselor, and faithful as a physician, his services were extensively sought both at home and abroad.

The following "recollections" are from the pen of one* of our most gifted authoresses:—"As a man, greatly distinguished in his profession, grave in manner, courteous in speech, held as an oracle in counsel, studying the cases of his patients with a profound attention that won their confidence, as his sympathy did their grateful regard. His habit was minutely to investigate every symptom before prescribing, to require strict obedience to his prescriptions, to regulate diet and regimen, and to give as little medicine as possible. I well remember his dignified deportment, his originality in conversation, and that in early childhood I thought him a tutelary being, and that he had power to heal all diseases."

We can not forbear to add that we remember with gratitude, in our early professional intercourse with Dr. Tracy, his courtesy, his many acts of kindness and words of encouragement.

Passing to the "*army surgeons*," we are compelled to confine our remarks to the briefest limits. The first on the list is

Dr. Richard Tozer. He was a student of Dr. Benjamin Wheat, and afterwards served as surgeon's mate in the Louisbourg expedition, under Dr. Norman Morrison, of Hartford. Though this military enterprise was successful, Dr. Tozer never returned, but died at Louisbourg.

Dr. Jonathan Marsh, a native of Wethersfield, but resident of Norwich, was appointed surgeon to the force sent against Crown Point, in Aug., 1755. The following year he also accompanied a second expedition against the same place, in the same capacity.

Dr. Marsh was chiefly distinguished for success in bone setting. His death, in 1766, was caused by the absorption of *virus*, in treating a wound accidentally inflicted at a celebration of the repeal of the stamp act, in Hartford.

Dr. Jonathan Marsh, jr., eldest son of the above, was twelve years old when his father died. But under the tuition of his mother, who claimed skill in the art of bone setting, he became famous in that special department. His death, April 18, 1798, was esteemed a public calamity.

Dr. Elisha Lord, son of Cyprian† and Elizabeth Backus Lord, was born Aug. 10, 1726. He located first at Farmington, but subsequently returned to Norwich. After accompanying the troops sent against Crown Point, he was appointed, May, 1758, surgeon to the first regiment. In this capacity, and as di-

* Mrs. Sigourney.

† Cyprian was a son of Benjamin and Elizabeth Lord, and was born at Saybrook, March, 1702.

rector of hospital stores, he served till Dec. 22, 1760. He died at the age of forty-two.

Dr. Philip Turner, son of captain Philip and Ann (Adgate) Turner, was born Feb. 25, 1739–40. Having enjoyed the excellent instructions of Dr. Elisha Tracy, he received, in March, 1760, the appointment of assistant surgeon to a provincial regiment stationed at Ticonderoga, under the command of general Amherst. The exterior advantages of fine person and graceful address were passports to the society of those whose friendship, in a professional point of view, was likely to prove most profitable. His intimacy with the English surgeons afforded opportunities for improvement rarely enjoyed by men from the colonies. For at that period, when existing medical literature was for the most part locked up in the Latin tongue, the principal resources of the young and inexperienced practitioner were the precepts he had treasured up from the oral teachings of his instructor. The European surgeons were, as a class, too pretentious and exclusive to think of imparting information to their backwoods cousins. But Dr. Turner was treated by them with marked courtesy, and thus enjoyed ample facilities for learning the most approved methods of operation and treatment.

Having continued with the army till the peace of 1763, he then returned to Norwich, where he practiced the art of surgery with distinguished success. Upon the commencement of hostilities with England he accompanied the Connecticut troops on their first campaign before Boston. He was also with the army at New York, in 1776. The disastrous battles of Long Island and White Plains brought into requisition all the resources of his ingenuity and professional skill.

In 1777, Dr. Turner was appointed surgeon-general of the eastern department of the army, which position he ably filled till near the close of the war. He then returned to his former field of private labor, where he stood unrivaled as an operator.

About the year 1800 he removed to the city of New York. Shortly after, he was appointed surgeon to the staff in the United States service, and stationed at York Island. This post he held till his death, in 1815. He was interred with military honors.

Dr. Turner possessed, in an eminent degree, the essential qualifications of a surgeon; accurate judgment, unflinching resolution, and steady nerve.

The late Dr. Shippen, of Philadelphia, remarked that he had never, either in Europe or America, seen an operator who excelled him.

During the periods of his civil practice, many students sought his instructions. The recommendation of the teacher was esteemed by his pupils a sufficient guaranty of success.

He married early in life the eldest daughter of his medical instructor, and had two sons. The eldest,

Dr. John Turner, born in 1764, seemed to inherit the strong qualities of his father's mind, and to surpass him in acuteness of perception and nicety of discernment. Familiarity, from early boyhood, with the duties and practical details of medical life, gave direction to his tastes, and was insensibly fitting

him to adorn his future calling. It was his peculiarly happy lot to have no enemies and a large circle of devoted personal friends. This was owing to genuine benevolence of soul, manifesting itself in all the relations of life. Not to mention the heart ever welling forth sympathy for the suffering, the tongue that spoke no words to the sick but words of consolation or cheer, the generous bearing of Dr. Turner toward medical brethren, his freedom from professional jealousy, and his exertions to promote their welfare, indicate the true nobility of the man. He died in 1837.

We append a list of those who began practice before the present century. We aim to condense as much as possible. A majority of them were members of the Connecticut medical society :—

Dr. Obadiah Kingsbury, born 1735, died 1776.

Dr. Nathaniel Hyde, born 1746, died 1832.

Dr. Elijah Hartshorn, born 1754, died 1839.

These three were born at West Farms, studied with Dr. Barker, and practiced in their native town.

Dr. Benjamin Ellis, son of Rev. John Ellis, born at West Farms, 1752, student of Dr. Joshua Downer, of Preston; field of practice, Franklin; death in 1835.

Dr. John Scot was born in Groton, studied with Dr. Elisha Tracy, and settled in Bozrah. He possessed great professional merit, taught many students, and died at an advanced age.

Dr. Luther Manning was born in Scotland, Connecticut, 1748, studied with Dr. Cheney, and settled in Lisbon, where he died, 1813.

Dr. Jedediah Burnham was born at Lisbon, 1755, studied with Dr. Joseph Perkins, sen., and for a time practiced in his native town. Late in life he removed to Ohio, where he died in 1840.

Dr. Lemuel Boswell, a cotemporary of Dr. Marvin, possessed an extensive practice at the Landing.

Dr. Benjamin Moore, who died at Demarara about 1790, for a time practiced in the city of Norwich.

The following were natives of Norwich, but engaged in business elsewhere :

Dr. William Whiting, son of colonel William Whiting, was born in Bozrah, 1730. Having studied with Dr. John Bulkley, of Colchester, he was appointed, in May, 1758, assistant surgeon of the second regiment of the Connecticut forces. After the close of the French war he settled at Hartford, but subsequently removed to Great Barrington, Massachusetts, where he became distinguished as a patriot and civilian.*

Dr. Phineas Hyde, son of Phineas Hyde, and maternal grandson of Dr. Theophilus Rogers, sen., was born at West Farms, 1749. He practiced successively at Poquetanock and Mystic. During the revolution he was a surgeon in the United States service, both in the army and navy. He died in 1820.

Dr. Luther Waterman was born at West Farms about 1750. He married Jerusha, daughter of his preceptor, Dr. Barker. He was attached as surgeon to the forces under colonel Knowlton during the campaign of 1776. After the war he removed to the west.

* *Vide* Alden's Biog. Notices in the Am. Qr. Reg., vol. vii.

Dr. Eliphaz Perkins, son of captain John Perkins, was born at Lisbon, 1753, graduated at Yale college, 1776, studied medicine with Dr. Joseph Perkins, his uncle, married a daughter of Dr. Fitch, of Canterbury, and settled in Vermont. Toward the close of the century he removed to Marietta, Ohio, where he died in 1828, greatly respected as a physician.

Dr. Abijah Perkins, younger brother of the preceding, entering the revolutionary war as surgeon, was taken prisoner by the British at New York, and having barely crossed the threshold of manhood, fell a martyr to the cause of liberty.

Dr. Jonathan Knight was born in Lisbon, 1758, studied with Dr. Cheney, and in 1777 received an appointment in a regiment under the command of colonel Durkee, of Norwich. He was at Valley Forge during the most disheartening period of the war. Leaving the army in 1780, he subsequently settled at Norwalk, where his useful and eventful life was brought to a close in 1829. Professor Knight, of Yale college, is his son.

Dr. Abel Huntington was born in Franklin, 1777. He located at East Hampton, Long Island, was a member of the New York senate, and from 1833 to '37 represented his district in congress, besides filling other offices from time to time, and always worthily. Died 1858.

THE PRINTERS OF NORWICH.

In the year 1773, the art of printing was first introduced into Norwich. Two printing offices were established in the town during that year, and from one a weekly newspaper was issued.

Timothy Green, of New London, who was then printer to the colony, opened a printing office in this town early in 1773, and in company with Judah Paddock Spooner, his brother-in-law, prosecuted the business until 1778. At that time the people of Vermont had just completed an independent state government, although they were in the asserted limits of the state of New York. Upon invitation of the government of the new state, Green and Spooner removed their office from Norwich to Westminster, Vermont, where they established the first newspaper printed in that state, under the title of "The Vermont Gazette, or Green Mountain Post Boy." The motto of this paper was indicative of the spirit of the times:—

> "Pliant as reeds where streams of Freedom glide;
> Firm as the hills to stem oppression's tide."

The other printing office established in this town in 1773, was by a company consisting of Alexander and James Robertson, who had emigrated from Scotland to Albany, and from Albany came here, and John Trumbull, a native of Charlestown, Mass. In the month of October, in that year, they issued the first number of "The Norwich Packet, and the Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island Weekly Advertiser." The Packet was continued by this company until 1776, when the Robertsons, being tories, were obliged to leave Norwich. They went to New York, and on the conclusion of the war

took up their residence in the British province of Nova Scotia. Trumbull conducted the paper alone till his death in 1802. The title was then changed to the "Connecticut Centinel," and printed but a short time for the benefit of his widow, Lucy Trumbull.

On the 29th of November, 1791, Ebenezer Bushnell issued the first number of "The Weekly Register." In the issue of that paper of the 7th of June following, Bushnell announces that he has associated with himself Thomas Hubbard "in the Printing and Stocking Weaving business." This firm continued until Oct. 1, 1793, when Bushnell retired, leaving the business in the hands of Hubbard. In 1796, the office was removed from the Town to the Landing, then called Chelsea Landing, and the title of the paper changed to "The Chelsea Courier." On the 20th of November, 1805, Thomas Hubbard retired from the paper, leaving as his successor, his son, Russell Hubbard, who soon changed the title to "The Norwich Courier," by which title it has ever since been known. In February, 1817, Mr. Hubbard formed a co-partnership with Theophilus R. Marvin, and under the firm of Hubbard & Marvin, the Courier was continued until 1819, when Marvin removed to Boston. In April, 1822, the paper was purchased by Thomas Robinson and John Dunham, and continued by them until March, 1825, when it passed into the hands of Dunham, who retained it until 1842. In September, 1842, Dorson E. Sykes assumed the control of the Courier, and retained it until March, 1859, when he retired, and the paper was purchased by George B. Smith. In the August following, Smith's affairs were involved in bankruptcy, and at the present time the Courier is managed by his trustee.

In 1803, John Sterry and Epaphras Porter issued the "True Republican," of which Consider Sterry was editor, and continued the same for about four years.

In January, 1829, the "Norwich Republican," by Boardman & Faulkner, made its appearance. It soon passed into the possession of Adams & Faulkner; they retiring, it was published till April, 1835, by Melzar Gardner. At that time it was purchased by Marcus B. Young, its political character was changed, and L. F. S. Foster assumed the editorial charge. The Republican was discontinued in 1838.

In May, 1835, James Holbrook issued the first number of "The Norwich Aurora." He continued its publication till June, 1838, when Gad S. Gilbert purchased it and conducted it till March 24, 1841. From that time till it passed into its present proprietorship, August 8, 1844, it was successively conducted by William Trench and Trench & Conklin.

From 1843 till 1848, "The Norwich News" was published by William Faulkner.

Of the other newspapers which have had an ephemeral existence in Norwich, the following may be mentioned:—

"The Canal of Intelligence," by Levi Huntington Young, commenced in 1826.

"The Norwich Spectator," by Park Benjamin and M. B. Young, commenced in Nov., 1829. Revived in 1842 by John G. Cooley, and continued for a short time.

"The Norwich Free Press," by M. B. Young, Feb., 1830.

"The Norwich Gleaner," by B. F. Taylor, in 1845.

"The American Patriot," by the friends of general Taylor, 1848.

"The Norwich Tribune," by Charles B. Platt and Edmund C. Stedman, in 1852.

"The Norwich Examiner," by Andrew Stark, in 1853.

"The State Guard," by the same publisher, in 1855.

At the present writing, in August, 1859, the press of Norwich is as follows:—

"The Norwich Courier," published by the trustee of the estate of George B. Smith.

"The Norwich Aurora," by John W. Stedman.

"The Morning Bulletin," by Manning, Perry & Co., established in Dec. 1858.

"The Weekly Reveille," by Walter S. Robinson. (Since suspended.)

"The Free Academy Journal," published by the students of the free academy.

POSTAL AFFAIRS IN NORWICH.

In reply to inquiries regarding the postal history of the town, the following interesting letter was received from Horatio King, First Assistant Postmaster General of the United States.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Appointment Office,
September 21st, 1859.

SIR:—Your letter of the 12th instant has been received.

In reply, I have to inform you that, from the loss of three of the oldest record books of this office by the fire which consumed the building in 1836, it is not within the means of the department to furnish the exact date of establishments, or the appointment of the first postmasters; but, on referring to the records of the auditor's office, which are more perfect, it is believed the time at which they commenced making quarterly returns, is ascertained. In view, also, of there being two offices by the name of Norwich and Norwich Town, and as these have heretofore borne different names, it is thought advisable to begin with the first office, and note the changes as they occurred, each postmaster holding the office up to the rendering of accounts by his successor. Under this arrangement, the office of Norwich makes returns as far back as 1st April, 1782, and Dudley Woodbridge was the postmaster, probably the first postmaster, and this is about the date of the establishment of the office. The information required, therefore, may be given as follows:—

Norwich, (Ct.,) probably established during the winter of.....1782
Dudley Woodbridge appointed postmaster during the winter of.....1782
William Leffingwell appointed postmaster during the month of Jan.....1790
Christopher Leffingwell appointed postmaster during the month of Aug...1793
Christopher Leffingwell, Jr., appointed P. M. during the month of July...1797
Gardner Carpenter appointed postmaster on the 19th Jan.....1799
John Hyde appointed postmaster on the 1st July.....1815
Who held the office up to the change of name to Norwich Town, which order was made by the postmaster general on the 21st April, 1836.

Norwich Town, (late Norwich,) established 1st April, ... 1836
John Hyde appointed postmaster 1st April, ... 1836
Henry Harland appointed postmaster 5th Oct., ... 1836
John T. Wait " " 3d Oct., ... 1840
John Hyde " " 28th June, ... 1841
Henry B. Tracy " " 18th Jan., ... 1844
Henry McNelly " " 12th April, ... 1850
Elisha F. Rogers " " 22d July, ... 1853
Henry B. Tracy " " 1st July, ... 1854
Who is the present incumbent.

This appears to be all the information that can be given relative to these offices. The present office of Norwich, also, formerly had other names, and preserving the same arrangement as to changes, it is thought best to commence with the first, to wit:—

Chelsea Landing, probably established during the fall of 1803
Jacob DeWitt appointed postmaster during the fall of 1803
John DeWitt " " 13th December, ... 1809
Charles Kinney " " 3d June, ... 1823
Who continued as postmaster till the change of name to Norwich City, which was made on the 6th of November, 1827.

Norwich City, (late Chelsea Landing,) established 6th November, ... 1827
Charles Kinney appointed postmaster 6th Nov., ... 1827
Wm. L'Hommedieu appointed postmaster 25th Aug. 1829
Who continued to act till the change of name to Norwich, which was ordered on the 21st April, 1836.

Norwich, (late Norwich City.) established on the 21st April, ... 1836
Wm. L'Hommedieu appointed postmaster 21st April, ... 1836
Samuel M. Downer " " 4th Feb., ... 1842
Enoch C. Chapman " " 11th April, ... 1843
John H. Townsend " " 15th June, ... 1844
Wm. L'Hommedieu " " 2d June, ... 1845
John Dunham " " 21st June, ... 1849
John W. Stedman " " 25th April, ... 1853
Who is the present incumbent.

It will be seen, therefore, that the original Norwich is now Norwich Town; and the present Norwich was first Chelsea Landing, then Norwich City, and last Norwich.

As to the inquiry relative to the net revenue of these offices from time to time, it is also difficult to furnish any accurate information, and in view of the several changes in the rates of postage, no definite statement could well be made of the growth of an office; but I may add that the proceeds of Norwich in 1782, was about $75; and that of Chelsea Landing in 1803, about $90.

Trusting that the foregoing information may prove to be of some advantage in the work you are engaged upon, I remain, respectfully,

HORATIO KING.

JOHN W. STEDMAN.

A MODEL LOVE LETTER.

The following is a copy of the original letter among the collections in the Connecticut historical society, written by the Rev. Edward Taylor, of Westfield, Massachusetts, July, 1674, to Miss Elizabeth Fitch, daughter of the Rev. James Fitch, one of the original proprietors, and first clergyman settled in the town of Norwich.

This letter was written by the Rev. Mr. Taylor to Miss Fitch—reputed to have been a beautiful and accomplished lady—during his courtship, and was to have been read, if opportunity offered, at the bi-centennial dinner, by colonel George L. Perkins, a great great grandson of the Rev. Mr. Fitch.

WESTFIELD, Mass., 8th day of the 7th month, 1674.

MY DOVE:—I send you not my heart, for that I hope is sent to Heaven long since, and unless it has awfully deceived me it hath not taken up its lodgings in any one's bosom on this side the royal city of the Great King; but yet the most of it that is allowed to be layed out upon any creature doth safely and singly fall to your share. So much my post pigeon presents you with here in these lines. Look not (I entreat you) on it as one of love's hyperboles. If I borrow the beams of some sparkling metaphor to illustrate my respects unto thyself by, for you having made my breast the cabinet of your affections as I yours mine, I know not how to offer a fitter comparison to set out my love by, than to compare it unto a golden ball of pure fire rolling up and down my breast, from which there flies now and then a spark like a glorious beam from the body of the flaming sun. But alas! striving to catch these sparks into a love letter unto yourself, and to gild it with them as with a sun beam, find, that by what time they have fallen through my pen upon my paper, they have lost their shine and fall only like a little smoke thereon instead of gilding them. Wherefore, finding myself so much deceived, I am ready to begrudge my instruments, for though my love within my breast is so large that my heart is not sufficient to contain it, yet they can make it no more room to ride into, than to squeeze it up betwixt my black ink and white paper. But know that it is the coarsest part that is couchant there, for the finest is too fine to clothe in any linguist and huswifry, or to be expressed in words, and though this letter bears but the coarsest part to you, yet the purest is improved for you. But now, my dear love, lest my letter should be judged the lavish language of a lover's pen, I shall endeavor to show that conjugal love ought to exceed all other love. 1st, appears from that which it represents, viz: The respect there is betwixt Christ and his church, Eph. 5th, 25th, although it differs from that in kind; for that is spiritual and this human, and in degree, that is boundless and transcendent, this limited and subordinate; yet it holds out that this should be cordial and with respect to all other transcendent. 2d, Because conjugal love is the ground of conjugal union, or conjugal sharing the effects of this love, is also a ground of this union. 3d, From those Christian duties which are incumbent on persons in this state as not only a serving God together, a praying together, a joining in the ruling and instructing their family together, which could not be carried on as it should be without a great degree of true love, and also a mutual giving each other to each other, a mutual succoring each other in

all states, ails, grievances; and how can this be when there is not a love exceeding all other love to any creature? And hereby if persons in this state have not love exceeding all love, it 's with them for the most part as with the strings of an instrument not tuned up, when struck upon makes but a jarring, harsh sound But when we get the wires of an instrument equally drawn up, and rightly struck upon, sound together, make sweet music whose harmony doth enravish the ear; so when the golden strings of true affection are struck up into a right conjugal love, thus sweetly doth this state then harmonize to the comfort of each other and to the glory of God when sanctified. But yet, the conjugal love must exceed all other, yet it must be kept within bounds, for it must be subordinate to God's glory; the which that mine may be so, it having got you in its heart, doth offer my heart with you in it as a more rich sacrifice into God through Christ, and so it subscribeth me,

Your true love till death,

EDWARD TAYLOR.

This for my friend and only beloved

Miss Elizabeth Fitch,

at her father's house in Norwich.

THE TRADE AND MANUFACTURES OF NORWICH ABOUT 1800.

BY GEORGE S. HOWLAND, ESQ., OF BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Norwich early enjoyed the advantages of commerce, being situated at the head of navigation on the Thames, whence the agricultural region adjacent found cheap and easy transport for its productions.

The trade was chiefly with the West India islands, and received an important impulse during the maritime war between England and France, in 1801–2, when their respective fleets had each their rendezvous at one of the islands, and sought supplies from the United States. The English commissioners under lord Bolingbroke, visited Boston for this purpose, and were advised to proceed to Norwich and negotiate with Joseph Howland & Co., which was done, and a satisfactory arrangement made. Soon thereafter the French commissioners arrived at Boston on a similar errand, and in like manner were advised to seek supplies at Norwich; obeying which, they too, resorted to J. Howland & Co., and thus, this enterprising town supplied the two hostile fleets, and gathered to itself much incidental trade, employed scores of vessels, entered largely into ship building, and took rank as one of the most flourishing commercial towns

in New England. The spur to ship building gave rise to collateral branches of manufacture, and a second cordage manufactory was originated by Messrs. Howland.

At this period an intelligent mechanic from Scotland came to this country, for the purpose of introducing the spinning of hemp and weaving of duck by machinery, which had not been attempted this side of the Atlantic.

Attracted by report of the valuable water power, and the enterprise of the place, he visited Norwich, and being favorably impressed, sought the co-operation of the Messrs. Howland, who, after being made acquainted with his plans, consented to entertain the proposition.

Knowledge of the contemplated enterprise reached the government at Washington, and much interest was manifested in its success, it being regarded as a work of national importance. Correspondence with Messrs. Howland was opened by the secretary of the treasury; the fostering aid of the government promised in every mode that it could be conveniently rendered; contracts for the supply of the navy were proffered; cash advances to a large stipulated amount; and a bounty for each bolt of duck of a given weight. It also awakened much local interest, and the citizens of Norwich encouraged it by their liveliest sympathy. These combined influences, added to its being allied to the legitimate business of the firm, induced Nathaniel Howland to embark in the undertaking. A mill site was purchased at "The Falls," the erection of a building commenced, and arrangements made for the construction of machinery, when an event occurred, which, for a time, arrested the enterprise, and came near changing the whole design, and with it the fortunes of all concerned. Led by the same influences which drew Mr. Baxter, the hemp spinner, to Norwich, Mr. Slater, the pioneer cotton spinner in this country, was also attracted thither, and introducing himself to Mr. Howland, he presented such estimates in respect to the more profitable results of cotton spinning, as to induce Mr. H. to pause and seriously consider whether he would not change his plan, and adapt cotton machinery to the mill already commenced. But then, cotton spinning in this country was an untried experiment, and in no way connected with his established business. Norwich was essentially a commercial town, and favored only such manufactures as related to this primary interest; friends dissuaded from the change; Mr. Baxter took alarm, and acquainted the department at Washington with the threatened peril to their favorite enterprise; a vigorous correspondence was carried on between the secretary and Mr. Howland, tending to discourage the cotton, and urging adherence to the hempen fabric. These counsels finally prevailed. Mr. H. decided to persevere in the original design. Mr. Slater, failing to interest others, turned away in discouragement, to renew his efforts under more favorable auspices, at Pautuxet, Rhode Island—where the history of his prosperous career enters into the annals of the state.

Thus Norwich lost the proffered honor of first domiciling this great element of wealth on this side the Atlantic.

The hemp and duck enterprise went into successful operation after absorbing a large capital, enjoyed a brief prosperity, soon became involved in the general

disasters which befel commerce and its collateral branches, and finally sunk into irreparable ruin under the ill-starred embargo of 1807. For a series of years, Norwich continued to languish under the loss of her commerce and ship building, until undergoing a gradual transition, slowly emerged into a prosperous manufacturing town, based upon the very fabric which she had previously so unwisely rejected—and the mill where it first sought a residence was afterward made to resound with the hum of the cotton spindle.

DEPUTIES FROM NORWICH TO THE GENERAL COURT, AND REPRESENTATIVES IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

COLLECTED BY J. HAMMOND TRUMBULL.

	MAY SESSION.	OCTOBER SESSION.
1662		Thos. Leffingwell, Thomas Tracy.
1663	Hugh Caulkin, Thomas Tracy.	" "
1664	" ———	Francis Griswold, ———
1665	" Francis Griswold.	Thos. Leffingwell, Francis Griswold.
1666	" "	Hugh Caulkin, "
1667	Thomas Tracy, " abs.	Francis Griswold, Thomas Tracy.
1668	Francis Griswold, Benj. Brewster.	" abs. Thos. Leffingwell.
1669	" Hugh Caulkin.	Hugh Caulkin, abs. "
1670	Thos. Tracy, abs., Thos. Leffingwell.	Thomas Tracy, "
1671	Francis Griswold, "	Hugh Caulkin, "
1672	Thos. Tracy, "	John Mason, "
1673	" "	Thomas Tracy, ———
1674	Thos. Leffingwell, Simon Huntington.	John Mason, Thomas Leffingwell.
1675	John Mason, Thos. Tracy.	——— ———
1676	Thos. Tracy, Thos. Leffingwell.	Thomas Tracy, Thomas Leffingwell.
1677	" "	" Simon Huntington.
1678	" James Fitch, jr.	" James Fitch.
1679	James Fitch, Thos. Leffingwell.	James Fitch, Benj. Brewster.
1680	" Wm. Backus.	" William Backus.
1681	Benj. Brewster, ———	" Thos. Leffingwell.
1682	Thos. Leffingwell, Benj. Brewster.	Thomas Tracy, "
1683	" Thos. Tracy.	Thos. Leffingwell, Wm. Backus.
1684	Thos. Tracy, Wm. Backus.	" "
1685	Thos. Leffingwell, Simon Huntington.	" Thomas Waterman.
1686	Benj. Brewster, Thos. Leffingwell.	" Benj. Brewster.
1687	" "	" ———
	[Charter government suspended, Oct., 1687, to May, 1689.]	
1689	Benj. Brewster, Thos. Leffingwell.	Benj. Brewster, William Backus.
1690	" "	" Thos. Leffingwell.
1691	Thos. Leffingwell, Rich. Bushnell.	Thos. Leffingwell, John Birchard.
1692	Benj. Brewster, "	Benj. Brewster, Richard Bushnell.
1693	Thos. Leffingwell, "	" Thos. Leffingwell.
1694	Benj. Brewster, "	" John Tracy.
1695	Benj. Brewster, Wm. Bushnell.*	Benj. Brewster, Thos. Leffingwell.
1696	Thos. Leffingwell, Rich. Bushnell, abs.	" Richard Bushnell.
1697	Benj. Brewster, "	John Tracy, "
1698	Richard Bushnell, John Tracy.	" Solomon Tracy.
1699	" "	Rich. Bushnell, ———
1700	Thos. Leffingwell, Solomon Tracy.	Thos. Leffingwell, Solomon Tracy.
1701	John Tracy, "	John Tracy, ———
1702	Richard Bushnell "	Solomon Tracy, ———
1703	" Thomas Leffingwell.	" ———
1704	" Solomon Tracy.	Richard Bushnell, Joseph Backus.

* So in the record, for Richard Bushnell, probably.

	MAY SESSION.	OCTOBER SESSION.
1705	Richard Bushnell, Solomon Tracy.	Solomon Tracy, Joseph Backus.
1706	——— "	" Rich. Bushnell.
1707	Richard Bushnell, "	Samuel Griswold, "
1708	" (clerk) "	Rich. Bushnell (clerk), Joseph Backus.
1709	" " ———	Solomon Tracy, "
1710	" Christopher Huntington.	" ———
1711	" (clerk) Solomon Tracy.	" Rich. Bushnell (clk.)
1712	" " Joseph Backus.	——— ———
1713	" (speaker) "	Rich. Bushnell, Joseph Backus.
1714	" "	" "
1715	" (speaker) "	" "
1716	" "	Thomas Leffingwell, "
1717	" (speaker) Solomon Tracy.	Richard Bushnell, "
1718	" Joseph Backus.	" "
1719	" (speaker) "	Daniel Tracy, "
1720	" " Jabez Hyde.	Benajah Bushnell, Jabez Perkins.
1721	Joseph Backus, "	" Thomas Adgate.
1722	" Jabez Perkins.	Joseph Backus, Jabez Perkins.
1723	" "	" Thomas Adgate.
1724	" Benajah Bushnell.	Christopher Huntington, "
1725	" Jabez Hyde.	Joseph Backus, Jabez Hyde.
1726	" "	Thomas Adgate, William Hyde.
1727	" James Huntington.	——— ———
1728	" Jabez Hyde.	Jabez Hyde, Jabez Perkins.
1729	Jabez Hyde, Joseph Tracy.	Benajah Bushnell, Joseph Backus.
1730	Joseph Backus, Benajah Bushnell.	Joseph Backus, Jabez Hyde.
1731	" Isaac Huntington.	Joseph Kingsbury, jr., Isaac Huntington.
1732	Jabez Hyde, Simon Lothrop.	Jabez Huntington, John Edgerton.
1733	Joseph Backus, Jabez Hyde.	Jabez Hyde, Joseph Tracy.
1734	Hez. Huntington, Jos. Kingsbury, jr.	Benajah Bushnell, Jabez Hyde.
1735	Benajah Bushnell, Joseph Tracy.	Simon Lothrop, Hez. Huntington.
1736	" Hez. Huntington.	Joseph Tracy, Isaac Huntington.
1737	Hez. Huntington, Joseph Tracy.	Hez. Huntington, Joseph Tracy.
1738	" Joseph Kingsbury.	" Samuel Backus.
1739	" "	" "
1740	" Joshua Huntington.	Joshua Huntington, "
1741	Josh. Huntington, Isaac Huntington.	" Isaac Tracy.
1742	" "	Joseph Kingsbury, Simon Lothrop.
1743	" Simon Lathrop.	Hez. Huntington, Joshua Huntington.
1744	" Hez. Huntington.	" Ebenezer Backus.
1745	" "	" "
1746	Hez. Huntington, Eben. Backus.	" "
1747	Eben. Backus, Dan'l Huntington.	" "
1748	Hez. Huntington, Eben. Backus.	Ebenezer Backus, Isaac Tracy.
1749	Eben. Backus, Isaac Tracy.	" "
1750	" Jabez Huntington.	Ebenezer Hartshorn, Wm. Whiting.
1751	Joseph Tracy, jr., Eben. Hartshorn.	Wm. Whiting, Joseph Tracy.
1752	Philip Turner, Isaac Tracy.	Isaac Tracy, Elisha Tracy.
1753	Isaac Tracy, Elisha Tracy.	Jabez Huntington, Simon Tracy, jr.
1754	" Joseph Tracy.	" Daniel Lothrop.
1755	" Elisha Tracy.	Isaac Tracy, Elisha Fitch.
1756	" Joseph Tracy.	" Jabez Huntington.
1757	" Jabez Huntington (clerk.)	Jabez Huntington (clerk,) John Perkins.
1758	Jabez Huntington (clerk,) I. Tracy.	" (clerk,) "
1759	" " "	" " Daniel Lothrop.
1760	" (speaker) "	" (speaker) "
1761	" " "	" " Isaac Tracy.
1762	" " Eben. Backus.	" " Ebenezer Hartshorn.
1763	" " Isaac Tracy.	" " Daniel Lothrop.
1764	Daniel Lothrop, ———	Daniel Lothrop, Ebenezer Backus.
1765	" Sam'l Huntington.	Isaac Tracy, Wm. Morgan.

	MAY SESSION.	OCTOBER SESSION.
1766	Isaac Tracy, John Durkee.	Isaac Tracy, Joseph Tracy.
1767	Isaac Tracy, Joseph Tracy.	" "
1768	Joseph Tracy, Elisha Lothrop.	Joseph Tracy, Elisha Fitch.
1769	Elisha Fitch, Elijah Backus.	Elisha Fitch, Elijah Backus.
1770	" Chris. Leffingwell.	" "
1771	Sam'l Tracy, Benj. Huntington.	Benj. Huntington, Samuel Tracy.
1772	Rufus Lathrop, "	Isaac Tracy, Rufus Lathrop.
1773	" "	Benj. Huntington, Isaac Tracy.
1774	Isaac Tracy "	" "
1775	Benj. Huntington, Sam'l Huntington.	" "
1776	" Rufus Lathrop.	" (clerk) Rufus Lathrop.
1777	" (clerk) "	Elijah Backus, Elisha Lathrop.
1778	" (speaker) Jabez Perkins.	Benj. Huntington (speaker,) Jab. Perkins.
1779	Nath'l Niles, Aaron Cleveland.	" "
1780	" Jabez Perkins.	Elisha Lathrop, "
1781	" Benj. Huntington.	Joshua Huntington, John Backus.
1782	Barnabas Huntington, Sam'l Lovert.	John Backus, Elisha Lathrop.
1783	Elisha Lathrop, John Backus.	Chris. Leffingwell, "
1784	" "	" "
1785	" Chris. Leffingwell.	Elisha Lathrop, Barnabas Huntington.
1786	" Barnabas Huntington.	Jed. Huntington, Nath'l Backus.
1787	Jed. Huntington, Jared Tracy.	Backus, Tracy.
1788	" John M. Breed.	Jed. Huntington, Elisha Hyde.
1789	Elisha Hyde, Elijah Backus.	Elisha Hyde, Chris. Leffingwell.
1790	" Chris. Leffingwell.	" "
1791	Benj. Huntington, Elisha Hyde.	" Joseph Williams.
1792	Elisha Hyde, Joseph Williams.	" "
1793	Joseph Williams, John Backus.	" "
1794	Elisha Hyde, Roger Griswold.	Joseph Williams, Roger Griswold (clerk.)
1795	" Asa Spalding.	" John Backus.
1796	Joseph Williams, John Backus.	Elisha Hyde, Asa Spalding.
1797	" "	" John Turner.
1798	John Backus, Eben. Huntington.	John Backus, Ebenezer Huntington.
1799	Elisha Hyde, John Turner.	Elisha Hyde, Jona. Frisbie.
1800	" John Backus.	" Jacob De Witt.
1801	" Jacob De Witt.	" "
1802	Elisha Tracy, Jacob De Witt.	Elisha Hyde, Nathaniel Shipman, jr.
1803	Elisha Hyde, Nath'l Shipman, jr.	" "
1804	Asa Spalding, Benjamin Coit.	Nathaniel Shipman, jr., John Backus.
1805	Nath'l Shipman, Benj. Snow.	Nathanel Shipman, Benjamin Snow.
1806	" "	Cushing Eells, Jona. Devotion.
1807	Cushing Eells, Newcomb Kinney.	Simeon Thomas, Cushing Eells.
1808	Simeon Thomas, Peter Lanman.	" Peter Lanman.
1809	Thos. L. Thomas, John Fanning.	Thomas L. Thomas, John Fanning.
1810	Cushing Eells, Daniel L. Coit.	Moses Benjamin, Ezra Lathrop.
1811	Moses Benjamin, Jabez Huntington.	Daniel L. Coit, Jabez Huntington.
1812	Benj. Snow, Nath'l Shipman.	John Hyde, Moses Benjamin.
1813	Ezra Lathrop, "	Nathaniel Shipman, Joseph Williams.
1814	Nath'l Shipman, Joseph Williams.	" "
1815	" Newcomb Kinney.	Newcomb Kinney, Charles Thomas.
1816	Chas. Thomas, Roger Huntington.	Roger Huntington, Elisha Tracy.
1817	Ezra Lathrop, "	James Lanman (clerk) "
1818	Cushing Eells, Newcomb Kinney.	Charles Thomas, Erastus Coit.

Under the new constition, only one session a year has been held, in May.

1819	Calvin Goddard, Newcomb Kinney.	1826	Chas. P. Huntington, Cushing Eells.
1820	Roger Huntington, Erastus Coit.	1827	Frank T. Lathrop, George Hill.
1821	Elisha Tracy, Asa Roath.	1828	Chas. P. Huntington, Ichabod Ward.
1822	Charles Rockwell, Elisha Tracy.	1829	" Epaphras Porter.
1823	Elisha Tracy, George Hill.	1830	John DeWitt, (clerk) Chas. F. Lester.
1824	" David Tracy.	1831	Chas. P. Huntington, (clerk) Jona. G. W. Trumbull.
1825	Rog. Huntington, Newcomb Kinney.		

1832 Wm. H. Law, Chas. P. Huntington.
1833 Chas. P. Huntington, Jas. Lanman.
1834 Chas. W. Rockwell, Roger Huntington (speaker.)
1835 Chas. P. Huntington, Samuel Tyler.
1836 Chas. W. Rockwell, Lewis Hyde.
1837 Lewis Hyde (clerk,) Enoch C. Chapman.
1838 Gurdon Chapman, James Stedman.
1839 Roger Huntington, L. F. S. Foster.
1840 La Fayette S. Foster, Charles Bliss.
1841 Benj. W. Tompkins, John Dunham.
1842 (no choice.)
1843 (no choice.)
1844 Zebulon R. Robbins, Roger Huntington.
1845 Henry Strong, Chas. W. Rockwell.
1846 L. F. S. Foster, Gardiner Thurston.
1847 L. F. S. Foster (speaker,) Chas. Bliss.
1848 " " Thos. L. Stedman.
1849 Henry McNelly, Alba F. Smith.
1850 James Stedman, Edmund D. Roath.
1851 Philo M. Judson, Benj. Durfey.
1852 Jeremiah Halsey, Samuel Case.
1853 " Oliver Woodworth.
1854 L. F. S. Foster (speaker) Moses Pierce.
1855 Edmund Perkins, John D. Park.
1856 Stephen W. Meech, Henry H. Starkweather
1857 S. W. Meech, Samuel H. Grosvenor.
1858 George W. Gould, Chas. N. Farnam.
1859 Jeremiah Halsey, James A. Hovey.

REPRESENTATIVES FROM FRANKLIN.

	MAY SESSION.	OCTOBER SESSION.
1786		Barnabas Huntington.
1787	John Barker.	John Barker.
1788	Eli Hyde.	Eli Hyde.
1789	John Gager.	John Gager.
1790	Eli Hyde.	Eli Hyde.
1791	Nathan Lord.	Nathan Lord.
1792	Eli Hyde.	Eli Hyde.
1793	Thomas Hyde.	Thomas Hyde.
1794	Eli Hyde.	Eli Hyde.
1795	Silas Hartshorn.	Silas Hartshorn.
1796	"	David Mason.
1797	David Mason.	Thomas Hyde.
1798	Thomas Hyde.	"
1799	Nathan Lord.	Nathan Lord.
1800	John Gager.	Eleazer Tracy.
1801	Eleazer Tracy.	"
1802	Nathan Lord.	Nathan Lord.
1803	Elisha Edgerton.	Elisha Edgerton.
1804	Eleazer Tracy.	Eleazer Tracy.
1805	Nathan Lord.	Nathan Lord.
1806	Oliver Johnson.	Oliver Johnson.
1807	Eleazer Tracy.	Eleazer Tracy.
1808	"	"
1809	"	"
1810	Nathan Lord.	Nathan Lord.
1811	Benjamin Hyde.	Joshua Hyde.
1812	Joshua Hyde.	Eleazer Tracy.
1813	Eleazer Tracy.	Dudley Tracy.
1814	Dudley Tracy (seat vacated.)	"
1815	Dan Hastings.	Dan Hastings.
1816	Eleazer Tracy.	Eli Hartshorn.
1817	Eli Hartshorn.	Joshua Tracy.
1818	Joshua Tracy.	Andrew Hyde.

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1819 Ira Abel.
1820 Alvin Abel.
1821 Burrell Woodworth.
1822 Henry Hazen.
1823 Alvin Abel.
1824 Simon Loomis.
1825 Burrell Woodworth.
1826 Alvin Abel.
1827 Dyer McCall.
1828 John Armstrong.
1829 Alvin Abel.
1830 Henry Hazen.
1831 Gilbert Lamb.
1832 Burrell Woodworth.
1833 Comfort D. Fillmore.
1834 Oliver Tracy, jr.
1835 Burrell Woodworth.
1836 Henry Hazen.
1837 Gilbert Lamb.
1838 Alvin Abel.
1839 Joshua Tracy.
1840 Oliver Johnson, jr.
1841 Charles Dunlap.
1842 Elihu M. Kingsley.

1843 Darius Frink.
1844 Joshua Tracy.
1845 ———
1846 Backus Smith.
1847 Asa B. Tracy.
1848 Charles T. Hazen.
1849 Dwight Bailey.
1850 Aaron Bailey.
1851 Elihu M. Kingsley.
1852 Tommy Hyde.
1853 John P. Smith.
1854 George S. Hartshorn.
1855 Solomon A. Frink.
1856 Herman H. Willes.
1857 Dan Hastings.
1858 Henry W. Kingsley.
1859 Thomas G. Kingsley.

REPRESENTATIVES FROM BOZRAH.

	MAY SESSION.	OCTOBER SESSION.
1786		Capt. Isaac Huntington.
1787	Nehemiah Waterman, jr.	"
1788	Nehemiah Waterman.	Nehemiah Waterman, jr.
1789	"	John McCall.
1790	John McCall.	Nehemiah Waterman.
1791	Elijah Huntington.	"
1792	Nehemiah Waterman.	William Throop.
1793	William Throop.	"
1794	Zerubbabel Wightman.	Nehemiah Waterman, jr.
1795	Nehemiah Waterman, jr.	Elias West.
1796	Elias West.	Nehemiah Waterman, jr.
1797	Nehemiah Waterman.	Asa Woodworth.
1798	Elias West.	"
1799	Asa Woodworth.	"
1800	"	"
1801	"	"
1802	Joshua Stark.	Joshua Stark.
1803	Elias West.	Roswell Fox.
1804	"	Elias West.
1805	Roswell Fox.	Zerubbabel Wightman.
1806	Elias West.	Jesse Abel.
1807	Asa Fitch.	Elihu Hyde.
1808	"	Asa Fitch.
1809	Elias West.	John Hough.
1810	John Hough.	"
1811	Elias West.	Elias West.
1812	Dyer McCall.	Dyer McCall.
1813	"	Asa Fitch.
1814	John Hough.	John Hough.
1815	Asa Fitch.	Gardner Avery.
1816	Joshua Stark.	Joshua Stark.
1817	Gardner Avery.	Gardner Avery.
1818	William Whiting.	William Whiting.

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1819 Perez Chesebrough.
1820 Gardner Avery.
1821 Ezra Lathrop.
1822 William Whiting.
1823 Elijah Abel.
1824 Samuel Gager.
1825 James Lamb.
1826 Samuel Gager.
1827 Gardner Avery.
1828 William Kelly.
1829 William Whiting.
1830 William Kelly.
1831 Gurdon Gifford.
1832 Gardner Avery.
1833 "
1834 William Kelly.
1835 ———
1836 David A. Fox.
1837 Daniel Herrick.
1838 Jehiel Johnson.
1839 Samuel A. Gager.
1840 Albert G. Avery.
1841 "
1842 David A. Fox.
1843 Joshua Maples.
1844 David H. Waterman.
1845 William Hough.
1846 Patrick H. L. Chesebrough.
1847 Christopher B. Rogers.
1848 Andrew Leffingwell.
1849 George Lathrop.
1850 Stephen Fitch.
1851 Giles Herskell.
1852 Albert Waterman.
1853 Daniel Herrick.
1854 Albert G. Avery.

1855 Jedediah S. Hough.
1856 Samuel Johnson.
1857 Aaron Cook.
1858 Ulysses S. Gardner.
1859 Aaron Cook.

REPRESENTATIVES FROM LISBON.

	MAY SESSION.	OCTOBER SESSION.
1786		Captain Elisha Lathrop.
1787	Capt. Elisha Lathrop.	John Perkins.
1788	John Perkins.	Jacob Perkins.
1789	Jacob Perkins.	Joshua Perkins.
1790	Ezra Bishop.	Ezra Bishop.
1791	John Perkins.	"
1792	Samuel Lovett.	Samuel Lovett.
1793	"	"
1794	"	Elisha Morgan.
1795	"	Levi Perkins,
1796	Levi Perkins.	"
1797	"	John Kinsman.
1798	John Kinsman.	Luther Manning.
1799	"	"
1800	Luther Manning.	Samuel Leavitt.
1801	Joshua Perkins.	Joshua Perkins.
1802	Ezra Bishop.	"
1803	David Hale.	Septimus Lathrop.
1804	Joshua Perkins.	Joshua Perkins.
1805	Daniel Braman.	Daniel Braman.
1806	Barnabas Huntington.	Barnabas Huntington.
1807	Daniel Braman.	Daniel Braman.
1808	Levi Perkins.	Levi Perkins.
1809	William Adams.	———
1810	Levi Perkins.	Levi Perkins.
1811	William Adams.	William Adams.
1812	Levi Perkins.	Levi Perkins.
1813	Freeman Tracy.	Freeman Tracy.
1814	Levi Perkins.	Levi Perkins.
1815	Freeman Tracy.	Freeman Tracy.
1816	Levi Perkins.	Levi Perkins.
1817	Freeman Tracy.	Frederick Perkins.
1818	Frederick Perkins.	Joseph L. Lyon.

Under the new constitution, only one session a year has been held, in May.

1819 Thomas Kinsman.
1820 Joseph Jewett.
1821 Tyler Brown.
1822 "
1823 Joseph L. Lyon.
1824 Andrew Clark.
1825 Samuel Peckham.
1826 Barzillai Bishop.
1827 Elisha Morgan.
1828 Roswell Adams.
1829 John Gray.
1830 "
1831 Jared Farnham.
1832 Bucklin Matthewson.
1833 "
1834 Ebenezer Allen.
1835 James Stetson.
1836 Nathan Brewster.
1837 Thomas A. Clark.
1838 Russel Rose.
1839 Daniel F. Butler.
1840 Thomas G. Read.
1841 Thomas A. Clark.
1842 Pearly B. Fuller.
1843 Vine Smith.
1844 Henry R. Robbins.
1845 Thomas M. Jewett.
1846 Wm. C. Cutler.
1847 Edwin Kimball.
1848 Elijah Rathbun, jr.
1849 Ebenezer Lyon.
1850 Asher P. Brown.
1851 Daniel M. Brown.
1852 Wm. C. Cutler.
1853 Ezekiel Bromley.
1854 Sanford Bromley.
1855 Edwin Fitch.
1856 Asher P. Brown.
1857 Norman Smith.
1858 Thomas A. Clark.
1859 Jacob B. Bachelder.